

New Journalism and Old Truths by Michael J. Arlen
Crime Marches On by James Vorenberg

THE

MAY 1972

\$1.00

Atlantic

MONTHLY

Programmed
for Disaster

The Story of
RCA's
\$490
Million
Computer
Debacle



Michael J. Arlen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF 91363



You get just about the same headroom and legroom in an Audi as you do in a \$23,800 Rolls-Royce.

The Audi 100LS isn't a very big car. On the outside.

But don't let that fool you about the size of the car on the inside.

You'll find there's more headroom than you'd ever expect. Enough for, say, a person 6'6". And if he's got unusually long legs (which a person of his size usually has) he won't have to sit clutching his knees. Because there's more legroom than you'd ever expect.

Mind you, he's not the only one who would sit comfortably. The Audi can seat a family of five rather nicely.

Now the \$23,800* Rolls-Royce isn't the only great car the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has rack-and-pinion steering like the racing Ferrari. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car. And independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

Impressed? You should be. After all, the Audi bears a startling similarity to some of the world's finest automobiles.

But what makes the Audi especially impressive is its price tag.

It's a lot less than you'd expect to pay for that many great cars.



The \$23,800† Audi*
It's a lot of car for the money.

*Suggested retail price \$3,855 East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher).

†Manufacturer's suggested retail price as of Dec. 1971. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

It's so much more fun when you've read the book that started the conversation

AN INVITATION TO READERS
who may have considered
membership in the
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

ANY 4 FOR ONLY \$1

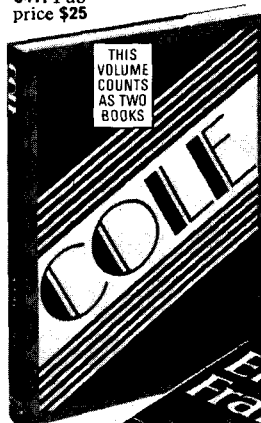
THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree
to buy four Club choices within the next
twelve months at special members' prices

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB books inspire the kind of conversations that could go on for hours—and they often do. Controversial, thought-provoking, intellectually stimulating, books like these stay with you long after you've read the last line. They're new, important—and discussing them is nearly as pleasurable as reading them. The trial membership suggested here can help you keep up with the best books—and keep up your end of the conversation as well.

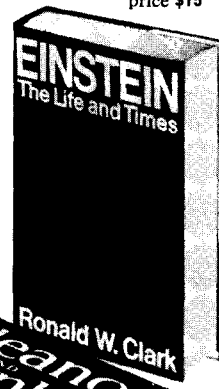
As long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club News, which describes the coming Selection as well as scores of other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to 40% on more expensive volumes. All of these books are identical in size, quality and format to the publishers' editions. If you want the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. However, there is no obligation to purchase any particular volume. If you do not wish the Selection or any other book offered—or if you want one of the Alternates—simply indicate your decision on a form provided and mail it so that it is received by the date specified on the form.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only \$1.00 or \$1.50—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system enables members to save 70% or more of what they would otherwise have to pay.

341. Pub
price \$25



114. Pub
price \$15

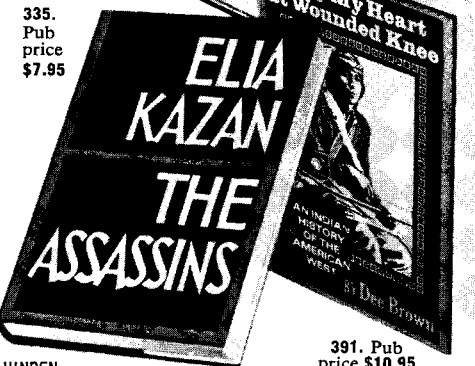


177. Pub
price \$12.50

124. Pub
price \$7.95



335. Pub
price \$7.95



391. Pub
price \$10.95



226. Pub
price \$6.95

385. THREE POPES AND THE CARDINAL by MALACHI MARTIN (Pub price \$7.95)

156. STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA 1911-1945 by BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Photos (Pub price \$10)

107. THE WAY THINGS WORK An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology Volume I (Pub price \$9.95)

214. THE WAY THINGS WORK Volume II. Illus. (Pub price \$9.95)



203. Pub
price \$6.95

409. A REPORT FROM GROUP 17 by ROBERT C. O'BRIEN (Pub price \$5.95)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK Edited by CRAIG CLAIBORNE. Illus. (Pub price \$9.95)

389. THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM by J. C. MASTERMAN (Pub price \$6.95)

351. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH Memoirs by Albert Speer Photos. (Pub price \$12.50)

580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING by CHLOE BERTHOLLE, BECK Illustrated (Pub price \$12.50)

358. REPORT FROM ENGINE CO. 82 by DENNIS SMITH (Pub price \$5.95)

386. BRIAN PICCOLO: A Short Season by JEANNIE MORRIS Photographs (Pub price \$5.95)



379. Pub
Price \$6.95

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE by BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Pub price \$9.95)

371. THE PROPHET by KAHILIL GIBRAN Illus. Boxed Deluxe Edition (Pub price \$10)

372. THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE by GEORGE V. HIGGINS (Pub price \$5.95)

364. JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL by RICHARD BACH Photographs (Pub price \$4.95)

167. THE NIXON RECESSION CAPER by RALPH MALONEY Illustrated (Pub price \$5.95)

374. TEACHER & CHILD: A Book for Parents and Teachers by HAIM GINOTT. (Pub price \$5.95)



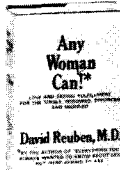
354. Pub
price \$8.95

These three count as one book

174. IN SOMEONE'S SHADOW, LISTEN TO THE WARM, STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS by ROD MC KUEN (Pub prices total \$13.50)

115. THE FEMALE EUNUCH by GERMAINE GREER (Pub price \$6.95)

219. THE TENANTS by BERNARD MALAMUD (Pub price \$6.95)

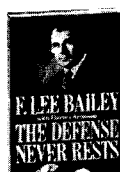


131. Pub
price \$7.95

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. (Pub price \$12.50)

345. THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Northern Voyages by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON Illustrated (Pub price \$15)

165. THE DRIFTERS by JAMES A. MICHENER (Pub price \$10)



262. Pub
price \$7.95

223. WITHOUT MARX OR JESUS The New American Revolution Has Begun by JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL (Pub price \$6.95)

348. CITIZEN NADER by CHARLES MC CARRY (Pub price \$7.95)

178. RABBIT REDUX by JOHN UPDIKE (Pub price \$7.95)

383. FOUL! The Connie Hawkins Story by DAVID WOLF Photographs (Pub price \$7.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Pub price \$15)



193. Pub
price \$8.95

259. JENNIE The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill - Vol. I by RALPH G. MARTIN Photographs (Pub price \$8.95)

334. THE HINDENBURG by MICHAEL M. MOONEY. Illus. (Pub price \$8.95)

187. THE VANTAGE POINT: Perspectives of the Presidency 1963-1969 by LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON. Photos (Pub price \$15)



221. Pub
price \$5.95

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST Edited by EDWARD CONNERY LATHAM (Pub price \$10.95)

380. SOULS ON FIRE by ELIE WIESEL (Pub price \$7.95)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.

280 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 2-A8-5

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me \$1.00 for all four volumes. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying special members' prices. My membership is cancellable any time after I buy these four books. A postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MR. }
MRS. }
MISS } (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



The world's favorite piano.

Tops in Sydney.

Loved in Moscow.

The people's choice in Tel Aviv.

We're all this, and more. Simply because we make the world's most prized piano. Not the most numerous, just the one known the world over as best.

The one that plays more concerts in more countries. The one that always seems to make more people happy.

The one that everyone calls Steinway.

For more information, please write John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

THE ATLANTIC

KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN	33	Programmed for Disaster: The Story of RCA's \$490 Million Computer Debacle
GREY GOWRIE	42	Outside Biba's. <i>A Poem</i>
MICHAEL J. ARLEN	43	Notes on the New Journalism
HERBERT GOLD	48	A Season at Middle-America U.
LEOPOLD TYRMAND	54	On Opposing Communism
GEORGE SEFERIS	58	"Against Woodwaxen . . ." <i>A Poem</i>
WRIGHT MORRIS	59	In Another Country. <i>A Story</i>
HARVEY SHAPIRO	62	A Day. <i>A Poem</i>
JAMES VORENBERG	63	The War on Crime: The First Five Years
GRACE PALEY	70	Enormous Changes at the Last Minute. <i>A Story</i>
WILLIAM STAFFORD	75	Father and Son. <i>A Poem</i>
HARRY McPHERSON	76	The Senate Observed: A Recollection

Reports & Comment

MICHAEL WHEELER	6	Primaries and Opinion Polls
DENIS DONOGHUE	12	Ireland: The View from Dublin
MARY MANNING	17	Ireland: A Visit to Belfast

	4	The Editor's Page
L.E. SISSMAN	25	Innocent Bystander
	27	The Mail
	30	Contributors

Life & Letters

V. S. PRITCHETT	94	The Way We Lived Then
PAUL A. ROBINSON	99	The Case for Dr. Kinsey
WILLIAM ZINSSER	102	Nontraveling
DAVID DENBY	105	It Hurts to Look Back
EDWARD WEEKS	108	The Peripatetic Reviewer
PHOEBE ADAMS	112	Short Reviews: Books

Editorial and Business Offices: The Atlantic,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116

Subscriptions: 1 Year \$10.50, 2 Years \$18.50,
3 Years \$25.50 in the United States, its possessions,
and Canada; \$11.50 a year elsewhere. Address all
subscription correspondence to The Atlantic,
Subscription Department, 125 Garden St., Marion, Ohio
43302.

Advertising: Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc.,
535 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-986-3344.
Other offices in Boston, Philadelphia,
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

The Atlantic, May 1972, Vol. 229, No. 5
Published monthly by the Atlantic Monthly Company,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116. Second class
postage paid at Boston, Mass. and other offices. Postage
paid at Montreal, port payé à Montréal. Printed in the
U.S.A. Copyright © 1972, by The Atlantic Monthly
Company. This issue published in national and special
editions. All rights, including reproduction by
photographic or electronic processes and translation
into other languages, reserved by the publisher in the
United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries
participating in the International Copyright Convention.
Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by
return postage.

Postmaster: Please send Form 3579 to The Atlantic,
125 Garden St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Editor in Chief: Robert Manning

Managing Editor: Michael Janeway

Associate Editors: C. Michael Curtis, Richard Todd

Assistant Managing Editor: Louise Desaulniers

Staff Editors: Phoebe-Lou Adams, Terry Brown, Elinor M. Kane,
Amanda Young

Contributing Editors: Elizabeth Drew (Washington), William Abrahams
(West Coast), Robert Kottlowitz (New York), Emily P. Flint,
Frank Kermode, John L'Heureux, James Alan McPherson, Adrian Taylor,
Ross Terrill, Dan Wakefield

President: Marion D. Campbell

Publisher: Garth Hite

Treasurer: Arthur F. Goodearl

Circulation Manager: Roy M. Green

Production Manager: Joseph T. O'Connell

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Fulminating about New York City is much in fashion now, but it's an old habit, really. What Byron Rufus Newton wrote in 1906:

Vulgar of manner, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred;
Heartless, Godless, hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night

might with a bit of updating to take note of mugging, smog, graffiti, and the inexorable approach of The Last Traffic Jam, have been written yesterday. And it seems only yesterday when this fellow, a very wet-behind-the-ears copy boy for *The Press*, in Binghamton, New York, found himself rushing to the composing room with the latest of the editor's diatribes against the big city. The editor was a bright, hard-driving, and altogether eccentric man named Tom R. Hutton (more about whom below). He traveled to New York as infrequently as possible. Promptly on returning he would remove his frock coat, roll up shirt sleeves, and dictate a choleric assessment of the condition of the city. The editorials were always entitled Impolite Gotham.

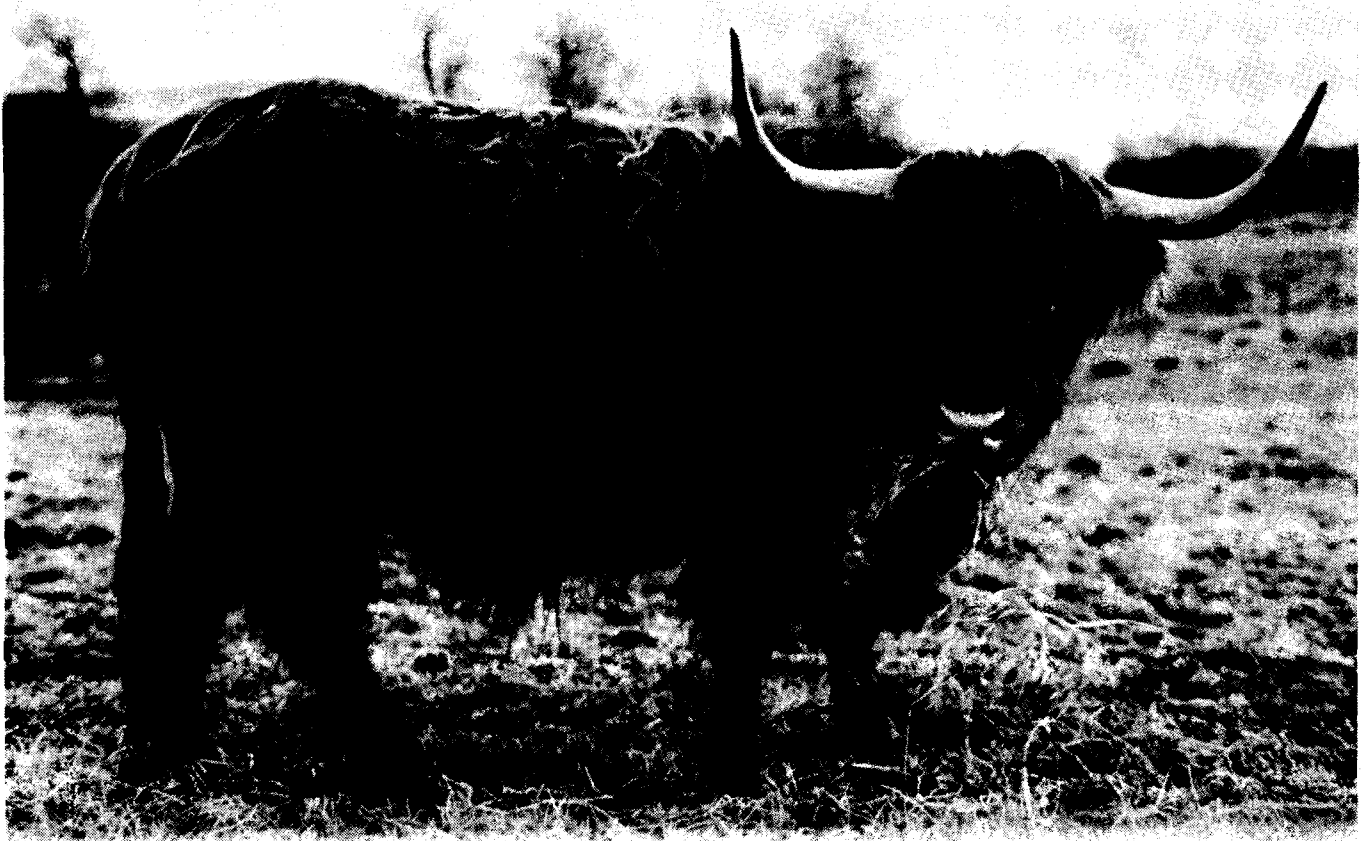
The town is impolite, all right, and a punishing place; even Mayor Lindsay wants to move out. But it's not a bad town to visit provided you've had all the appropriate inoculations and carry a return ticket hidden in your shoe. An occasional trip there to examine the cave paintings, feed \$10 bills to the animals, and scout the publishing houses for the latest in illicit manuscripts is a necessary part of a Boston editor's regimen. Occasional visits aren't the same as having a man on the scene, though. So it is a pleasure to be able to announce that Robert Kotlowitz has joined us as New York contributing editor for *The Atlantic* and the Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Kotlowitz is executive editor of New York's public television station, WNET, and formerly was managing editor of *Harper's*. He prepared for the hazards of Manhattan by growing up in Baltimore and studying survival at Johns Hopkins University ('48). He has worked at book publishing and in the music business, was a founding editor of *Show* magazine, has published in several magazines, and is finishing a novel, *Somewhere Else*, to be published in the fall.

The newspaper Tom Hutton ran (this was in the thirties and early forties) was prosperous, influential within the five counties it served, and, as anyone who worked on it then will tell you, the best small-city daily in the United States. Hutton possessed an awesomely stormy temperament and ran a tight if slightly zany shop. He considered his young copy boys and cub reporters to be students and the world outside the city room as their university. Every six months he would issue reading lists of his own composition and subsequently assemble all the younger editorial employees for a three-to-four-hour written examination that sought to appraise our digestion of, for one typical menu, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Emerson on *Compensation*, Twain's *Is Shakespeare Dead?*, Kipling's *Kim*, Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and a couple of Shakespeare's tragedies. Failure was supposed to bring an end to one's career in newspapering, but to at least one of his cubs, the stern man was generous in his grading.

Hutton's simple theory of journalism was that a reporter ought to be capable of finding out what was going on, and of telling it accurately and *effectively*. That placed him between the old Who-what-where-when-and-how school that is sometimes referred to as The Old Journalism and the Tell-it-how-you-please school that is being called The New Journalism. Telling the story effectively, Hutton would explain, means taking creative liberties with the language but taking none with the facts. He would explode—whether with laughter or wrath I cannot be certain—if he were around today and heard some of the silly talk that's been going on in Impolite Gotham about The New Journalism. He would, on the other hand, utter a gruff commendation to Michael J. Arlen for his perceptive essay in this issue (page 43) about the origins of New Journalism and its current practitioners. (Mr. Wolfe, meet Messrs. Defoe, Dickens, Twain, Hemingway, Liebling, Mitchell, et al.) Whatever their faults, the new lads fill the prescription of an old 1920s' Chicago editor who proclaimed to his staff: "What this paper needs is some new clichés."

Robert Manning

Photographed in the Highlands outside Dufftown, Scotland.



This wee beastie knew the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch before the Grants did.

In 1885 Major William Grant was looking for a special kind of place to build his new Scotch distillery, with spring water clearer and fresher than anyone else's.

Then someone told him about Robbie Dubh's spring, in the village of Dufftown, where the rugged Highland cattle grazed. For years they had it all to themselves.

The water was perfect. So the Major bought the land, moved the Highland cattle to a new pasture of their own and soon was making the best Scotch whisky you could buy.

Today the icy fresh water of Robbie Dubh's spring is still part of Grant's 8 Scotch. It still helps create the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's mellowed to perfection for eight full years.

And Major Grant's great-grandchildren still give this special blend of Highland and other fine whiskies the kind of personal care and attention that only a family-owned and family-operated business can offer.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch. And you share it every time you open a bottle.



Grant's® 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, ©1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORTS & COMMENT

PRIMARIES AND OPINION POLLS

Every week there are a few new public opinion polls rating the presidential candidates. Surveys sponsored by newspapers in California, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island have been going on for months, and similar polls are tentatively planned in Michigan, New York, and other primary states. Each week Gallup or Harris tests President Nixon against a slew of Democratic challengers. Those who are strong in the latest national polls flash the results in their primary campaigns as proof that they are more electable than their rivals.

In addition to these published polls, private surveys for candidates are selectively leaked to the press. During the Florida primary campaign, Senator Henry Jackson released a series of polls to support his claim (borne out by the results) that he was gaining strength. The media accepted his figures, even though they were obviously self-serving, partly out of deference to his pollster, Oliver Quayle (who at the same time was polling for NBC under a separate contract), but also out of an indiscriminating desire for any information that purported to clarify a confusing race.

Clouds

Leaking polls is part of pollsmanship, a game played by candidates for their own benefit and for the benefit of the press. For it is the press that decides what percentage of the vote is a victory and what a setback. Report-

ers are reluctant to base such important judgments on their personal hunches, so they turn to the polls. If there is impartial information, fine; if not, they rely on the candidates themselves for percentages.

Our curiosity about the future is understandable, but our faith in the polls, whether published or private, is not. The accuracy of political polls has always been open to question, particularly in primaries, and there is no reason to expect it will be any better this time round. Polling in the 1972 primary campaigns got off to a poor start. Six weeks before the New Hampshire primary, the *Boston Globe* published a poll giving Senator Edmund Muskie 65 percent and Senator George McGovern 18 percent of the vote. It was no amateur job. The poll was conducted by John Becker, who apprenticed for eighteen years with Opinion Research, which has had associations with the Gallup organization, before setting up his own polling firm in Boston in the mid-sixties. Neither Gallup nor Harris is polling in any of the primaries this year, so by default the *Globe* poll got national coverage as the authoritative survey for New Hampshire.

Everybody had assumed that Muskie would run well there—if New Hampshire wasn't Muskie's home state, it was the next thing to it. The *Globe* poll confirmed this assumption and gave it a number. That was late January. In the actual voting on March 7, Muskie got 46 percent to McGovern's 37. Although Becker's later polls showed the gap narrowing somewhat, the original 65 to 18 spread made Muskie's performance look all the worse and McGovern's that much better. It wasn't just that

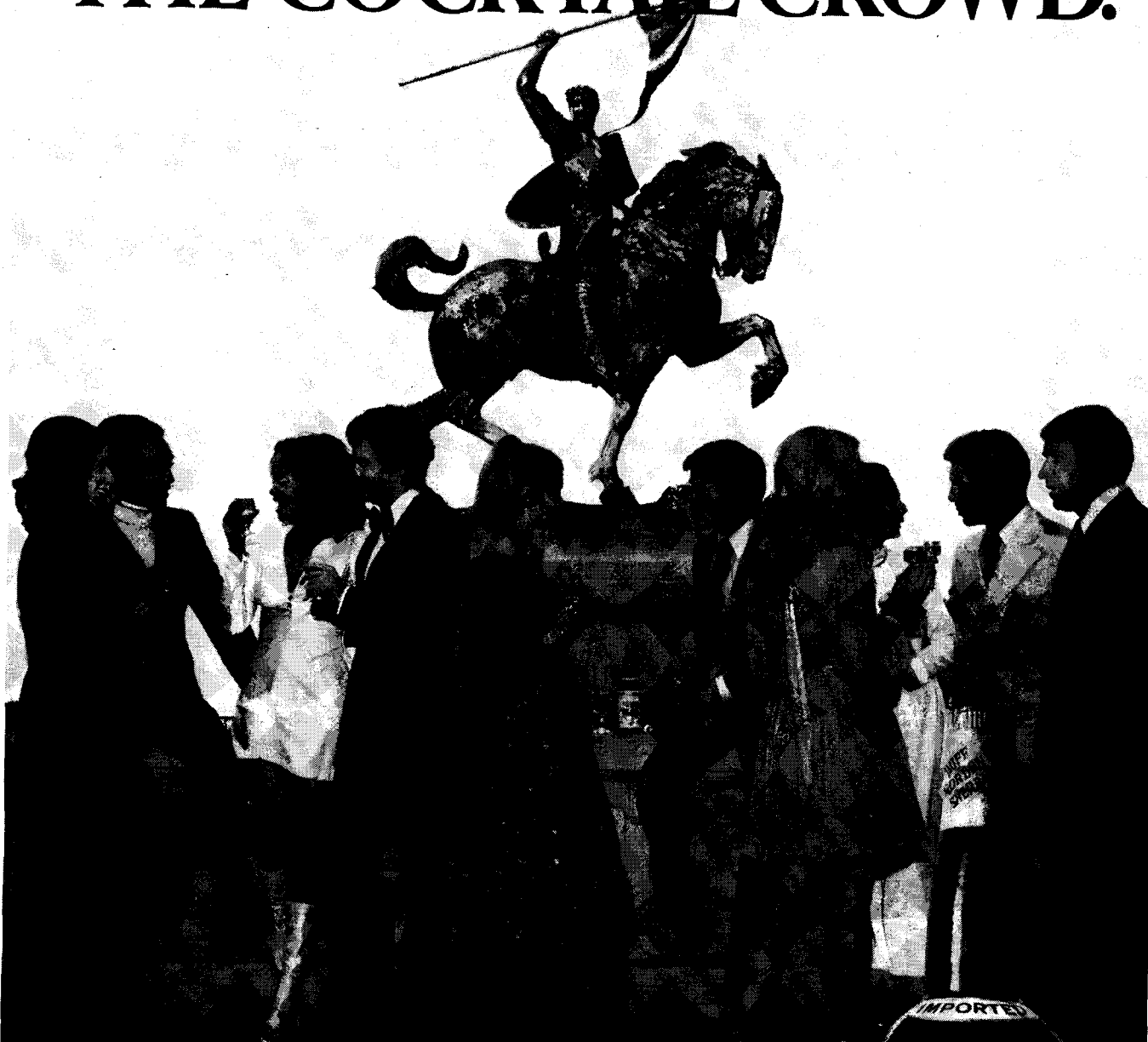
Muskie had failed to win an outright majority but that he seemed to be slipping. In a little more than a month his three-to-one lead had almost evaporated. Muskie was moving, and it looked as though the direction were down.

If he had been rated in the forties all along, the impact of the New Hampshire election would have been quite different. He would have "held off Senator McGovern's challenge." Muskie's early 65 percent figure was widely accepted as accurate. But was it? If it wasn't, then Muskie was made to look worse than he should have. Yet if it can be called accurate, then what are we doing reading polls for the primaries to come, having seen a margin of 47 points shrink to 9 in New Hampshire in only six weeks? Either way, the polls are clouding our view of politics.

If we read the polls as casually as we do Jeane Dixon's predictions, the fact that they are misleading wouldn't matter; but we take them much too seriously. Political polls have a tremendous effect on our electoral process, an effect which was felt in the current campaign long before the first ballot was cast, and which will persist right through the November election.

Although McGovern was the first candidate to announce officially, his campaign has been a struggle to prove that he is a legitimate contender. In spite of his early start, his ratings against other Democrats refused to budge from 4 or 5 percent. At that level he barely qualified for Secret Service protection. In a very real sense McGovern's most formidable opponent was the public opinion polls. Before the New Hampshire vote, McGovern admitted, "The polls

EL CID CONQUERS THE COCKTAIL CROWD.



El Cid, the great Spanish Sherry has landed in America.

And everywhere Americans are surrendering to its distinctive taste. Lightly dry. Like no other Sherry.

Next time you gather for cocktails, try El Cid. Great chilled, superb on the rocks.

Then count yourself among the conquered.

**ENJOY THE LIGHTLY DRY TASTE OF EL CID.
DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY.**



Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

OPINION POLLS

have killed my fund-raising. People tell me if they could appoint a President, they'd appoint me, but since the polls don't give me a chance, they say they're not going to 'throw their money away.'"

Poor polls dry up contributions. Without money a candidate can't finance an organization or buy media time. And without exposure he will probably slip still further behind in the polls. It's the Catch-22 of politics. Humphrey found this out in 1968; his finances got so bad that one of his own pollsters refused to hand over the results until he had been paid by certified check. Both Senators Harold Hughes and Fred Harris dropped out of the current race when it was obvious that they couldn't raise enough money to get their campaigns off the ground. The polls published in today's papers discourage contributors, volunteers, and perhaps even those who are being interviewed for tomorrow's poll from supporting the long shot. In one way or another polls can easily become self-fulfilling prophecies.

Chickens and eggs

Mervin Field started his California Poll in the late forties. It is now sponsored by a consortium of three television stations and ten newspapers, including the Los Angeles *Times* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. Field agrees that polls often help the political rich get richer: "There's a lot of stupidity among those who make major contributions; it makes you wonder how they were able to make their money in the first place." But he says it isn't always true. "McGovern hasn't been hurt by the polls. For every \$10,000 contribution he's lost because of his low standings, he's received ten contributions of \$1000. He's been able to raise money precisely because the big boys won't touch him—that appeals to plenty of people." By using an effective direct-mail appeal for funds, McGovern was able to outlast Hughes and Harris. Early this year, however, his money was running out. So he plowed all his resources into New Hampshire, hoping that a respectable showing there would loosen up some contributors. McGovern literally

couldn't have afforded to do poorly in the first primary; a low percentage of the vote would have verified what the polls were saying all along. McGovern ran strong in his last Senate race, but the current public opinion polls are what count in determining whether a man is a winner or a loser.

By March the polls could be said to have boosted Muskie's campaign every bit as much as they had handicapped McGovern's. Muskie's literature claims that he is the one "electable" Democrat and cites specific polls to prove it: "He is the only Democrat who has outpolled President Nixon in the national opinion polls. For one entire year, Senator Muskie led the President in the *Harris Poll* by margins of up to 46-40 and in the *Gallup Poll* by margins of up to 43-40." His workers push this line. The day after McGovern speaks at any high school, a young Muskie aide is there to explain that although George means well, a vote for him is really a vote for Humphrey.

It was Muskie's electability, as documented by the polls, that attracted many to his staff. His New England coordinator, Tony Podesta, was typical in admitting that he likes McGovern. "He's a nice guy. He's been right on most of the issues, and I might have considered working for him—if Muskie weren't running, of course—but he doesn't have a chance in the world." Podesta worked for Eugene McCarthy in 1963 and for Father Joseph Duffey in Connecticut in 1970. It shouldn't be surprising that he had tired of losers or that he would turn to Muskie, who might not be quite so liberal but who looked a lot better according to Gallup.

All of this campaign activity—contributions, strategy, advertising, and volunteers—is influenced by early polls, but as the New Hampshire election proved, such polls have little relation to reality. In spite of their unreliability, polls often become the very substance of a primary contest, the standard of victory or defeat. Where the field is larger than two candidates, or if it is one candidate's home ground, the winner isn't necessarily the one with the most votes but the candidate who does better than expected. And expectations are built on polls.

When the *Globe* poll gave Muskie 65 percent, the McGovern camp tried

to pin up that figure as a target that Muskie would have to hit. At a press conference, McGovern aide Frank Mankiewicz declared that if Muskie got anything less than 65 percent of the vote, it would have to be considered a loss because it would show that his strength was eroding. McGovern's New Hampshire manager, Joe Grandmaison, admitted privately that it was an artificially high goal. "The *Globe* poll helps. If George McGovern has 18 percent now, that's good. That's with no media, just the local press; our canvassing has just begun. And now Muskie has to keep his 65 percent. That's a bitch."

It was ironic that Grandmaison could be happy running behind 18 to 65. Just four years earlier George Romney was convinced to drop out of the presidential race by a poll which showed him trailing Nixon in New Hampshire 19 to 73. In Romney's case, of course, 19 percent was a comedown from the front-running position he had held in the polls in 1966 and 1967. For McGovern it was a triumph finally to hit double figures.

Pollsters always introduce their questions with, "If the election were held today . . .," but the people they interview all know that it's weeks away and that they aren't casting a real vote by giving an answer. That the election is in the future affects not only the direction of a person's opinion but its very character. If the candidates haven't begun their hard sell, the polls can count only off-the-cuff reactions, not deep voter commitment. Pollsters justify their early surveys as being "accurate for the time they were taken," but if that's true, it's only in the statistical sense. That is, if everyone in the state instead of just a small sample were polled, the results would be pretty much the same. But the issue isn't the mechanics of polling; it's the nature of the thing being measured. California pollster Mervin Field says, "People will choose between candidates if they have to, but that doesn't mean they're firmly committed." Even if a poll is technically perfect, it can't tell us much about how people will ultimately vote.

The late Elmo Roper was one of the few pollsters to express openly his doubts about the meaning of pre-election polls. "Early polls tend to measure the pulling power, not of

men, but of names. Done too far ahead of a campaign, they are really little more than name recognition tests, and they can't foretell what voter reactions will be once the campaign gets under way." This is particularly true for primary campaigns, which seldom heat up until the final week, but it also applies to the current national polls that purport to give us a clue to what will happen in the general election in November.

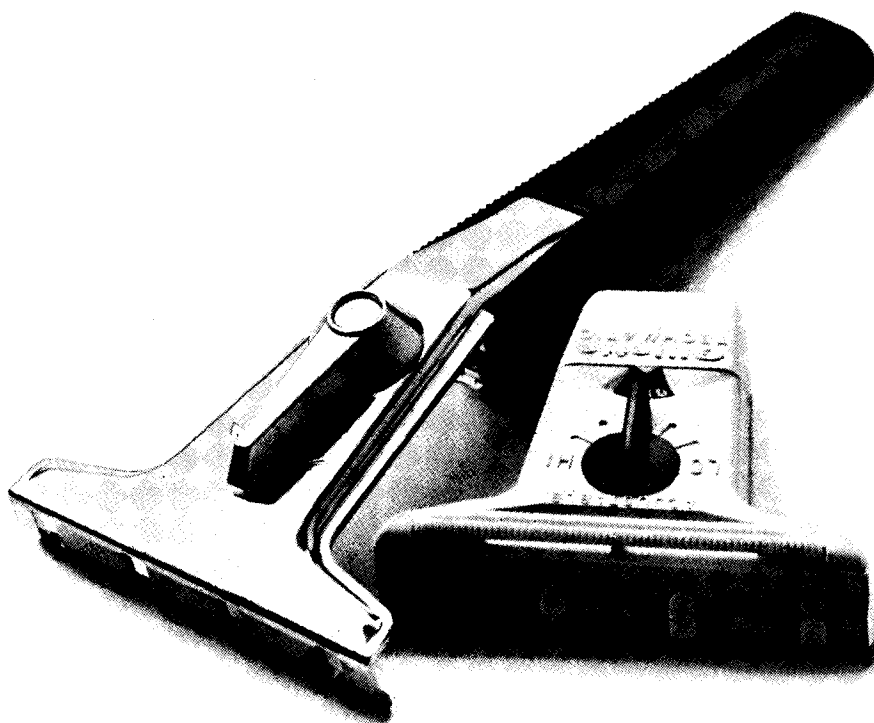
I asked McGovern in early February how he could maintain any optimism in the face of polls which invariably showed him far behind. He had been asked the same question twenty times a day for the past two years, but he patiently recited his answer: "Polls don't measure intensity of commitment; they don't show the strength of your organization. Joe Smith may be behind in the polls, but if he has the better organization, he'll win." A week later I spoke with John Becker, who asked me how the campaign seemed to be going (which struck me as an odd question coming from a pollster). I allowed that it was hard to tell, but Becker persisted, "Well, how strong is McGovern's organization?"

Passing the buck

Primaries are unpredictable, not because people are fickle but because opinion tends to be amorphous. In primaries candidates are often less well known, there are no party rivalries to stir up old loyalties, turnout varies, and the issues are often hard to define. Because public opinion is complex and undirected, it is arbitrary to force it into superficial categories—so many "for," the rest "against." Yet the pollsters tend to lump all those who say that they are firmly committed to a candidate together with those who tell an interviewer—sometimes after coaxing—merely that they are leaning toward him. A month before any election many people are still undecided, but this fact offends polltakers, whose business it is to promote divisions of opinion. Although it might be far more accurate, a Gallup poll saying that Nixon leads Muskie 26 to 23 with 51 percent undecided would never be published.

Pollsters have not done well in primaries. Gallup doesn't handle them, and although his chief rival, Lou

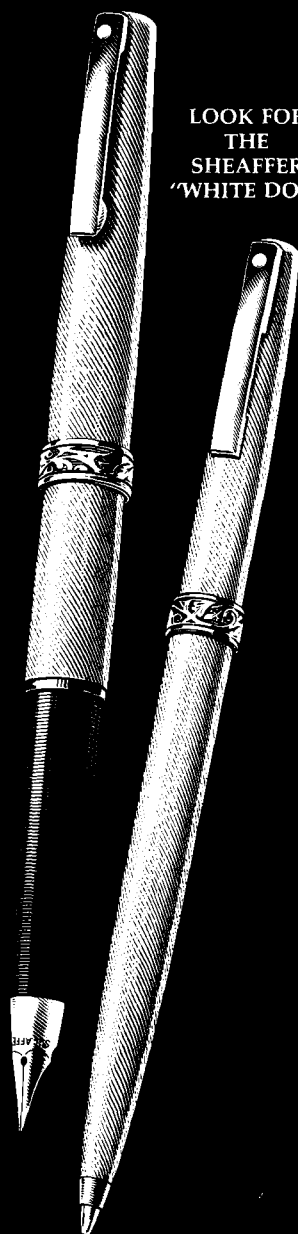
Save your skin.



Gillette Techmatic®

It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

©1972, The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.



LOOK FOR
THE
SHEAFFER
"WHITE DOT"

A Sheaffer
"White Dot". The
sensibly extravagant gift.

The personal gift with the mark, the look, the "feel" of perfection, from the craftsmen dedicated to creating the world's finest writing instruments. From the "White Dot" collection—"Lady Sheaffer" gifts in a shimmering golden-glaze jewelry finish. Sensibly extravagant. Ballpoint/pencil, \$7.50. Pen, \$15.00.

SHEAFFER
the proud craftsmen

SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A **textron** COMPANY

OPINION POLLS

Harris, has tried them in the past, his overall record has confirmed Gallup's judgment to leave them alone. In the 1964 Republican presidential campaign, Harris picked Rockefeller in New Hampshire, but Henry Cabot Lodge won; in Oregon he picked Lodge, who lost to Rockefeller; in California Harris went back to Rockefeller, but Goldwater won. In three tries he wasn't able to come up with a winner. In the 1968 Democratic primaries the polls didn't do much better. No one came close to estimating McCarthy's strength in New Hampshire; he got four times the vote that Roper had predicted. Most of the polls were right in Indiana, where Robert Kennedy won fairly easily, but no one called McCarthy's upset in Oregon. A week or so later in California the polls correctly picked Kennedy but greatly underestimated McCarthy's strength. Most of these were polls that were taken within a week or so of the voting; if a poll is taken earlier, the discrepancy will be all the larger. With this history, it doesn't take a crystal ball to predict that the polls we're reading now will probably turn out to be misleading.

Mervin Field, who says with some pride that his colleagues consider him a critic of the profession, complains that both the press and politicians make too much of early polls. "They are only reflections of people's thoughts before they have assessed the candidates or have come to grips with the issues, but the columnists make the mistake of calling them 'forecasts.'" Field says that the Muskie ad that extolls his lead in the Gallup and Harris surveys is "a good example of the misuse of polls. Maybe it's a good way to get support, but if that argument has currency, it shows how unsophisticated the political community is. It's ridiculous to claim that the polls say McGovern has no chance of beating Nixon. The issue hasn't been drawn yet."

Field knows that the early surveys don't mean much, but many people who read his column—or Gallup's or Harris'—do not. Field criticizes reporters who characterize his polls as "forecasts," yet he knows that the media which support his California Poll want predictions. In a sense Field has it both ways: he sounds re-

sponsible in calling for caution in reading polls, yet it is in his interest that people take polls more seriously than they should. Otherwise he would be out of business. Becker also worries that polls may disturb the democratic process by handicapping lesser-known candidates, but he absolves himself of responsibility. "We're living in the age of the mass media, and if we and the *Globe* don't do it, somebody else is going to."

It would be easy to jump on Field and Becker for passing the buck, but they do have a point. It is the newspapers, after all, who sponsor the polls and print the results in banner headlines. Columnists scrutinize the polls for hidden messages, and reporters badger the candidates for statements about the latest standings. Television is equally guilty. When McGovern appeared on ABC's *Issues and Answers* in March, the first third of the questioning wasn't directed at the war or the economy but to the public opinion polls.

Entrails

Gallup's reputation is firmly established, so he can afford to stay out of the primary contests. Although he is understandably a poll partisan, he recently wrote, "The record of polls in primary elections is so bad that the sophisticated poll watcher will pay little attention to them, or make allowance for large error if he does." Harris is inclined to be more daring, but as of this writing, none of the clients who have contracted for his primary polls in the past—such as *Newsweek* or CBS—have offered to do so this year.

Although Gallup and Harris aren't polling in individual states, their national surveys have influenced the local campaigns. The front-runners in the polls get coverage on the network news every night, while those who are behind are forced to explain to skeptical reporters why the polls are wrong. Gallup and Harris are careful to release their figures on alternate weekends, so that any discrepancy can be ascribed to change. With the presidential election months away, there is no way that their polls can be proven wrong.

It's the local pollsters working in primaries who can look bad. Becker admits, "You live dangerously with this kind of business. It's not our fa-



This Superb Silver Medal

Yours for just \$1.00

To introduce a new
kind of investment
in art and in precious
metals.

**OVER 3 1/2 TIMES MORE SILVER
THAN IN A NEW UNITED STATES
SILVER DOLLAR**
Shown larger than 40mm
actual size (to show detail).

**Share the Pride of "America's Natural Legacy" - 36 Exquisite
Medallions...Minted to the fine Jewelry Standards of Wittnauer
With the Assistance of the Sierra Club**

Yes, you may have this incredibly beautiful Art Medallion in either 24 Karat Gold-Plated Sterling Silver, or Solid Sterling Silver for just \$1.00...less than the cost of the precious metal alone. Why?

We introduce you to a most spectacular opportunity.

36 exquisite medallions depicting American Wildlife can be yours in this extraordinary and historic series. Each medal has been sculptured by one of America's leading artists and forged into rich, high relief medallions. Magnificent, lasting tributes to our rich heritage.

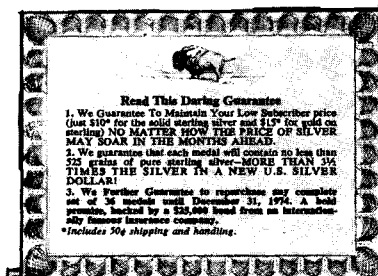
Imagine what a set of this magnitude can mean to you and your family. What unforgettable lessons in our natural heritage can be learned and shared. Imagine also, the possible financial growth that lies in this rare combination of fine sculpting and precious metals...forged into exquisite medallions to the uncompromising standards of the world famous and highly honored Wittnauer Jewelers.

To further enhance their value, every coin in your series will bear your individual and personal serial number—engraved on its edge, alongside the Hallmark.

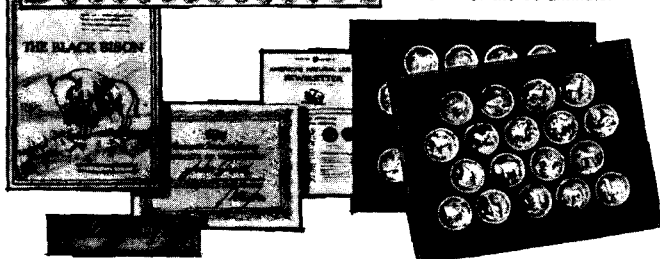
Daring Repurchase Guarantee

The Longines Symphonette Society considers this set so fine, and of such strong growth potential, that it promises to buy back any completed set, for the full purchase price, any time to December 31, 1974, if you are not satisfied either in its progress...or in any other way. Moreover, this repurchase guarantee is backed by a \$25,000 bond from an internationally famous insurance company.

ALSO RECEIVE COMPLETE INVESTOR'S KIT—FREE

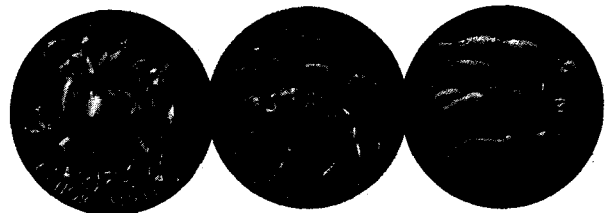


- **Lovely American Wood Frames** to display your collection. We even include a personalized plaque with your name and series number.
- **Monthly Newsletters** keep you up to date on the progress of your collection and give you news of major events in the coin and medal world...events that could affect the value of your series.
- **Luxurious Membership Certificate**...suitable for framing and a tribute to your good taste.
- **Beautiful and Informative Booklets**, prepared under the supervision of the Sierra Club, give you enlightening information about the history and habitats of each of the 36 animals.



Take The First Medal For Just \$1.00

Each medallion in your personally numbered series is a radiant work of art. Each depicts one of America's native animals in its natural habitat. Unlike ordinary coins, the high relief and hand-crafted finish give elegance and realism to the medallions. The Bald Eagle hovers majestically over a nest of chicks...the Plains Bison glances from across a meadow and you actually feel the presence of its massive dignity, now captured forever in solid sterling silver, or 24-Karat Gold-on-Sterling. It is a collection without equal...carefully designed to become your proudest possession today, a cherished heirloom that will be passed on to future generations.



WE CANNOT GUARANTEE YOUR RESERVATION UNLESS WE HAVE YOUR ORDER BY JUNE 30, 1972

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

America's Natural Legacy

c/o Longines Symphonette Society Box 1972, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

Please reserve my AMERICA'S NATURAL LEGACY subscription. I will receive the first two medals in the series for FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION and, even if I decide to return the second medal and not begin my subscription, I MAY CHOOSE TO KEEP THE AMERICAN BALD EAGLE MEDAL FOR ONLY \$1. I understand that I will be billed on a regular basis for each consecutive monthly shipment of two medals produced for my account.

Please Check One—Reserve my subscription in:

☐ 24 Karat gold—electroplated on sterling ☐ solid sterling

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip 151AZ 152AZ 161

The \$15 price for each gold-plated sterling silver medallion and the \$10 price for each sterling silver medallion includes 50¢ shipping, handling and insurance. Add sales tax where applicable.

AN EXTRA SERVICE FOR YOU:
(Please check if you wish to charge your purchases.)

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

My credit card number is: _____

BankAmericard Master Charge
Expiration Date: _____ Bank # _____

vorite line of work, having to put that stuff in the paper under the guns of an election, because someday you're going to get a situation where you're going to be wrong. But it's a business risk."

People are never especially surprised or offended when a given poll is wrong; in fact there's always some delight in seeing the pseudoscientists and their computers take a pratfall. Yet though we're skeptical about polls in general, we always rely on them in particular.

When the primaries are over and the haggling for uncommitted delegates is in high gear, it will be the national opinion polls that will be offered as evidence that McGovern's hypothetical candidate "Joe Smith" can or cannot beat Nixon. These polls will be as fallacious in their way as the early primary polls are in theirs, but in the confusion of the conventions we will turn to them once again. The ancients read entrails. We read polls.

—MICHAEL WHEELER

IRELAND

I. The View From Dublin

On March 24 the British government suspended home rule in Northern Ireland, fifty-one years after it had begun. It was a month and a day since the *Irish Times* had informed its readers that seven people had been killed the previous night and seventeen injured when an explosion ripped the front of the Officers' Mess at the headquarters of the 16th Parachute Brigade at Aldershot, forty miles south of London. The dead, with the exception of a British Army Catholic chaplain, were all civilians, five of them women. The Official wing of the Irish Republican Army claimed responsibility for the explosion and described it as a reprisal for the killing of thirteen people by the British Army in Londonderry on Bloody Sunday, January 30.

Some hours after the explosion, police in Dublin arrested Cathal Goulding, Chief of Staff of the IRA, and three other leading Republicans—Sean Garland, Michael Ryan, and Tony Heffernan—on the authority of Section 30 of the Offenses Against the State Act. These events were widely reported in Irish newspapers, and the

explosion was almost universally condemned as an outrage, but few people who have lived in Ireland during the past year could profess themselves shocked by the news. Enraged, yes, but not shocked. Such events, monstrous at any time, issue from the logic of a malignant situation. They are no longer exceptions to the rule of peace.

I should declare my interest, so that readers may make whatever adjustment they deem proper, taking account of my natural bias. I am an Irish Catholic, born in Tullow, County Carlow, but I spent most of my early life in the North, my father being the local police sergeant in a small town, Warrenpoint, in County Down. As a member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in a predominantly Catholic and Nationalist area, my father had a difficult life. He was a loyal police officer, he did his duty, and he avoided all discussion of politics or religion. He died in his bed, peacefully. On the other side of the family, my mother's brother was a revolutionary leader in County Tipperary, and he spent several months in English jails after the Easter Rising of 1916. We were a typical Irish family.

My own sentiments are nationalistic, in the sense that I hope to see Ireland united, the wretched Border removed, but I do not believe that a political cause of that nature is worth a drop of any man's blood.

Afflicted

On Bloody Sunday, a few hours before the events in Derry, I happened to be in Belfast, and I attended Mass in St. Mary's Church, Chapel Lane. The first reading was from the prophet Zephaniah: "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." The second was from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians: "And God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong." The Gospel was the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It was hardly necessary for the priest to comment on these texts; they spoke for themselves to the Catholics of Ballymurphy, Andersonstown, the Falls Road, and the New Lodge

Road. Afterward, I drove through streets which I had always disliked. Belfast was never a handsome city; we thought it a dour place by contrast with Dublin, and we were right. But it was now a desolate place, living from day to day as if under siege, entire streets burned out in sectarian rage. If the Catholics made common cause along the Falls Road, the Protestants held the fort in Tiger's Bay, Sandy Row, the Shankhill Road, Silverstream, and Old Park Road.

Reluctantly, I call them Catholics and Protestants. If the issue were strictly political, I would call them Nationalists and Unionists, and that would be a happier situation because at least it would maintain a political terminology to deal with a political quarrel. But it would be wishful thinking, although not every Catholic is a Nationalist, not every Protestant a Unionist. A year ago it might still have been possible to speak of Nationalists and Unionists without identifying these sentiments with Catholic and Protestant convictions. But it is impossible now. A Catholic who joins the Ulster Defense Regiment stands a good chance of being shot by the IRA. A Protestant who supports the Civil Rights Association is in grave danger.

About three years ago I debated the question of Northern Ireland with its then Prime Minister, Captain Terence O'Neill, on William F. Buckley's television program, *Firing Line*, and we disagreed; but it is a nostalgic occasion in my mind because we both assumed that a solution was possible, given goodwill on both sides. We thought that we could speak of Nationalists and Unionists as if these were terms fully adequate to the occasion, like Republican and Democrat, Labor and Tory, right and left. Perhaps it was feasible at the time, but not after thirteen Catholics died from British guns at Derry.

Of course, religion as such has very little to do with the case. A Catholic youth throwing a gasoline bomb in Belfast would not spend much thought on the theological differences between himself and his Protestant enemy. Members of the Shankhill Defense Association who appeared on the *David Frost Show* to display their venom had nothing to say of Luther or the Reformation. Even Reverend Ian Paisley confines his theological debate to a reflection on

We could have put out a Scotch after the Second World War, too.

But we couldn't have put out William Lawson's.

William Lawson's could have put out a quite decent Scotch. Just like a lot of others did.

But whisky men make the decisions at William Lawson's. Not eager businessmen.

So we didn't do what everyone else did.

Sure, there were some good whiskies available for blending then, but the Scotch that resulted wouldn't have been the same William Lawson's that had built such an enviable reputation in England and Scotland since 1849.

Because the malt whiskies we needed for our Scotch just weren't available in quantity.

(There are 107 different malt whisky distilleries in Scotland. We're interested in only 15 of them.)

So we waited. Patiently. Waited until William Lawson's could be bottled right. The only way we wanted. (With the malts

of those exceptional 15.)

It wasn't until 1959, 14 years later, that there was enough of a supply of those particular whiskies to make Lawson's Lawson's again.

First for Scotland.



Later for England. Some for France. And a limited supply for America. (Just enough to send a small initial shipment.)

And with that modest shipment to America, a modest price to go along. (Lower than we get at home, in fact.)

Why such a modest

price for such a superior Scotch?

Well, remember, we were 14 years late. And there were over 250 of the other brands on shelves here already.

And money always gets peoples' attention.

We wanted to make it easy for America to try this pleasing Scotch.

But now it's 1972. And we've stockpiled enough of those 15 great blending malt whiskies to send considerably more Lawson's to America.

More, but still not a lot.

More, still with the modest price.

The same light, yet full-bodied Lawson's that didn't compromise.

And never will.

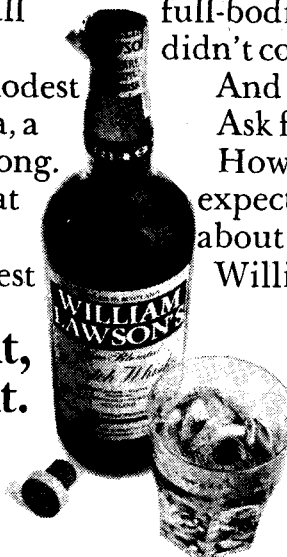
Ask for it soon. Today.

How long can you expect us to be so modest about a Scotch like ours?

William Lawson's.

If we can't make it right,
we just don't make it.

W. Lawson



86.8 Proof Bottled in Scotland

86.8 PROOF • 100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES • WILLIAM LAWSON'S IMPORTED BY PALMER & LORD LTD., SYOSSET, N.Y.

IRELAND

Pope Paul as "old Red Socks." Catholics and Protestants have murdered each other in Northern Ireland for historical reasons which have nothing whatever to do with theology; they have as little to do with theology as with God. The hostility between the murderers is tribal warfare, the result of aboriginal enmities so deeply rooted now that they have become instinctual. I grew up in that jungle. Though my parents were the gentlest people, I grew up with the knack of spotting a Protestant at a hundred yards. We knew instinctively not to trade in a Protestant shop. If the situation in Northern Ireland is incorrigible, the main reason is that the passions engaged on both sides are primitive forces, operating far below the level of intelligence and debate. That is why I have never been convinced by the proclaimed objects of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association. Ostensibly, their aims are tangible, empirical: they want a fair deal for Catholics, so that the meek may inherit at least a portion of the earth—specifically, better jobs, better houses, influence commensurate with their numbers in a town like Derry. But even if these rights were granted at once by an intelligent government, and embodied in new legislation backed by the courts, there would still be violence in the North. Tribal war needs very little empirical cause to keep it going; it lives by ancient resentment and exacerbation. The wrongs for which Catholics in Northern Ireland appeal for justification were committed three hundred years ago; the modern Border and the Unionist government's genteel tyranny were merely reminders of old transgression. The declared aims of the Civil Rights Association are therefore disingenuous, since they propose local satisfactions for age-old feeling; or they are dishonest, if they are mere excuses for stirring up ancient woes. I am not sure, either way. But it is certain that the passions aroused on the Catholic side cannot be assuaged by empirical means: legislation, jobs, houses, electoral change. Feeling has run far beyond its local occasion.

This is true of both sides. It is hard to conceive of Ian Paisley and John McKeague being so devoted to the

British Crown that they would go to civil war to assert their love, especially since it was clear to everyone that the Crown would have been delighted to be relieved of such devotion. Do these gentlemen really think that in Dublin today Home Rule means Rome Rule, that we dance to Rome's tune? These questions are beside the point; extreme Protestants, like extreme Catholics, follow an antique drum, the call of the tribe. I sometimes think that to understand these passions, we should ponder not the lessons of politics or of history but of anthropology. Lévi-Strauss's *The Savage Mind* may be more instructive than the Plantation of Ulster or the Battle of the Boyne. But above all, we need to know how to deal with ancient feeling which, incited by local event, has acquired so much momentum that it cannot be halted or satisfied short of some ultimate limit or end.

Diehard

I have spoken of two sides, but this is misleading. There are several actors in the Northern tragedy, and the range of motive is wide. The Protestants are not a monolithic group accurately represented by the Shankill Defense Association; there are many Protestants who calmly foresee a time when the two parts of Ireland will be united. Equally, there are Catholics who do not find their spiritual home in Creggan, the Bogside, or the Falls. Many Catholics have long accepted the division of Ireland and feel no great desire to join their Southern neighbors. Then there was the Stormont government, a grossly unrepresentative institution, the result of intransigence and electoral corruption, driven further toward the end by its diehard members to the tune of "No Surrender." Some said it could not survive much longer; but it had the law on its side, and Britain's big battalions to defend the Unionist cause. It was widely believed that the British government, having calmly allowed India to leave the Empire, would not weep over the loss of Northern Ireland, a puny jewel in any crown. Harold Wilson's plan put the unification of Ireland on the agenda, and was generally welcomed for that reason, but he did not proffer his plan while he was in power, and Edward Heath thanked him without adopting his suggestions. Mr. Heath's government

was remarkably slow in taking the Northern Ireland problem seriously. Until recently, Mr. Heath himself spoke of it as if it could be resolved by a disposition on all sides to return to the gentlemanly days of Captain O'Neill. He evidently found it inconceivable that Irishmen should repudiate the Stormont government and the British Crown in a single act.

As for our government in Dublin, its record is not impressive. Since the foundation of the state in 1922, the abolition of Partition has been the first of our official aims, and in the early days it was keenly felt. But gradually, especially when Eamon De Valera became President and the late Sean Lemass became Prime Minister, our official eyes began to turn away from the question of Partition. There were more urgent problems: economic expansion, for instance, the necessity of luring foreign businessmen to our shores. Mr. Lemass was a businessman, not a poet or a visionary, and he found it entirely possible to live from one day to the next with the Border still intact. Unification remained our official policy, the object of occasional flourishes of rhetoric, but it became a long-term ideal and, for most people, a secondary issue. The government party, Fianna Fail, continued to preach that gospel, but it did not spend much energy on its practice. As a result, the keener republican spirits soon felt themselves estranged from official politics and went underground. Some important members of the government took a dangerous line: officially, they endorsed the government's policy of securing the end of Partition by peaceful means, but unofficially they conversed with the wild men of revolution. It is now clear that several influential Fianna Fail men encouraged the Provisional wing of the IRA to pursue a violent campaign in the North, with consequences which they may not have foreseen.

In fact, our government has been in a weak moral position, since it arose from violence and civil war: it could not completely dissociate itself from republican violence without incurring the charge of senility and cowardice. Prime Minister John Lynch tried to hold his party together by declaring a peaceful policy with an occasional rattle of the drum. He is a man of peace, but he had to try to retain those members of his party who called

upon him to defend the Catholics in the North. For many months, he avoided taking any action against the IRA, even when its leaders taunted him with charges of ineptitude. When the British government demanded that he curb the IRA, he did nothing until the gunmen started using their guns in the South. Eight men were arrested after a gun battle with Northern forces along the Border; they were brought to trial in Dundalk, but information was refused against them, and they were released. The Minister for Justice then announced that the men would be rearrested and tried. It seemed certain that Mr. Lynch had been driven to the point of taking action against the IRA, but we did not know how much action was intended.

The prestige of force

The real difficulty is that the prestige of "physical force" is very high in Ireland. Many peaceful men think that Ireland never achieved anything, along the path of freedom, without violence. The rule of law is a recent attribute, as everyone knows. An Irishman who speaks of peaceful methods, nonviolence, and passive resistance is never entirely convincing. This does not mean that we are gangsters at heart, but we find it hard to refute the argument that without our revolutionaries and Fenians we would still be England's slaves. The IRA is strengthened by this argument, even though many of its members despise the Nationalist aim as trivial. In many Catholic areas in Northern Ireland the Provisionals are revered as heroes and martyrs because they alone stood up to the British Army when paratroopers went on the rampage. The fact that the Provisionals are mostly bigoted Catholics of the right, with no more significant policy than that of furnishing an appropriate hell for British soldiers, is not taken seriously. These men were present when they were needed; there is nothing more to be said. The Official IRA, on the other hand, is not revered; it speaks a Marxist idiom which is an exotic bloom in Ireland, a poor translation of the German text, not at all indigenous to Irish soil. For a long time now, the Officials have been losing ground to the Provisionals: if they were responsible for Aldershot, it may be that they were re-



Delicious food, glorious views, beds so soft you hardly care to leave them to enjoy miles of evergreen forest, the estate's manicured golf course, sparkling pool, and a most inviting cocktail lounge.

Nightly entertainment if you like, but plenty of room to escape if that's your wish. Mountain View House—New England's No. 1 unwinding spot was conceived with people in mind and has stayed that way for four generations of one family's ownership. Write for free brochure, Box H



MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE

Whitefield, New Hampshire

**If you want to know more about
General Motors' policies and progress,
write now for our new 25-page
position paper.**

These are some of the subjects: minority employment, safety, pollution, recall procedures, customer service, foreign markets, labor relations, aid to minority-owned business, legal proceedings against the corporation, our position in South Africa, alternative power sources.

The details of our policies and progress are spelled out in the booklet, "General Motors Policies and Progress." If you'll send us the coupon, we would like to give you a copy.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

**General Motors
Room 1-101, Dept. A1
3044 W. Grand Boulevard
Detroit, Michigan 48202**

IRELAND

minding the Irish people that the ability to place a bomb is not confined only to the brigands of the Provisional wing.

The IRA is, of course, an underground movement, whether its colors are Official or Provisional. It is an illegal organization, and therefore beyond the bounds of debate or communication. In recent months, however, it has moved up into the otherwise respectable Civil Rights Association. This is a most important development. The Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA) has now been virtually taken over by the Official IRA, and there is no doubt that it will work closely with the left, wherever that direction is Marxist or Leninist.

The Official position is that Irish Nationalism is merely a bourgeois indulgence, of no significance in itself; the old-style Nationalist is despised. The Provisionals, on the other hand, have established close relations with the Civil Resistance Movement; their aim is national unity, provided it takes the form of a socialist republic. This was the aim proposed by Bernadette Devlin, Frank McManus, and Michael Farrell, a more Trotskyite group than the NICRA. And the last players in this desperate drama are the Social Democratic Labor Party, a bedraggled group nowadays, divided among themselves. These were the duly elected Opposition members of the Northern Parliament, and for a while they bore the heat of the day at Stormont. But when it became clearer than ever that they could serve no real purpose in that gross assembly, they withdrew and set up their own little parliament in Derry. They are good people, worried sick by events in the North, powerless to prevent the worst excesses on both sides. But they were stranded. Wild men had stolen their cause, and forced it through the barrel of a gun. No wonder the SDLP men like John Hume were conversing with Mr. Lynch in Dublin and his orthodox colleagues; peaceful men can only huddle together.

It was easier for the SDLP, even a year ago. They could still hold a moderate position, asking for justice and fair play, grateful for any crumbs that fell from Stormont's table. The British Army came to bring peace, stand-

ing firm between Catholic and Protestant, no man's enemy, no man's slave. John Hume went about his daily life helping people, an energetic social worker. Catholics brought the British soldiers in for a cup of tea and a chat. But in twelve months the stance of the Army changed. The blow of Internment fell only upon Catholics; only Catholic homes were wrecked in the military search for arms. Gradually, the soldiers began to torment the Papists. John Hume could only protest, but the Provisionals answered the Army in the more audible language of guns and bombs. They could not hope to beat the Army in a pitched battle, so they resorted to the guerrilla warfare of the streets. The Provisionals were natives in that region, they had the support of tormented Catholics, they could hardly be defeated. The soldiers became Stormont's militia, and they gave up their neutrality to pursue Catholics into the back streets. The Catholics felt that their only recourse was the Provisionals; Dublin was useless. John Hume's humane words had no bearing on the question.

In these circumstances, the tragedy of Derry was inevitable. The circumstances are still in dispute, but the weight of impartial evidence suggests that the confrontation between marchers and soldiers was already over when the paratroopers pursued the remnants into the Bogside. Within an hour, thirteen Catholics were shot dead; another act in the tragedy was complete. The following day, a Stormont Cabinet minister expressed his satisfaction that there had been no British casualties. Brian Faulkner, then Northern Irish Prime Minister, told the marchers that they must expect this consequence of their activities. A member of the Shankhill Defense Association said that Bloody Sunday was Good Sunday, unfortunate only because the Army had not shot enough Catholics. A colleague of his said it was Good Sunday because "for the first time, the British Army has taken the kid gloves off."

In the South, Mr. Lynch declared the following Wednesday, the day of the funerals, a national day of mourning. The day began in grief and ended in rage, at least in Dublin, where a vast crowd protested outside the British Embassy in Merrion Square. By the end of the day the Embassy was burned to a shell. Some

people, including myself, thought the burning an outrage, and were not convinced by those who defended the act as a single symbolic deed, once for all. It still seems to me an outrage, our day of grief spoiled in mayhem, and nothing I have read in Gaston Bachelard's *The Psychoanalysis of Fire* redeems the act of its barbarity. Some fools tried to mount a boycott of British goods, a proposal swiftly denounced by a government alive to the fact that of British goods only 5 percent is exported to Ireland, while of Irish goods 65 percent is exported to Britain. In this matter, even a sporadic raid, not to speak of an economic war, would ruin us. In the British House of Commons Miss Devlin rushed upon Reginald Maudling and scratched his face; in calmer mood, an hour later, she said she was only sorry that she had not seized his throat.

Then, at the end of March, the British made their move. The immediate reactions were swift. Brian Faulkner denounced it; the leaders of the IRA denounced it. It was left to Mr. Lynch in Dublin to call the British assumption of control "a step forward."

One hand

The recital of events is complete, or as complete as I can bear to make it. There are more important questions at large in the world than anything Ireland proposes.

"Teach us to care and not to care." T. S. Eliot's prayer from *Ash Wednesday* keeps coming to my mind these days in Dublin when I talk of the North to friends and colleagues. A year ago, such people were eloquent in defining positions of some complexity: "On the one hand," they would say, "and yet on the other." We all had two hands then. Now, after Derry and all that followed, the same people have given up their complexities, only one hand is visible, and it is not entirely fanciful to imagine it holding a gun. Abroad, there are signs that the cause of Irish unity is about to be turned to the purposes of radical chic, supported by Vanessa Redgrave in Newry and John Lennon in New York. "Burn, baby, burn," the arsonists screamed in Merrion Square when they destroyed the British Embassy and one of Dublin's finest streets. The criminal folly of

Aldershot reduced if not deleted the moral advantage of Derry. It is difficult to assume, these days, that there is any point in teaching literature. A few days ago I gave a lecture at the University of York to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of *The Waste Land*. I could not think of anything better to do, though I have never believed that literature could save us.

—DENIS DONOGHUE

II. A Visit to Belfast

"It has been reserved for the twentieth century to show the spectacle of inquisitors who persecute without faith and martyrs who expire without hope."

—Aarland Ussher

It is a dying city, a broken city, a city almost without hope, for where do we go from here? The heart still beats faintly in the University, in beautiful outlying suburbs, in the brave little Lyric Theater, in the few discothèques where the students, girls and boys, line up for hours in the wintry nights just to get in—to have a drink, to listen to the music of the outside world. The few visitors must stay in guesthouses. Hotels, because of the bombings, are increasingly dangerous. But the heart is still beating faintly. Like a patient in intensive care, Belfast, having survived several heart attacks, may survive, for Belfast has a tough Northern heart; it may just make it.

I traveled up to this beleaguered city the weekend of what is now known as Bloody Sunday to review a Lyric Theater production for the fortnightly paper *Hibernia*, which carries all the news unfit to print—in England that is—for the British public has been kept diplomatically uninformed, as indeed has the United States. Dickens, of course, would have sensed that it was an ominous day. He would have marked the leaden skies, the feeling of snow; or was it, could it have been, fear in the air? Nature is a strangely canny barometer. He would have felt the menace in the lashing cruel seas spilling over the coastline between Dublin and Dundalk. The seabirds—sure sign of storm—had flown inland, had covered the fields with the vivid whiteness of their wings. Cattle and sheep huddled forlornly under the bare trees and hedges or near the sheds,

for the grazing land was stiff with a hard, cruel frost. So we sat, my companion Catherine and I, in the virtually empty "excursion" train Dublin to Belfast, known in happier times as "the Contraceptive Special," and stared out upon the sad landscape flying past us. The little restaurant car which serves late breakfasts and snack lunches and in which one usually had to stand in line for a table was occupied only by a mother with two children, all three with hacking coughs. A few journalists and cameramen were in the bar drinking stout. Even the dreadful canned music which was blaring out waltzes from old Vienna faltered and came to a dead stop as we reached the Border. Only those who have heard it recognize the voice of doom when a Northern voice drones out, or rather groans out, over the loudspeaker, "NEWRY," for this is the fatal border town which is one of the principal customs barriers between the North and the rest of Ireland.

"God's sake!" Catherine nudged me. "Look below on the road." We caught our first glimpse of the Saracen tanks and the British soldiers in battle dress searching cars, trucks, civilians, rifles slung over their shoulders. "Milk cans!" Catherine giggled. "The biggest bomb ever was found in a milk can." And now we were in Ulster, that godforsaken province; we were in the war zone. Just before the train drew into Victoria Station, a dismal structure from which even John Betjeman could hardly draw inspiration, printed in enormous white-washed lettering on a bombed-out factory wall was PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD. It was our welcome to Belfast.

"Incidents"

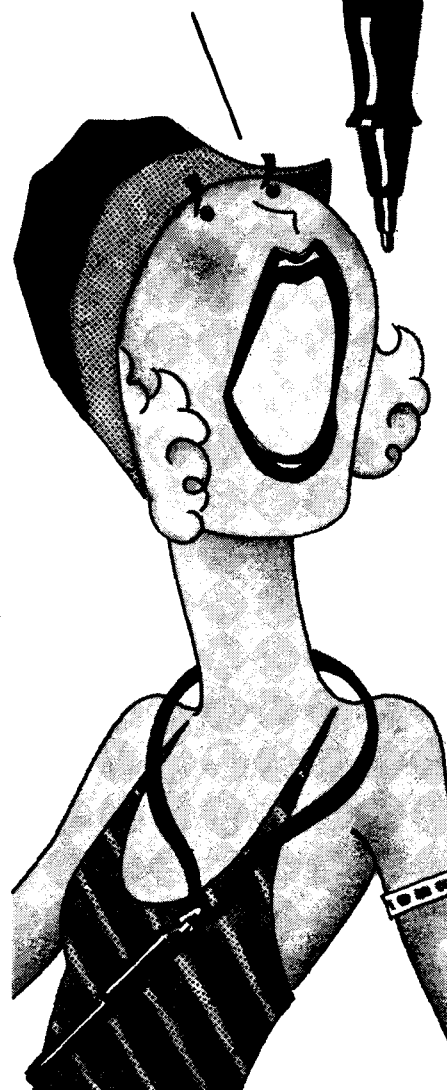
One associates a station, especially a terminus, with excitement, with loving reunions. Not here anymore. Only H. M. Customs greets you, a few haggard taxi drivers, and a quorum of disillusioned porters. And there is a mean acrid smoky smell, and a pall of smoke hangs low from the arched ironwork of the roof. But thanks be to God, my good friend Dr. Blank (one must not name names) was there waiting in the outer entrance, from which one could glimpse the light of day. He is a psychiatrist with a private practice and is also at-

Can life begin at 40?

Back in the days when the blues were young and a long distance call was a shout, a great ungainly pen was America's best seller. Big Red, the Parker Duofold, was king for a decade. Suddenly, in a cloud of nostalgia, he's back. Sure, he now writes with a soft tip or a ball point. Comes with either pocket clip or ribbon. Fills and refills by cartridge in four vivid colors. But it's unmistakably Big Red. A great one then. A great gift idea now at only \$5. Who says they never come back!

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

Big Red writes again



© 1972 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JAMESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

IRELAND

tached to one of the major city hospitals.

We followed him out onto the street where his car was parked; we were to lunch with his family in a suburb, just east of the city center. "I'm very sorry," he murmured apologetically, "there's just been an incident—couple of cars bombed out, down to our right." As we climbed into the car we did hear the fire engines, and as we moved slowly forward in a long line of cars and buses, suddenly again the tanks were there, this time in front of us, and we were surrounded by Royal Ulster Constabulary men and again the British soldiers. "Ladies, if the shooting starts, just lie down on the floor of the car and hope for the best!" said he with the utmost aplomb. However, the shooting did not start; it was a minor "incident," and about fifteen minutes later we moved along. "We'll have to make a detour. We'll be passing now by the Falls Road, where the action is." He pointed toward one of those endless, gray, mean streets which make up the real Belfast. Ardoyne housing estate is boxes; the Falls Road is like those mining and mill towns in England, sprawling miles of them all exactly alike, all gray, all hopeless. No wonder people come out of those human warrens raging! That flatness, that gray uniformity, must sink into the soul and rot there. There were barbed-wire barricades across the entrance to the Falls Road, and around them scurried a few housewives with shopping bags. Everyone now scurries or scuttles in Belfast.

We drove slowly; one had to be-cause of "incidents." "You must have come up against a lot of mental damage?" I asked him. "Ah, yes, I'll tell you one story—the story of Willie John McDaid. He was a Protestant; not a member of the Orange Order, mind you. No bigot. He kept a small grocery shop. A nice gentle wee man meaning no harm to anybody. Well, six months ago when the Troubles were bad, Willie John began getting calls warning him to shut up shop and get out with his Papist wife. Yes, his wife was a Catholic and as nice and gentle a woman as you could meet. But how could he get out? The wee shop was his living. So one night

he was set upon and beaten across the face and head with an iron bar. When they brought him into the hospital he had no face left. We just saved his life, but we couldn't save his face or his sight. And I'm in there now, trying to save his mind, trying to pump hope back into him. His wife sits there, poor soul, day after day, holding his hand. That was Protestant bigots. But then I have a patient who lost her four-year-old girl in a bombing downtown while she was shopping. That was the IRA. I'm a Catholic myself, and I've never run into any trouble, and my sympathies naturally are basically with the minority; but killing and maiming of the innocents by indiscriminate bombing I cannot stomach. We're breeding a maimed generation up North, and we'll have in the next ten years a city of conditioned killers who have grown up in hate and violence and will never be psychically well again."

The graffiti on the buildings were like this (it reminded me of the Mouse's Tale in Alice):

GOD IS LOVE

COME TO JESUS

To Hell with the Pope!

Shit the IRA!

Paisley put the kettle on

And we'll all have a pee!

Death to all traitors

Jesus is Love

They shall come to judgement

Faulkner, Get Off Your Arse!

Burn, Bernadette, burn

Judgement!

Watching our startled faces, the doctor observed bitterly, "One may be certain that Cain liquidated Abel in the name of *Fraternité*." He said not another word, as we drove past boarded-up shops, cinemas, and of course innumerable churches. Outside one of these holy edifices I noticed a delicate white dappled winter cherry tree—a delicate *parapluie*, overhanging the gray wall. It seemed like a little message of hope. Our friend's house was situated in a prosperous suburb, in a tree-lined road with gentlemen's residences standing in their own grounds. As Thackeray once wrote, "Where the devil else would they stand?" Looking around the quiet roads, one could hardly believe in the scarred city below us. Behind our friend's house, above his garden, stretched a meadow in which an old white horse was nonchalantly

grazing. "The peace!" I cried. "It's unbelievable!" My hostess laughed. "They blew up the transformer there behind the trees a few months ago. We were blacked out for ages. I never go down into the city to shop anymore. I've been in two bombings and that's enough." "I can't believe it," I said again, "your lovely garden there and a gardener!" There was indeed an ancient character mooching around the flower beds. And that silly old horse. "The only difference between man and brutes is that man knows he's one." "You're in a very bitter mood, dear," remarked his wife. He continued, "For instance, dogs, they're the most human of animals. Like man they hunt and kill in packs." "You obviously need your lunch," said his wife, but her eyes were sad.

After lunch we were driven back to the guesthouse in which we were to spend our night. Serried ranks, this time of red-brick respectability, at least four stories high, and faceless. "Lace curtain Protestants," grinned the doctor as he bade us good-bye and good luck. The house was specklessly, aridly clean; the temperature was polar and reminded me of boarding school, and the emptiness of the house was deafening. Our landlady was a little fresh-colored lady with dead blue eyes. She looked virginal, but was a widow. Our hearts sank as our feet ascended to the fourth floor. We passed the only bath and lav on the third floor. There was obviously no central heating, and each bedroom had a small one-bar electric heater. "Ladies," said she in her rather genteel middle-class Belfast patois, "you'll like a hot-water bag in your beds?" We almost shouted thank you, and very nearly added, at least three, please. When she had gone we looked at each other shiveringly. "We'll have to sleep in our clothes," said Catherine, "possibly even in our boots. This isn't a house, it's an igloo. What are you going to do now?" "Sleep," said I, flinging myself on the bed in my fur coat and my boots and drawing the eider-down over me. "Well, I'm not going to stay here and get frostbitten. I'm going down to the shops." "You're mad, you'll get shot. You heard what the doctor's wife said." "To hell with that," said she, "I'll get things half price down there!" So off she went, and slumber overtook me, as

Dear Paul,

You wondered why we turned our backs on all the usual places and went to Canada last year.

Easy. We wanted a hell of a lot more than just a sun tan out of our vacation. We wanted to sample new people, new points of view, a new environment. We wanted to soak up ideas as well as sunshine. (We figure their effect lasts longer!)

About a third of the country (numerically, not geographically) is French-speaking. Montreal is, in fact, the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. English is very much a second language there - and in some small towns in Quebec, it's virtually non-existent. No problem. They're very patient and good-humored, with each other as well as with visitors.

We found, incidentally, that people living in other parts of the country have been just as tenacious as French-speaking Canadians in hanging on to their own identities.

Lunenburg ship-builders still practice the same crafts and sing the same songs their ancestors brought from Germany. And the city of Victoria (on the west coast) is surely the only place outside England where afternoon tea is still a formal and rather gracious occasion. Even Toronto - for all its bustling North American airs - is home to a dozen different ethnic groups, all of them politely determined not to be absorbed.

We found, too, that Canadians have a deep sense of history. (Something they brought from Europe?) They respect it and (more to the point) they resist the temptation to pull bits of it down to make way for new expressways. It's hard to travel through Canada without being constantly reminded of the past. Old traditions as well as old buildings are still intact.

In the fishing villages of Newfoundland, for instance, we heard accents and a vernacular that has more in common with 18th century Ireland than with 20th century North America. At the Highland Games in Nova Scotia, we saw a festival that hasn't changed in form in hundreds of years. And at Upper Canada Village (in Ontario) we found a beautiful piece of 150 year old history - authentic right down to the sassafras candy on sale in the village store.

Canada showed us the world from a different vantage point. And you know something, Paul? I'll swear it was turning a little more slowly.

Regards,

MERO

IRELAND

they say, and an hour later Catherine woke me. "I waited half an hour for the effing bus," she exclaimed breathlessly; she was laden, I observed, with contraband. "I was frozen to the soul, and when one did come there wasn't an effing soul in it, and the conductor looked at me as if I was mad when I asked for city center. Jesus, Mary! Saturday afternoon and the city was empty. I was searched and frisked before I went into Robinson and Cleaver. The girls behind the counters were picking their noses and polishing their nails. Then I went into Marks and Spencer's. There was only a couple of British soldiers in there buying underclothes for their girl friends. Where are we going to eat? I'm starving." So was I. The landlady directed us to a respectable hotel just down the road to the left. So off we went.

The doors of the hotel were locked, and we were scrutinized through them by an old porter who allowed us in and locked up again after us. The manager, who was deathly pale and jaded-looking, wearing a sort of undertaker's suit, was wandering around jangling keys. There did not appear to be any real guests, but there was in the TV room, drinking and wolfing sandwiches, a group of journalists and cameramen. "On their way to Derry tomorrow," explained the manager. "You'll no be going up to Derry for march?" "No, thank God," said I heartily. We ate sandwiches and drank coffee and then tried to get a taxi to bring us to the theater. We had been warned not to walk. Haphazard snipers! If you want a taxi in Belfast on a Saturday, in this moment in history, forget it. "We'll have to start crying," said Catherine, trying to squeeze out a few tears. "Somebody might take pity on us." While we sat there waiting and trembling, the porter kept up a rumbling Shakespearean soliloquy with us: "I sit here, keepin' guard. I look outa this wee window here, and when I see a car drive up with four of them bastards [we didn't dare ask which bastards] in it and one stays in the car with the engine running and then I knows there's trouble and I rings the alarm. We've had two bombings out there already. Seen the hedges all blackened?" At that moment, a

tough-looking taxi driver who had been hanging around the hall stepped forward and said he'd run us to the theater; he was taking some of the journalists up to Derry, but they hadn't finished eating yet. His taxi service was suitably named Jetset, and I recommend it to anyone who cares to visit Belfast. The last thing I heard as our Jet driver hustled us out was one of the journalists shouting drunkenly, "Facts are seldom true and never conclusive!" And the low moaning of the porter.

Escape

We were fifteen minutes late arriving at the theater, and me reviewing the play. It is a beautiful little modern building in Stranmillis area, near the quays, overlooking the Lagan River, and the theater is there owing to the courage and persistence of an extraordinary woman, Mary O'Malley, and a group of devoted associates. Ironically the production was a new play by a Dublin author, Joe O'Donnell (it had been turned down in Dublin), called *The Lads*, and it was splendidly played and presented by a group of top-notch actors. The theater was packed with young and old enjoying every minute, escaping of course from the horrible realities outside. We drank coffee on the balcony during intermission with Mary O'Malley, John Boyd the dramatist, and Tomas McAnna, one of the Abbey directors who was up from Dublin to see *The Lads*, and several others.

We talked theater and avoided politics. "It's been hell," said Mary O'Malley, "but we're surviving. The theater is nearly always full. I'm free under English equity to hire English actors, and they come, they come. But there's not much laughter left in Belfast," she added sadly. Someone said, "Civilized human beings laugh most when they're sad and talk most when they're bored." "I don't see much civilization around here," someone else said. "Talking of religion . . ." "Don't," said another listener. "The only quite harmless and admirable mechanical invention is the prayer wheel of Tibet." "But I feel life in this theater," said I. "More than in Dublin, except perhaps the Peacock, which does keep one window half open on the outside world, and it's owing to McAnna, who's leaving us

for America." "The Abbey has turned out some fine actors," said Boyd (his play *The Flats* was a smashing success at the Lyric). "Turned out is the right word," said I recklessly. "They're all in New York or London." "And as for the Abbey, I wish *Riders to the Sea* had ridden into the sea and stayed there." The discreet silence could have been heard in Dublin!

We returned to our cold nest. Before taking off our coats, we leaned out of the window and looked out over the rooftops. There were no lights in the windows, no sounds of human revelry by night. It was not a sleeping silence; it was a mute, speechless, suffering silence, wholly unnatural. Suddenly it was broken. A Saracen tank patrol was rumbling toward our street. We quickly closed the windows and crept into our refrigerators. Our little landlady tapped on our door at eight precisely, for we had to catch the nine-thirty train back to Dublin. "I was afraid to turn in the night," said Catherine piteously. "A sort of East wind blew in on me shoulders from somewhere." However, there was a sumptuous breakfast waiting for us in the dining room and the usual one-bar electric heater. With that blessed Northern efficiency she had called a taxi for us the night before. "You'll sign the guest book before you go?" and she stood beside us, as we signed, chafing her poor red hands. I looked at the last signature above mine. It was dated August, 1971.

Sensing my unspoken pity, she said, "It's been hard. I used to get the visitors from Dublin, but they don't come anymore. Mrs. O'Malley does send me actors, but they like to be near the theater and in a group."

We drove down the familiar route to the station, and I craned my neck to have a last look at the winter cherry tree. Alas and alas, a car had been bombed beside it during the night, and the white *parapluie* was now a dirty black umbrella. The streets were empty, but bells were already tolling, calling all good Christians to prayer. The skies were gray and somber, and already a few flakes of snow were falling. All I could think of as I sat in the train on the way to Dublin was the shortest verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept." And I didn't know then that thirteen people were to die in Derry that day.

—MARY MANNING



"MARCHING TO THE TOWER GREEN" FROM THE KOBRAND COLLECTION

One of England's great traditions.
Beefeater, The Gin of England.



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRA, N.Y. 94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The jet that is as old as the Japanese garden.



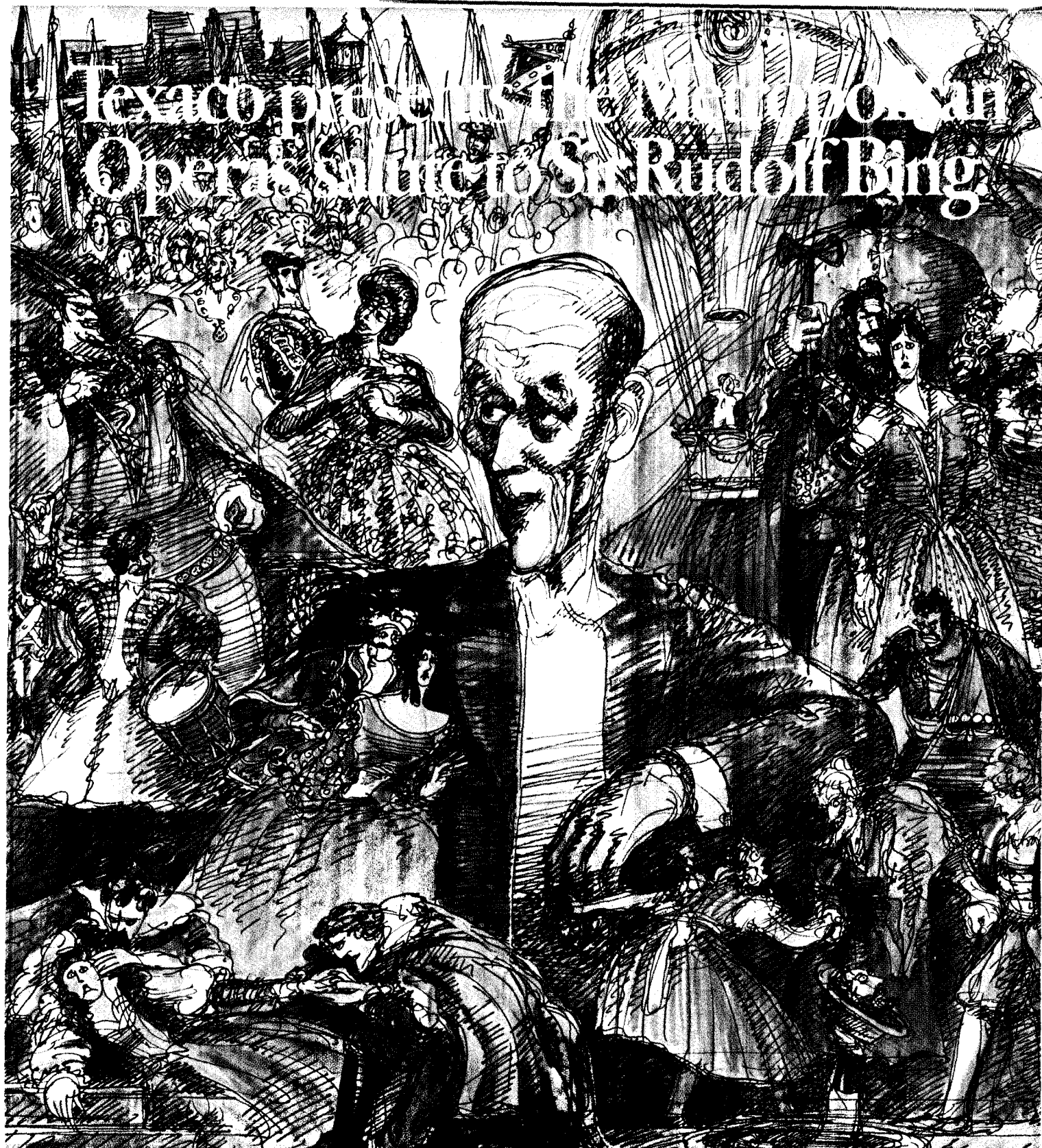
The idea of a Japanese garden is to create a world within a world. A place where the rustle of autumn leaves defines tranquility rather than disturbs it. This idea, as old as Japan itself, is what we have tried to achieve aboard our 747 Garden Jets. A shelter of silence. A world whose sense of proportion is as instinctive as it is infallible. A garden in the sky. When you fly a Japan Air Lines 747 Garden Jet to the Orient, a bit of old Japan flies with you.

The thousand-year-old airline.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAPAN AIR LINES



On April 30, the world's great opera stars will perform highlights of the Metropolitan Opera Gala for Sir Rudolf Bing on CBS-TV.

For the last 22 years, Sir Rudolf, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, has been a dynamic force in the cultural life of the country. Now he is about to retire. To commemorate this event, many of the world's

great opera stars will gather at the Met to pay tribute to the great impresario in the best way they can, with individual performances of their most famous roles.

Texaco, which sponsors the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts each season, is especially pleased to bring you the most stirring moments of Sir Rudolf Bing's farewell in a one-hour CBS-TV special.



Tune in the Texaco Metropolitan Opera Gala, April 30, CBS-TV.

9:30-10:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Time. Consult local time listing in other areas.

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Innocent Bystander



The Old Farmer's
Almanac, 1872

by L. E. Sissman

The homely publications of a hundred years ago have a message for us. The *Official Railway Guide* of June, 1868, for example, tells me the disheartening news that my regular twenty-seven-mile commute took ten minutes less one hundred and four years ago than it does today. And the 1872 *Old Farmer's Almanac*, which I picked up in a New Hampshire secondhand store some years ago, bears even odder tidings.

If you consult the *Almanac* today, you know that behind its familiar yellow cover is a thick pack of oddments—snippets of astrology, weather prognostications, old rhymes and jokes, a spate of small-space ads for trusses, roach-killer, and fish lures, and on pages that deal with the months of the year ahead, a series of nostalgic, neatly written “Farmer’s Calendars.”

Things were different in 1872. The *Almanac* was thin—a mere fifty-two pages—and the only ads inside its peach covers (the original yellow was dropped for a time in the middle of the nineteenth century) touted Hallet & Davis pianos (endorsed by “F. Liszt, the First Pianist in the World”), Webb & Twombly’s Premium Chocolates (which “have taken the highest award at every Fair in which they have been exhibited”), Wheeler & Wilson’s Sewing Machines, Worcester’s Quarto Dictionary (with a testimonial from Edward Everett), and the wares of Henry C. Sawyer, whose Waltham Book Store also sold stationery, wallpaper, silverplate, luggage, desks, Bibles, brushes, combs, perfumery, soap, pocket knives and scissors, fans for ladies, umbrellas, picture frames, and, of course, the *Almanac*.

But it is the editorial matter of the old *Almanac* that startles the modern

reader. Beginning soberly with a table of Meetings of Friends in New England and a list of salaries of executive officers of the United States (“Ulysses S. Grant, Ill., Pres., \$25,000; Hamilton Fish, N.Y., Sec. State, \$8,000”), it goes on through a page of astronomical data and rosters of New England colleges and registers in bankruptcy to an early crescendo: the spreads for the months of the year. Each is laid out much as it is today: a table of astronomical calculations on the left, a rather sketchy forecast and the “Farmer’s Calendar” on the right. But these “Farmer’s Calendars” are nothing like the rather bland, pleasant little essays of today. Each of them preaches and rails at the farmer to keep a better farm and live a better life; the Protestant ethic rears its minatory head in January and harangues the reader through the waxing and the waning year. The nameless scourge of slothful husbandmen begins the cycle, after a terse New Year’s greeting, well into his evangelical stride: “Make up your mind therefore to be better and to do better, to aim higher and to have nobler ends in view. . . . Let us sit down by the crackling fire and lay out plans for the year. I suppose you have done the chores, of course, fed the cattle and the pigs, and cleaned up the barn. No use to sit down till the chores are done. . . .” In February, he has progressed a step further in his righteous indignation at his captive parishioners; now he begins by berating them: “Snug up about the barn this winter. Shut the door and the windows. Cold won’t make cattle tough. . . . I wouldn’t give a fig for a man who can’t turn his mind to little things. All your luck in farming hangs on the chores at this season.”

In March, he is quick to turn on the hapless, snowbound farmer who grouches about the weather. “No use to fret about the storm and the snow. Keep your temper is a good rule on the farm. This way of finding fault with heaven and earth won’t do. . . . It’s a pity you don’t raise more roots. Hadn’t you better look about for a spot to put in an acre of mangolds and another of swedes?”

The Old Farmer takes the offensive early and keeps the pressure up; the shiftless reader won’t get a breather, even in springtime: “All plant life is on the spring now, and animal life too, as to that matter. And so you’d

better spring around, John, if you want to see your barn well filled in the fall. Yoke up and go at it with your fine and sprightly team. . . . The fact is, there is no end to the work this month, and no time to lose in standing around or leaning over the wall with a gossiping neighbor.” And: “It is of no use to find fault with work. We ought to thank our stars that we are able to work.”

As the summer ends, the taskmaster’s lips are thinner than ever: “Now that the dog star rages, why don’t you give the dog a bullet [presumably a pill of dog-days medicine], the boy a hoe, the girl the knitting needles. No work, no eating, is the rule, you know. Can’t afford to keep drones on the farm.” In September, to keep the enervated farmer on the qui vive, the *Almanac* lays out an impressive list of chores, including removing stones from fields to be tilled. “I hope you got out those rocks. . . . It is a shiftless way to lay down a lot with the bushes growing along the walls. Why don’t you dig them out, and clean up the lot?” In October, he notes, with relish, that “there is enough to do to keep us on the jog all this month”; in November, after a peremptory reference to Thanksgiving, he’s off again about stalling the cattle every night, fall sowing and plowing, and trimming the grapevines. Even in December—notably, there’s no mention of Christmas—he’s harping about the grapevines again, as well as pruning the fruit trees, making an inventory of stock and tools on the farm (“the sooner you set about it, the better you will be off”), and generally preparing for the worst: “Spruce up and get ready for a hard winter.”

The rest of the *Almanac* is similarly grim; it dispels a number of common notions among farmers about cabbage, kitchen gardens, grass for horses, and food for stock, calls attention to the adulteration of commercial fertilizers, cautions the reader about transplanting evergreens (“it is a mistake to suppose that the same rules apply to evergreens as to deciduous trees”), and sagely discusses the pitfalls of stock-breeding farms. Then a little light relief: three pages of poetry, anecdotes, and puzzles, most of them not so light, at that. One poem, a tearjerker, was “found under the pillow of a soldier who died in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina.” “Selections” include

BYSTANDER

Scott's "O, what a tangled web we weave/When first we practise to deceive"; the jokes include this epitaph: "I was well-wished to be better—read medical books—took medicine—and died."

The 1872 *Almanac* ends there, with the exception of a few population tables (according to the census of 1870, there were 38,555,983 people in the United States, of whom 942,292 lived in New York City and 4,382,759 in New York State; California could boast a mere 560,247), weather tables, tide tables, and post office regulations (first-class letters, 3 cents per half ounce). It ends with a sort of a whimper and a curious feeling of oppression in the reader, as if he had just been through that exhausting year with the poor, bone-weary farmer. It ends, finally, with a question forming in the modern reader's mind: Were the good old days that bad? In an age when we are daily and sorely tried by all sorts of mind-boggling disasters and injustices, when we daily repair to the past for

reassurance and refreshment, is it possible that we are really better off than our forebears, and that our carefully cultivated nostalgia is founded on a mirage? On the evidence of the 1872 *Almanac*, that could well be. The stern preachments of the anonymous author of the "Farmer's Calendar" are not mere mouthings; it seems clear that the struggling farmer of a century ago really needed these appeals to his pride and his sense of duty in order to get on with the back-breaking, dawn-to-dusk job of cultivating his garden. It was a savage life of imponderables—blizzards, floods, crop failures, insect plagues, human and animal diseases for which there were no known cures—and only the most bitterly Calvinistic outlook could prepare one to compete in what had, eventually, to be a losing race. There was no social security in those days, no government price supports, no anesthesia, and above all no leisure. The farmer had literally nothing to look forward to except the fruits of a job well done and another day, week, month, and year of unrelenting toil to keep ahead of a hostile nature.

To us, seated in our warm houses

on our choreless days off from work, knitted to all our friends by the telephone, possessed of cars to take us across the county or across the country as the whim strikes us, disposing of a hundred diversions to beguile our leisure, protected by effective medical care (for those, at least, who can afford it), assured of a cash competence in our retirement, this stark world of a hundred years ago is hard indeed to believe in—which is one of the reasons why we believe in a gilded age when all the world was young, when cares were few, when love was true, when, over the river and through the woods, grandmother's house was filled with goodwill, provender, and jollity. Too bad the truth was otherwise.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Milton Glaser, design

Peggy Barnett,
photography

33—Milton Glaser

48,52—Charlie Nye

64,65—Kevin Smith

79-82, —Warren Zimmer

86,89-91

Braun Tastemakers

give you nature's best.

Three appliances from Braun that extract all the goodness, all the natural taste from fruits, vegetables and coffee. And their design is so naturally handsome that they don't have to be hidden away in the kitchen.

First is the Juice Extractor, which quickly gives you the fresh, pure juice from your favorite fruit or vegetable. Push a button and a 300 watt motor separates juice from the pulp. Electric braking stops instantly. Easy to clean.

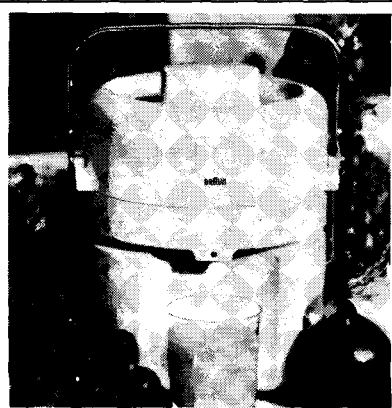
Next, for fresh, flavorful citrus juice in seconds, is the Citrus Juicer which automatically starts when you press the fruit down on the cone, stops when you lift it. Comes with two cones to handle all sizes of fruit.

And for the lover of true coffee flavor the Braun Coffee Mill has true milling action. Nine settings provide precise and consistent grinding to help you make every pot of coffee exactly to your taste.

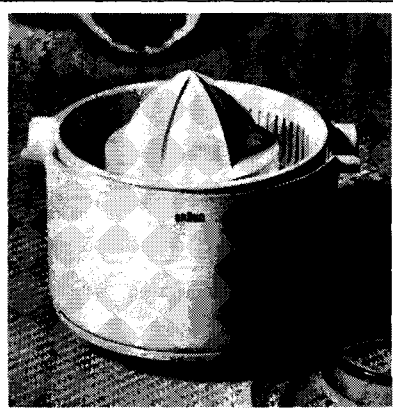
BRAUN

Quality has a style of its own.

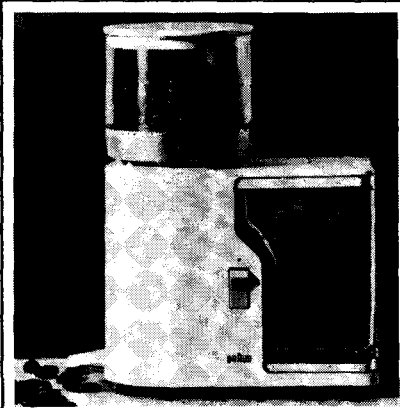
MP-50 JUICE EXTRACTOR—\$70.*



MPZ-1 CITRUS JUICER—\$21.*



KMM-1 COFFEE MILL—\$30.*



At fine department and specialty stores everywhere. For information, write: Braun North America, A Division of The Gillette Company, Dept. A-15, 55 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142.

*Suggested retail price, subject to change without notice.

THE MAIL

VIDAL BLUE

SIR: I was very much amused by Gerald Clarke's clever and witty portrait of my friend Gore Vidal ("Petronius Americanus") in your March issue. It somewhat embarrasses me, therefore, to register a complaint about a statement attributed to me. I'm sorry that it caused Gore to react so unhappily. Mr. Clarke says that I once told him that there were "only five big writers in the country today"—a group that included Mailer, Capote, and myself, but not Gore Vidal.

Would that I possessed either the conceit or the self-assurance to set up so breezily a board of directors for American letters, but alas, I'm a mass of insecurities, besides being firmly convinced that literature is neither a track race nor a gentlemen's club.

What I do recollect is that Mr. Clarke asked me to name some American writers whose work I especially admired. I named several, including Mailer and Capote. It would never in the world have occurred to me to mention Gore at that point, although if I had really been playing the joyless little game that Mr. Clarke claims that I was playing, and if I were allowed a second rank, Gore definitely would have been included—somewhere between five and ten, which to my mind is not bad.

WILLIAM STYRON
Roxbury, Conn.

SIR: It would seem that my old friend George Plimpton is now trying to replace Truman Capote as the Baron Munchausen of the jet set. He's been dining out for a decade (and getting enviably leaner) on what I am supposed to have said to Bobby Kennedy and he to me on a certain night at the White House. The truth of the matter is that George did not hear one word

of that legendary conversation, nor did Jackie. Bobby and I were out of earshot of everyone. I realize that with repetition George by now believes he overheard us, but he did not, and his version (Bobby to me: you're a hack writer; me to him: you shouldn't say that) is not only untrue but, worse, uncharacteristic. Our row, as reported in Mr. Clarke's piece about me, began with a personal remark or two (I did not, incidentally, refer to the then reigning Empress of the West as my stepsister for the obvious reason that Jackie is not—sharing a stepfather and some half-siblings does not a stepsister make), then escalated into an attack by Bobby on a piece I had written linking the FBI with the Birch Society, and ended with the Attorney General of the United States saying, "Fuck you," and one of America's most glittering aphorists and wits (if *The Atlantic* is to be believed) replying with superb originality, "Fuck you, too." Plimpton's comment that "the dream" was over for me is soap opera. I have as much liking for being a courtier as a hawk has for a cage. A canary would not understand this. As a footnote to the Scandal in the Blue Room, my sister arranged a meeting between Bobby and me in April '68. At the last moment this potentially amiable reunion did not take place—history then finished the script.

GORE VIDAL
New York City

THE CHINA MIRAGE

SIR: It is easy to feel sympathy for the Chinese people, who have been as oppressed as any on the globe, but Ross Terrill's two-part article in the November and January issues of *The Atlantic* creates—obliquely—the impression that the Chinese Communist government truly represents the Chi-

nese people; that the ubiquitous presence of army representatives is somehow different from the presence of police; that any danger from this government, either to the West or to those same Chinese masses, is a mirage. When Terrill says this form of government is not for *him*, but that it is good enough for Asians, he is guilty of that same patronage of which the Foreign Minister of Thailand accused American liberals a year ago.

Terrill admits that the almost total censorship in China adds up to "intellectual incest on a Gargantuan scale." At the same time he indicates that repressive education (while rice is stored in classrooms, and building materials in Gothic cathedrals) is producing "scientifically minded, intellectually hungry, fit, earnest youth . . . a magnificent base for . . . the 1980s and 1990s." (Does he mean by this an excellent base for military adventures, such as that into Tibet and India? Mr. Terrill, who studies history, must know as well as anyone to what final place military exercises started in kindergarten, and relentless propaganda against enemies of the people, lead.)

If the totalitarian-minded leaders of China claim that intellectuals were separated from reality before the Cultural Revolution, and told Mr. Terrill that they didn't want to produce engineers who could not replace fuses—there is nothing new about this kind of anti-intellectualism. It is a repetition of what we've heard from Russia, Cuba, East Germany, and so on. It is similar to the Communist Party talk in the United States in the thirties—when, for instance, Richard Wright was derided for wearing a tie and reading too many books, and told that "Russia had had to shoot a lot of intellectuals"! The Cultural Revolution, which overthrew whole universi-

ties, decimated intellectuals, and sent picked members of the elite (writers, artists, teachers) to herd pigs and often to share the pigs' food, is only another of those purges which in totalitarian countries in the twentieth century have attempted to stifle dissent.

Mr. Terrill refuses—as others around him, before him, and most surely after him—to admit to the basic importance of the Soviet model. (“Something in the Chinese way damps down the lust and swagger of Marxism.”) Is it too much to testify openly to the fact that both the Soviets and the Chinese have controlled and gagged their intellectuals—and worse than that, all who dare to dissent? I am sure that Terrill is sincere, but he has produced a work curiously reminiscent of the apologies of the thirties. “Fifty years in the land of Confucius,” he says, “has stripped Marxism in China of the vaporous clouds of German metaphysics.” It is quite possible to hope for the best for China (and for Mr. Nixon’s adventures therein) and not to forget that Stalin too stripped Marxism of some of its pretensions, among them the last vestiges of its true international appeal—brotherhood. And not to

forget also that Chou En-lai, who showed the Australians his disarming smile, was the one—when the Russian Politburo was supposedly burying Stalinism—who placed a wreath upon the great tyrant’s tomb.

JOAN COLEBROOK
Truro, Mass.

CAMPAIGNING

SIR: As one who must work full-time within the “whirring of the locust” this election year, may I thank Richard Stout for his observations in the *March Atlantic* (“The Democrats”), and you for publishing them. His commentary paints the often confusing and sometimes ludicrous spectacle of Campaign ’72 exactly as it is.

BILL BAILEY
WKIS Radio News
Orlando, Fla.

SIR: Re Richard Stout’s Report: I don’t like the expression “Jewish fat cats,” and the use of this objectionable expression indicates that Richard Stout has a limited vocabulary and is anti-Semitic. In either case he doesn’t belong in your fine magazine.

JOSEPH WOLF
Corinth, Ky.

Richard Stout replies:

I am sorry that Mr. Wolf takes offense at my use of the phrase “Jewish fat cats.” No offense was intended. I am offended that he loosely charges me with being anti-Semitic. I am not. Neither did I intend offense to any white Anglo-Saxon Protestant by use of the term “WASP.” In this age of suspicion, distrust, and hatred, often too many of us are oversensitive or not sensitive enough. Perhaps Mr. Wolf and I fall into that bag.

THE STATE OF DENMARK

SIR: Re Don Cook’s report on Scandinavia in the January *Atlantic*: The Danish general election was not held in October, 1971, as Cook writes, but in September. The socialist poet whose election was crucial in allowing the formation of a Social Democratic minority government was elected from Greenland, not from the Faroe Islands. (The Social Democrat from the Faroes is a priest.) Nor was the fact that the “three-party rightist government coalition lost ten seats in the Folketing” in any way “a typically Danish result.” Since 1920, no majority coalition government had ever lost ten seats prior to the 1971 election; in only five of the nineteen elections since 1920 has any party or formal coalition of parties gained or lost as many as ten seats, and each of those occasions was exceptional, not typical.

Cook’s claim that proportional representation allows that “neutralist and extreme leftist pressure groups can make themselves disproportionately felt” makes me wonder by what standards he defines disproportionate, for proportional representation guarantees precisely that a group’s influence will be felt in terms of the vote it polls.

Nor does Cook do better in explaining Prime Minister Krag’s difficulties in getting Denmark into the Common Market. Krag does not need a “constitutional majority of five sixths of parliament in order to ratify the treaty” to enter the Common Market; a simple majority is sufficient provided the treaty then is put to a popular referendum in which, in order for it to be defeated, a majority of those voting must vote against it and those voting “no” must make up more than 30 percent of the total eligible voters. Krag needs a five-sixths

For the Graduate...

A LIFETIME OF
WRITING PLEASURE

CROSS
SINCE 1846

Fine Writing
Instruments in
LUSTROUS CHROME
12 KT. & 14 KT. GOLD FILLED
STERLING and
SOLID 14 KT. GOLD

From five to
fifty dollars each
at better stores
worldwide.

© 1970 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

"5 AM...6 pounds, 4 ounces ...And she's beautiful!"

There are lots of babies born every minute. Followed by lots of happy phone calls. And we've come up with a new kind of cable to handle all of them. In fact, it can carry 90,000 two-way telephone conversations. All at the same time. That's some 60,000 more than the previous cable.

This new cable is not only more efficient, it's also stronger and more flexible. And all this with less than half the copper needed for the old kind.

We're Western Electric — at the heart of the Bell System. And making things that help deliver good news is one of our specialties.



Western Electric

PRODUCED BY UNZ.WEB
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We make things that bring people closer

majority in parliament to avoid a referendum, but since the Social Democratic Party is pledged to hold a referendum no matter what the vote in parliament is, the problem of the five-sixths majority becomes academic. And while it is true that "Krag played down the issue [of joining the Common Market] in the election campaign," it was not "because it is a touchy one with the neutralist-leftist voting fringe" (who haven't voted Social Democratic in years), but rather because it was a touchy issue with moderate labor leaders and union members who are the backbone of Krag's Social Democratic Party.

JOHN LOGUE
Princeton, N. J.

Mr. Cook replies:

The elections were in September but the RESULTS did not become final until October because of the delay in collecting votes in the islands. When I spoke of a "typical Danish result," I was writing generally about the fact that there has never been a one-party majority in an election there in more than sixty years; it was not supposed to be a phrase analyzing (or failing to analyze) the swing of the vote.

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY

SIR: In his review of my book *Tonkin Gulf* ("Tonkin: It Wasn't a Big Lie," February), Daniel I. Davidson comes up with a carefully prepared but inherently Orwellian view of the naval incidents of 1964. He says that no "deliberate deceit" was involved; he asserts that the importance of the naval incidents has been exaggerated.

Well—by now everybody ought to have realized that some degree of deception played a role in the Tonkin Gulf crisis. As early as May of 1968, Tom Wicker remarked in *The Atlantic* that the "credibility gap" was born in the Tonkin Gulf. Even Mr. Davidson admits that with respect to the first alleged attack, almost everything in the official report "can be challenged as wrong or as skirting or concealing relevant facts." Was all that the result of honest error? As for the second alleged attack, Mr. Davidson says that the Administration "firmly believed" in it. This statement runs contrary to much of the information in my book, including a report that President Johnson himself did not believe in it (and I don't mean years afterward).

When it comes to gauging the importance of the Tonkin Gulf incidents, we must recall that because of them, American aircraft conducted their first overt bombing of North Vietnam, and Congress, at the behest of President Johnson, signed a blank check for war—the longest, most frustrating war of United States history. It would take some doing to exaggerate those facts—or to minimize them.

Mr. Davidson argues that if the naval incidents had not occurred, some later incidents on land would have produced the same effects. I doubt that, for reasons outlined in my book. But the point is, the naval incidents did occur. So did the sinking of the *Maine*. So did Pearl Harbor.

If we are not to repeat history needlessly, we must try to "Remember the Tonkin Gulf."

EUGENE G. WINDCHY
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Davidson replies:

Perhaps because of the tremendous investment of time necessary for his painstaking reconstruction of the events in the Tonkin Gulf, Mr. Windchy is unable to accept the fact that the expansion of the United States's involvement would have occurred with or without those incidents.

In 1964 the President and the Congress saw eye to eye on the need to defend South Vietnam. In early 1965 the Administration saw the choice as either large-scale U.S. intervention or Communist victory. If these alternatives had been placed before the Congress, together with a ringing request for congressional support for the actions necessary to preserve the independence of South Vietnam, it is inconceivable that such authority would have been denied the President. Congress would have lined up beside the President even without the additional impetus that would have resulted from attacks on American installations in the South.

As I stated, the Administration's public statements on the Tonkin incident were less than candid. Mr. Windchy resists my conclusion that the Administration believed, on the basis of evidence primarily intercepted from a North Vietnamese communiqué, that a second attack on U.S. destroyers had taken place. Mr. Windchy has not attempted to meet my reasoning with fresh information or argumentation.

Contributors

MICHAEL WHEELER teaches at the New England School of Law.

DENIS DONOGHUE teaches English at Dublin's University College.

MARY MANNING, a playwright and drama critic, lives in Dublin.

KATHARINE DAVIS FISHMAN is at work on a book about computers.

GREY GOWRIE teaches English at University College in London.

MICHAEL J. ARLEN, author of *Exiles*, writes regularly for *The New Yorker*.

HERBERT GOLD's most recent book is *The Magic Will*.

LEOPOLD TYRMAND is the author of the forthcoming book *The Rosa Luxemburg Contraceptives Cooperative: A Primer on Communist Civilization*.

The late GEORGE SEFERIS' poem was translated from Greek by JOHN CHIOLES, who teaches at Stanford.

WRIGHT MORRIS' most recent novel, *Fire Sermon*, was published last year.

HARVEY SHAPIRO's books of poetry include *This World* and *Battle Report*.

JAMES VORENBERG is professor of law at Harvard.

GRACE PALEY is the author of *The Little Disturbances of Man*.

WILLIAM STAFFORD's latest book of poems is *Allegiances*.

HARRY MCPHERSON's book *A Political Education* will be published shortly.

V.S. PRITCHETT is at work on the second volume of his autobiography.

PAUL A. ROBINSON is the author of *The Freudian Left*.

WILLIAM ZINSSER teaches writing at Yale.

L.E. SISSMAN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in these pages.



IT'S NOT OUR STRONG GUARANTEE THAT MAKES OUR HORNET A TOUGH LITTLE CAR.

No guarantee ever made a car durable, solid, or economical if it wasn't built that way to begin with.

Because we feel this way, we made 10 major engineering improvements this year.

We spent more money on quality control equipment.

We hired more inspectors. And more supervisors to inspect the inspectors.

To show you how sturdy a Hornet is, we make this promise: If anything goes wrong with your '72, and it's

our fault, we'll fix it. Free.

And, if we have to keep your car overnight to fix it, over 1900 dealers will loan you a car. Free.

Finally, you get a name and toll-free number to call in Detroit if you have a problem. And we promise you'll get action, not a runaround.

There's one point you can't escape from. If we didn't build the Hornet better, we couldn't back it better.



When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

**AMERICAN MOTORS
BUYER PROTECTION PLAN**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHNNIE WALKER™ BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET VIN & SPIRITS



YEARS **12** OLD

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

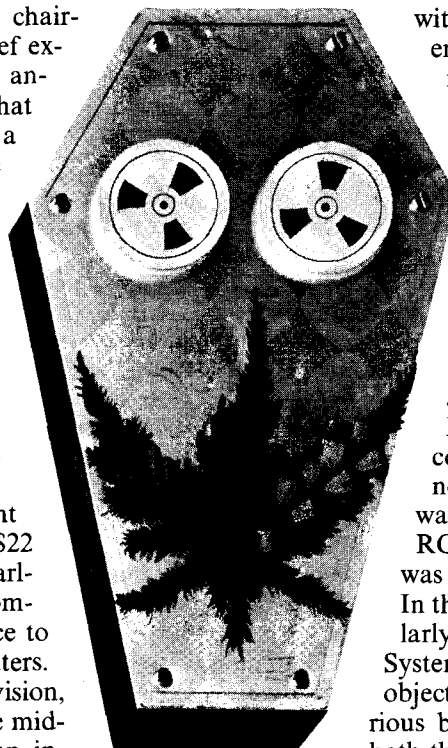
PROGRAMMED FOR DISASTER

The Story of RCA's \$490 Million Computer Debacle

by Katharine Davis Fishman

When Robert W. Sarnoff, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of RCA, announced on September 15, 1970, that "it is our intention to make RCA a major multinational enterprise doing business principally in computer-based information systems," the statement was greeted in the trade and business press with what the late A. J. Liebling used to call "*ademonai, kodemonai*" (the two words, Liebling noted, were Japanese for "on-the-one-hand-this" and "on-the-other-hand-that," a technique characteristic of interpretive reporting).

The scene of the announcement was RCA Computer Systems' new \$22 million manufacturing plant at Marlboro, Massachusetts, where the company was holding a press conference to introduce its latest series of computers. In stating that the computer division, which had been in business since the mid-fifties, was "determined to attain an industry rank second only to IBM in this country. In order to accomplish this goal, RCA is prepared to commit whatever resources are necessary," Sarnoff appeared to be risking his personal prestige on the division's success. He had picked a new general manager, L. Edwin Donegan, Jr., a marketing executive



with eighteen years of IBM experience. Donegan, in turn, was busy importing an army of former IBM colleagues to serve as his lieutenants.

Ademonai, wrote the trade and business reporters, RCA was employing a gutsy well-planned strategy, and the IBM-trained managers were a plus factor. *Kodemonai*, the corporation was embarking on a rocky road, and Sarnoff's promises were the same as those made time and again by IBM's other competitors. Of course, the reporters knew that nothing in the computer industry was sure (*ademonai*), but the idea of RCA playing Avis to IBM's Hertz was (*kodemonai*) certainly appealing. In the following months the press regularly reported that RCA Computer Systems was having trouble meeting its objectives—was, in fact, making some serious blunders—but it is fair to say that both the computer industry and the journalists who cover it were caught short by Sarnoff's second announcement, delivered just a year and two days after the first, that RCA was quitting the computer business and would try to sell the division.

The years 1970 and 1971 were difficult for computer manufacturers. Between 1950 and 1969, the in-

dustry had grown at a rate of 15 to 20 percent annually, and believed itself recession-proof. The 1970-1971 recession, however, happened to coincide with a slowdown of orders for the old product in anticipation of the new. Between the summer of 1970 and the early months of 1971, IBM, the industry pacesetter, introduced four new models of its System 370, and the other manufacturers also brought out new products. As the new models appeared, customers, tightening belts for the recession, rented the new machines to replace rather than to supplement the old ones.

Even before Sarnoff announced his commitment to success in the computer industry, there were signs of trouble ahead. General Electric had sold its computer division to Honeywell; and Computer Applications, a leading software house, had gone out of business. Through the fall of 1970, the trade press frequently carried reports of smaller firms reorganizing, a tactic to stave off bankruptcy. Bright young entrepreneurs, wooed away from IBM in the late sixties by enthusiastic venture capital firms, now sat alone in lavish, quiet offices with empty coat closets and no one at the reception desk; often, computer men calling old friends for lunch found that the number they had dialed was not a working number. In early 1971 the Association for Computing Machinery, the senior professional society in the computer industry, offered free seminars for out-of-work programmers, at which personnel specialists gave advice on job interviews and résumé-writing, a branch of expertise the programmers had never before thought of cultivating. Nor was IBM immune to the recession: in 1970, its domestic profits declined, and only a zoom in net income for the international subsidiary enabled the corporation to show increased earnings for the fiscal year.

At the Marlboro press conference Sarnoff had talked much of IBM. His farewell statement, however, simply alluded to "the severe pressures generated by a uniquely-entrenched competition," and so pointed up the peculiar character of the \$8 billion computer manufacturing industry and the \$3 billion computer-based services industry which feeds on it. IBM now holds some 70 percent of the computer market, a share unmatched in American industry (General Motors, for example, makes less than half the nation's cars). The rest is divided principally among Honeywell Information Systems, the Univac division of Sperry Rand, Burroughs Corporation, National Cash Register, Control Data Corporation, and (until recently) RCA. Along with GE, this group has been known in the industry as the Seven Dwarfs. Xerox Data Systems and Digital Equipment Corporation are sometimes classed with the Dwarfs.

IBM's supremacy is explained through a combination of factors, including historical circumstance, fi-

nancial acumen, marketing know-how, managerial genius, esprit de corps, and brute force; the result makes the Dwarfs justifiably paranoid about Big Brother. Programs, or software, prepared by independent concerns are designed to run on IBM computers; computer schools train their students on IBM equipment; managers of customer computer installations buy IBM machines fearing that if they don't, they will be blamed when something goes wrong. In 1970 IBM spent \$450 million on research and development, a sum roughly equal to the total computer revenues of Burroughs and much more than those of RCA.

These problems are particularly acute considering the amount of money a computer manufacturer needs in order to survive. A machine that sells for \$1 million cost RCA \$350,000 to manufacture, plus an additional \$500,000 in overhead expenses (development, marketing, publicity, and so on); thus, it will make \$150,000 profit. But since computers are mostly leased, not sold, it takes some four years for the machine to bring in its million, and meanwhile the manufacturer has incurred all that expense. The only ways to grow are to maintain a large rental base of old machines that have recouped their costs and can pay current expenses; or to borrow money on favorable terms, which means stock values must rise, which will happen if a lot of computers get sold, which means hiring plenty of salesmen and engineers and spending heavily on development. IBM got out of this bind long ago, but most of the Dwarfs are still trapped. What irritates them all the more is that IBM, through economies of size, is making twice the profit on *its* million-dollar computer.

In his computer valedictory, Sarnoff noted that to remain viable, the division would require a \$500 million investment during the next five years. Interestingly, that is the same figure that was given to General Electric's management as the price of launching the comprehensive new product line required for the company to hold its own against IBM (GE product planners convinced their superiors to decide between \$500 million or nothing; management chose nothing, and sold off the division). Over the years, the high cost of living in the computer industry has also squelched the efforts of Westinghouse, Bendix, and Philco-Ford, among others.

Since the electronic digital computer is only twenty-six years old, and the industry's growth has been formidable since 1950, it is no surprise that even the giants sired giant failures. A decade ago, IBM and Univac each essayed a large-scale computer which incurred losses in the \$20 to \$30 million range (so did RCA, a few years before that). And as recently as 1970, a major airline-reservation-system project ended nightmarishly with TWA suing Burroughs for \$70 million and Burroughs countersuing for \$11.5 million. In a medium-sized computer, engineers have a hundred thousand functioning (or, heaven forbid, malfunctioning) elements to design.

The software system that drives the computer contains perhaps a million instructions (any of which could be erroneous). The men who make decisions about how to design, manufacture, and market this incredibly complex piece of machinery must be experienced, courageous, and resilient.

Robert Sarnoff's willingness to stake his reputation on success in this brutal business seems quixotic, but RCA had flourished under the leadership of Sarnoff's father, the late Brigadier General David Sarnoff, whose career spanned half a century of technological pioneering. The younger Sarnoff, who served his apprenticeship at NBC, took over the presidency of RCA in 1966 and the chairmanship in 1970. He decided to give priority to computers: industry growth figures were certainly dramatic, and until mid-1970 there were no signs that the growth would slow down. He hoped to capture 10 percent of the computer market by 1975. To bring this about, he chose L. Edwin Donegan, Jr., the personable, enthusiastic ex-IBM'er who had come to RCA to head its computer division's field sales organization in early 1969.

RCA men fumble for words to describe Donegan's extraordinary effect on people (*charisma* is the term they use most often). When he talks at a meeting, they tell you, Ed Donegan takes up the whole room. When he calls you in for a chat, sits on the sofa in his office (never behind the desk) to get your inputs, you are the only other person in the world. When he leans forward and talks about *total dedication* and *commitment* (who ever heard those words around RCA before?) you know that Ed Donegan believes, believes in the division and believes in you, and you believe too. It is a spell to which friends, enemies, and acquaintances (not to mention Donegan's superiors) are susceptible, even though it embarrasses them.

Donegan is shortish and stocky, with wavy brown hair and open blue eyes, and looks as if he might toss you a Frisbee any minute (at the time of his debut, Donegan was forty-two and could pass for thirty; a year later, trouble had aged him, and he looked all of thirty-eight). While his delivery is breezy, he is no orator, and his private conversation is laced with words like "quantum jump," "iteration," and "prioritize."

Donegan's colleagues—wittingly or unwittingly—paint a picture of a lonely, driven man. "I've never heard Donegan tell a joke, or anyone tell a joke in his presence," remarks one. "Ed is never off-line," adds another. Ed, one is told, attacks his diet with the same dedication he brings to everything else; he doesn't look fat, but his weight sometimes goes up to 200 pounds, and then he lives on water and hard-boiled eggs for weeks until he gets down to 170. He takes tennis seriously, and wants to win ("Mostly he plays doubles," notes an associate, "with the strongest partner he can find").

It is the winning spirit, the IBM spirit, that Ed

Donegan tried—and failed—to bring to RCA. IBM's beliefs and policies were forged by Thomas J. Watson, Sr., who in 1914 took a ragtag confederation of small companies and began to build them into what businessmen consider the greatest industrial corporation in the world. He buttressed employee devotion with high salaries, generous fringe benefits, elaborate training programs, slogans, rallies, publications, and even company fight songs which were collected in songbooks and distributed to every IBM'er. Most significantly, he handled men through a judicious balance of opportunity, security, and fear: promotion was rapid, but while an IBM employee is rarely fired, he is subject to lateral transfer, which often means a remote or unexciting job assignment.

When Thomas J. Watson, Jr., took over IBM in 1956, he modified his father's techniques, dispensing with the songbooks but preserving the Hundred Per Cent Club, a three-day gymkhana for salesmen who have made quota (long before Donegan's arrival, RCA Computer Systems had instituted Quota Club, a copy of the IBM ritual). The training program, for another example, became more varied and sophisticated: company comers might look forward to a semester at Harvard Business School at IBM's expense, or spend two months at IBM's management school at Sands Point, Long Island, where the curriculum included case studies, operational gaming, and encounter groups.

The result is a magnificently disciplined organization with the momentum, as well as the money, to survive crises that might sink anyone else (such as the development of System 360, whose software system was completed two years late and took another two years to be tuned up and running well; IBM dispatched phalanxes of systems engineers to help customers make do with what software was available, and through it all the salesmen kept selling 360's with phenomenal success). Yet IBM'ers often experience marked difficulties when they leave this environment.

IBM is so large that only the highest levels of management get to see how the complex factors of technology, marketing, manufacturing, and finance are put together; below the level of division president or corporate vice president, a man learns only his part, and must extrapolate the rest. The history of the industry is dotted with stories of IBM'ers trained in, say, marketing, who went out to manage other companies and fell down on production or finance. "At IBM," says one of its alumni who moved to RCA, "you hear young men speaking in numbers with big strings of zeros after them, but they don't really control that much money, and the organization moves itself."

Ed Donegan's last assignment at IBM was to develop a new venture in information marketing services; its most important project was a time-sharing service through which a customer who didn't need his own computer could rent a terminal connected by

telephone with an IBM data center. From both a marketing and a technical standpoint the venture never met its forecasts, but this in itself was not considered a reflection on Donegan: entrepreneurial efforts like this one, which took IBM into fields it had never entered before, often didn't work out. There was, though, a feeling that Donegan had oversold the project originally.

Two things are important about this adventure. First, when Information Marketing was started, its entire staff consisted of Ed Donegan and a few technical people who had conceived the projects. At its peak the department was, according to estimates of several of its alumni, a \$30 million operation with a staff of 400, and ex-IBM'ers credit the project's rapid growth to Donegan's ability to sell his superiors, who were among the toughest, most exacting managers in the industry. Second, this assignment, which was the most responsible Donegan held for any time at IBM, gave him little of the experience called for in running a computer company. He had never supervised the planning and development of a major hardware product; had never bought mainframe components or managed manufacturing; had not controlled the programming systems development of a complete computer family; had not been responsible for cost estimates or pricing of a hardware product line; and because of its experimental nature, his project did not carry the high risks involved in an important computer operation.

Since RCA had been pre-eminent in the manufacture of electronic components, computers seemed a reasonable extension of this technological know-how. It began developing its first computer in 1953, but like all the other Dwarfs, it discovered that it knew less about computer design than it should have, and it knew even less than the other Dwarfs about computer marketing; although the company made a variety of consumer products and had engaged in many military projects, it was unfamiliar with the niceties of selling capital goods directly to the commercial user. Moreover, most of the Dwarfs entered computers from a base in the office equipment industry and had their own rosters of customers. RCA never had a customer list, and has had to base its strategy on weaning users away from IBM.

The division's early history included a few successes, many more failures, and some retrenchments. By 1964, however, it managed to show a profit of a few hundred thousand dollars. That year, RCA decided to bring out a cheaper copy of IBM's ambitious new System 360. The RCA line would be compatible with the 360; that is, programs designed for the IBM system could be used with RCA products as well. Compatibility, the division's executives reasoned, would make it easier for dissatisfied IBM customers to switch to RCA (IBM, however, can just as easily

steal RCA customers, and as one RCA man put it, "They're better thieves than we are"). RCA might also pick up some business with IBM customers who wanted a second supplier in the house to keep IBM on its toes, and RCA customers could take advantage of the extensive library of software produced throughout the industry for IBM machines.

When IBM announced System 360, RCA's new line was well along in its development, and the engineers discovered their product had much in common with IBM's line. Why not, then, go even further? RCA had no industrial espionage effort going; its designers simply took the rather detailed customer manuals IBM issues for its products and started to copy the machine from the skin in. As far as the user was concerned, the RCA Spectra 70 behaved like a 360, although its internal architecture was different. It was, all in all, a rather impressive achievement considering the makeshift method of its design, and the fact that it was produced for delivery within two years on a total annual development budget of \$15 million. System 360's research and development cost half a billion.

At the time Donegan joined RCA in 1969, the division was under the aegis of James R. Bradburn, executive vice president and general manager, and Edwin S. McCollister, vice president for marketing. McCollister had arrived in 1961, and over eight years had given the division much of its particular flavor. He is a burly man, with rosy cheeks and straight black hair. Dressed in a checked suit and puffing on one of the eight cigars he consumes during the workday, he cuts a Runyonesque figure. Like Donegan, McCollister, now fifty-six, was trained at IBM, but it was a different IBM when McCollister knew it. Between 1956, the year of Thomas J. Watson, Sr.'s, death, and 1970, the company's revenues increased tenfold and its employees tripled; McCollister had left in 1954. He got his field experience in the late forties, when IBM was selling punched-card accounting machines. He loved helping the customer to use the equipment, and he loved the machinery itself. Later on, when McCollister was working in the home office, Mr. Watson went around on December 24 and wished each employee on the New York staff an individual Merry Christmas.

McCollister, as anyone who talks with him for a while begins to suspect, is not a garden-variety corporate executive: he thinks there's more to life than his job, would rather cut the grass than play golf, and has a penchant for introspection. He was in line for the general manager's position at RCA until 1965 when, as a friend melodramatically puts it, "he signed his own death warrant." RCA was encountering production and maintenance problems on its new Spectra line. McCollister suggested that the company bring in Bradburn, a specialist in the field; he did so knowing full well that Bradburn would come only with the general managership as an enticement. "I thought we'd have a better chance of making it with

Bradburn aboard, and so I said I'd be willing to work for him," McCollister remembers.

McCollister, who is a great admirer of Robert (*Up the Organization*) Townsend, had run a lean and informal operation, and the family-store atmosphere continued after Bradburn's arrival. McCollister had little use for reports or managerial channels: if he wanted to know what was going on in the field, he went into the field and found out for himself. Moreover, whenever a district manager had a problem, he called McCollister. "Ed McCollister was approachable night and day," says an RCA alumnus, "and that was his Achilles' heel. He just wasn't son-of-a-bitch enough to discipline the salesmen. Problems that should have been settled at a lower level would bubble up to the top."

The corporation began to recognize computers as a major area for future growth and to pour money into the division. Bradburn managed to triple revenues during his tenure, and to cut the division's heavy losses during the last two years of his administration. He set about correcting the division's manufacturing and maintenance problems. Maintenance is a considerable expense for all the Dwarfs: because their customers tend to be spread out, they must employ an uneconomical number of field engineers to cover the territory. RCA's maintenance effort was particularly inefficient, since the work was handled by a separate division that had nothing to do with computers. "You can't maintain reliability in a computer which hasn't had reliability designed into it," says a former RCA man; at IBM, no products are built without the concurrence of field engineering. A major Bradburn accomplishment was to have computer maintenance transferred to the computer division; it took him two years to persuade the corporation to do this.

Many of the technical problems that plagued Donegan later, however, could be traced to the Bradburn era. Bradburn, a rangy, laconic engineer, proved just the opposite of McCollister: though he projects a certain Gary Cooper charm in relaxed conversation, he is said to be an austere and thorny manager. The engineers, the programmers, and the product planners were squabbling over future products, and Bradburn was not the man to inspire or unite them. There was friction between Bradburn and the chief engineer; the old Spectra team fell apart, and Bradburn had no strong group to replace it. The development budget had tripled during the Bradburn years, and at the time Donegan took over, says an RCA man, there was "damn little in the way of new product to show for it."

In the late sixties RCA made some questionable software decisions. The chief of systems programming felt—not unreasonably at the time—that IBM's 360 software was far too ambitious for the equipment, and produced a modest operating system for the Spectra. In 1967 RCA brought out two additional Spectras designed for time-sharing, a then fashionable concept which gave many users sitting at remote

controls the illusion of simultaneous access to a single computer. Time-sharing required the use of a complicated hardware-software device called virtual memory, which provided for the efficient transfer of programs between the computer's main memory and auxiliary storage units. It is an exciting idea which hardly anyone in the business has ever been able to carry out effectively. RCA decided to concentrate its energies on developing a virtual memory system which would surpass the most advanced efforts of IBM. The best programming talent was shifted to the virtual memory project, while the leftovers maintained the Spectra software. But only a few of RCA's customers and prospects were ready for virtual memory, and when IBM's 360 software was finally completed, RCA was left with a noncompetitive Spectra system to cover most of its business. Many people in the sales organization and some programmers felt the company was "mortgaging the present for the future."

The year 1968 was a bad one for RCA. The computer division achieved only 75 percent of its sales quota. Bradburn and McCollister decided to hire a new sales manager. At Bradburn's request, McCollister put the headhunters to work. In the fall of 1968, they came up with Donegan's name.

Donegan had graduated third in his class at the University of Nebraska, a fact which particularly impressed McCollister. He had joined IBM as a salesman in 1951, embarking on a career which looked highly creditable: his background showed an interesting diversity of experience for a sales manager. He had been a special representative in the chain and wholesale industries market, and later became national industry manager in this field. He had managed a small branch office in Reading, Pennsylvania, and a large one in Philadelphia, and in 1964 was chosen to head the sizable district office in New England (shortly after Donegan arrived in New England, former colleagues report, there was a conspicuous shuffling of the branch managers under him; a new district manager is supposed to get rid of the deadwood, but as one ex-IBM'er puts it, "this was a bloodbath"). Moreover, Donegan's information marketing stint, which had given him a background in time-sharing, jibed nicely with RCA's goals. It was a good fit, and Donegan was obviously hard-driving and likable. Now, having once signed his own death warrant in recommending Bradburn, McCollister put his head in the noose.

"I told Donegan he was being hired as sales manager," McCollister recalls, "but also made it clear that he was getting interviewed for my job. I said that within two years I would get either a promotion or a lateral, probably a lateral. I'd been in the rat race long enough, and I had battle fatigue."

Donegan proved to be an absolutely first-class sales manager. He was also a tough disciplinarian. A

former RCA man remembers, "I was sitting in Donegan's office when a district manager called with some hard-luck story. Donegan told the man it was his problem, and perhaps they ought to have a chat about whether the man should continue as district manager."

The salesmen were making quota again. McCollister was pleased. "Donegan was bright, hard-working, and knowledgeable," he says. "He gave the field organization a feeling of central purpose, and as a new player he did it better than I could. I had no difficulty with him as a subordinate."

Bradburn was pleased, too. The engineer was then operating as both group vice president and general manager, and he knew that the division would eventually need a new gm. "Sarnoff regularly asked us to identify our future managers," recalls Bradburn. "I gave him a plan which suggested Donegan as one of the options. I thought we shouldn't make any changes for the next two years, though, since Donegan was a good sales manager but not experienced in other ways, and I'd heard he wasn't cost-conscious at IBM."

In January, 1970, however, Donegan became general manager of the division. Bradburn was now group executive, nominally Donegan's superior but obliged to confine his efforts to three mini-divisions which made computer-related products. McCollister became a marketing vice president on Bradburn's staff ("Nowheresville," says an associate). Joseph W. Rooney, an old IBM colleague of Donegan's who had joined the company in the summer, had McCollister's old job. A year later, Bradburn left the company "for personal reasons" (his termination agreement called for severance payments totaling \$231,400), and McCollister was afforded plenty of time for introspection in his large, silent office.

When Donegan took over, the Spectra was beginning to run out of steam, and RCA's new product line had been stalemated in development by long debates among the technical people. The customary action in such situations is to hold on by offering customers discounts on long-term leases for the old product line until the new one is ready. IBM, however, was due to announce its System 370 that summer, and according to a study done for RCA by Arthur D. Little, Inc., it was important to make an announcement within twelve months of IBM's.

RCA studies projected that System 370 would be a gentle but expensive enhancement of IBM's earlier line, so Donegan felt confident that he could put new covers on the Spectra, improve the prices, and trot it out as RCA models 2, 3, 6, and 7. What customers really needed, he said at the Marlboro press conference, was not so much more computing power as extra memory space. RCA would give them a bit more power and a lot more memory at a price only slightly higher than what they were now paying for a 360. Moreover, for a fee to be arranged with the customer, RCA would guarantee that it could get his

IBM programs running on RCA equipment by a specified date. This (with various other contractual bonuses) was what Donegan called "the strategy of interception." At the time of the press conference, IBM had introduced two 370's, which seemed to bear out his assumptions. Donegan noted that "the computer technology of the seventies is highly forecastable."

But IBM's technology, alas, was not forecastable. It subsequently brought out two more 370's, innovative machines whose prices competed all too well with RCA equipment. And RCA customers discovered they could indeed get more for their money with the new series—by turning in their Spectras. RCA strategy was doing a fine job of intercepting its own machines: the manufacturing plants were busily producing new equipment, which was essentially the same as the old equipment, while customers returned old machines that hadn't yet recouped their costs. Then IBM, responding to other competitive pressures, offered drastic price cuts on its peripherals, which considerably lowered the overall cost of an IBM system. For RCA, it was the *coup de grace*, or as Joe Rooney, Donegan's majordomo, observed a month before the division fell, "it impacted us."

Meanwhile, Donegan was busy remaking the division, using the same techniques that had made such a big splash in IBM's New England district six years earlier. By early 1971 he had installed ex-IBM'ers to head nearly every major function. Moreover, RCA people were being replaced by younger men who had been much lower down in IBM. Donegan's changes seem more a matter of politics than youth worship. If you bring in *your* people, they will be loyal; if you offer young men important promotions, they will be beholden to you; and anyway, IBM'ers are the best people in the world. It was bruited about that men without IBM backgrounds had little chance of advancement. Donegan also believed that you get better loyalty by growing your own salesmen, recruited from college campuses, instead of hiring Hessians from Burroughs and Honeywell. He brought in 900 trainees in two years. The hurry was demoralizing. RCA was staffed mainly by ex-IBM'ers at the top, new recruits at the bottom, and confused, insecure old-timers in the middle.

Donegan believed in communication, a commendable concept, but the quantity of paper issuing from the home office reached ecologically disturbing proportions. "I write more memos than my whole staff put together," Donegan once told a visitor. Donegan, in the IBM style, liked to bring in promising young men, one at a time, to serve as his administrative assistant. Besides the administrative assistant, his staff consisted of four secretaries and varying numbers of young men assigned to the general manager's office on a task-force basis. The young

men spent a lot of time drafting Donegan's memos, and the secretaries typing them; all the memos had a due date for reply, and one secretary kept a log of which responses were due when. "At first," remembers one of Donegan's task-force assistants, "people were flabbergasted to receive all those personal memos from the general manager, asking pointed, intelligent questions on every subject. After a while, though, he saturated the market."

Donegan believed that "the amount of equipment you sell is directly associated with the number of people you put in the street"—an oversimplification of IBM tenets—and nearly doubled the sales force. In 1971, however, when new systems were being sold at the expense of Spectras, the extra salesmen were an extravagance. (Thomas J. Watson, Sr., had increased IBM's sales force during the Depression, with considerable success. When criticized for doing it, he said "When a man gets about my age, he always does something foolish. Now some men run to playing poker and others to horse races, some to ladies and one thing and another. My hobby is hiring salesmen.")

There were other extravagances. The management team, encouraged by Sarnoff's promise of heavy financing, thought RCA was a class company and ought to start behaving like one. The new factory in Marlboro had been built by Bradburn in better days, and he had also planned a \$16 million headquarters building. Donegan might have delayed plans for the new building, but didn't. He also decided to move the home office and much of its staff from the old headquarters in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, to the Marlboro plant in 1971. Travel expenses between Marlboro and Cherry Hill mounted. As one Cherry Hill man reports, "It took three days and \$4000 worth of airline tickets to schedule a meeting. I was riding the Boston shuttle four times a week." The division rented a small jet, which made the Marlboro-Cherry Hill junket twice a day, and was, according to a Marlboro man, "full of secretaries flown up from Cherry Hill to help with the filing." The spending sometimes surpassed IBM's, says one of the IBM'ers: "In my old job, if I had three or four West Coast things going I tried to do them all together. At RCA they'd fly a guy to and from California for a one-hour meeting. One man was hired from Denver. The company paid for his apartment in Cherry Hill, flew him home every weekend, and then had to start transporting him to Marlboro. On the shuttle you'd see twenty guys from RCA get off and each one rented his own car to drive to Marlboro."

Donegan inherited a weak technical organization and made it moribund. First he reorganized the Computer Systems Group along IBM lines. At that time, IBM's Data Processing Group consisted of a marketing division which was responsible for revenue, an engineering division with profit responsibility, and other divisions for components, manufacturing, and field engineering. IBM computers were developed through a system of checks and balances

which played group against group, turning the ambitions and political interests of each to the advantage of the company. Marketing wants low prices; engineering wants high prices. The product went through a series of three phase reviews during which the various divisions fought it out, honing their arguments, until the group staff, guided by its financial men, stepped in to arbitrate. Even in an organization of IBM's size, resources, and discipline, the process was evidently not perfect: IBM's divisions were realigned in January, 1972. Donegan set out to duplicate the IBM procedures he knew, but RCA staffers found the structure unwieldy and the phase reviews confusing. Organizational chaos prevented the engineers from recognizing and solving important problems.

The future product line (called NTS, for New Technology Series) proved to be both ambitious and expensive. It was difficult to achieve compatibility with IBM's 370 and earlier RCA models. Engineers were designing unique, complicated circuit packages instead of buying cheaper off-the-shelf components which would have been satisfactory, and the circuits they designed didn't work. The equipment was, according to one engineer, "a bitch to maintain. We were in over our heads and nobody called for help." Costs skyrocketed and development of two out of three of the machines underway in Marlboro had to be curtailed.

At the Marlboro press conference, Joe Rooney reported that an RCA equivalent of IBM's impressive new 3330 disc storage unit was in the works, and that meanwhile "we are announcing our intention to support the IBM 3330 . . . at no profit to us . . . for use with our new RCA series." RCA never kept this promise, nor did it decide how to produce a similar disc file (which is an essential piece of equipment). The engineers ordered the IBM product to copy. It arrived in the summer of 1971, "beautifully packed, with all its elaborate documentation, and the sight of it just demoralized people," says the engineer. "If marketing problems hadn't killed the division in 1971," he observes, "engineering would have brought us down sooner or later."

The chain of events that *did* bring the division down, however, began with the battle of the business plan, in which Ed Donegan tangled with one of his own men, a young ex-IBM'er named Larry Reeder.

The business plan is a thick document presented by the general manager of each division to the chairman of the board. It contains the gm's forecast for the coming year: how many orders will be booked, how many machines will be delivered, the revenues, the expenses, and the manpower requirements. It is prepared by the division's financial staff in the fall and goes through reviews at various levels until it is delivered to Sarnoff in December.

In the fall of 1970, the financial men were preparing the business plan. To do so they had to get figures from the chiefs of each function—engineering, software, marketing, and so on—and then present the completed plan to each chief for approval. When they came to Reeder, who had financial responsibility for the marketing organization, they met trouble. As a Reeder associate tells it, “The business plan called for \$323 million in worldwide revenues for 1971, and we’d done only \$259 million in 1970. It specifically projected a 40 percent growth in revenues from Reeder’s own organization, which didn’t mesh with what Larry knew about the business in the past, and he was disturbed. He asked for a breakdown of where the revenue would come from. It turned out the financial people were looking for \$80 million in sales volume from purchased and long-term-leased computers—which was an enormous increase over the 1970 figure—and at the same time a major jump in rental revenue. We had a certain order backlog, which would flow into sales or rental, but was inadequate to support both projections.” Reeder’s colleagues, under pressure from Donegan, were eager to believe projections that supported an optimistic forecast. That forecast, Reeder felt, was based on inadequate data.

Larry Reeder went to his boss, Joe Rooney, the second man in the division, to tell him that the business plan was \$80 million off, which meant an \$80 million loss for the division since the business plan called for breakeven. According to the Reeder associate, Rooney told his young subordinate that guys in finance don’t make \$80 million mistakes. After Reeder had developed a presentation for Rooney, Rooney told him to go to Bill Acker, the division’s vice president for finance. “Acker erupted,” says the Reeder associate, and again Reeder worked up an eight-page draft of calculations. “Ten days went by, with no response from Acker, and it’s December 22, time to go to Sarnoff. Sarnoff already had a copy of the plan, and all that was left was the formal presentation.”

Reeder went back to Rooney and said, “Tell Ed not to present the plan; we’ll get killed.” Rooney told Donegan and Donegan talked to Acker over the weekend. A few days later, Acker’s new controller, Carmen Ferraioli, “came in with three of his troops to make Larry understand. Larry is sitting there with his obstinate business manager, and neither of them are buying; it goes on from three thirty to seven, and then Larry and Carmen go out for a drink. At some point Larry was told that Ed wants a breakeven plan, and Larry wasn’t playing on the team.”

The following week Donegan told Rooney and Reeder that there had been an audit over the weekend, and Carmen discovered sizable revenue problems, with \$10 million of arithmetic mistakes and another \$30 million in errors of judgment, all of which were laid on the shoulders of Ferraioli’s predecessor. Donegan then called Sarnoff and told him that the business plan would be six weeks late.

The financial staff then began to build a new plan from the ground up. “BP II was a more realistic job,” says the observer, “although Ed was still pressuring to keep it high, and there were some bad decisions. Donegan presented a plan calling for \$261 million in revenue, with losses of \$37 million. The corporation accepted it, although from private memos they really suspected we would lose \$44 million.” The pattern of profit and loss, however, was rather bizarre: the division was to lose \$8 million in the first quarter, \$20 million in the second, \$14 million in the third, and then make a whopping \$5 million in the last quarter.

It was now early April, 1971, and 30 Rockefeller Plaza was silent for a while. Then suddenly corporate began to ask what had gone wrong with the first business plan, and to say that maybe BP II wasn’t so hot, either. The division spent sixty days responding to lengthy memos from Sarnoff, his staff, and the auditors. The blame for errors in BP I, a division report, was somehow shifted to corporate finance. The corporate controller resigned abruptly during the spring, and the executive vice president for finance, a veteran RCA man, took early retirement.

By June, Sarnoff had been getting some flak from shareholders and investment bankers. Perhaps to allay their worries, he appointed a new president of the corporation (Sarnoff had been both chairman of the board and president). Anthony L. Conrad, an RCA man for twenty-five years, had been Executive Vice President, Services, governing the corporation’s most profitable divisions and subsidiaries. Conrad, who would take office August 1, was known as the best operational executive in the company. RCA-watchers noted a rather Byzantine arrangement by which Sarnoff kept control of the corporate staff and NBC, his first love, while the other operating divisions and subsidiaries reported to Conrad.

Toward the end of the month, a rumor spread that RCA was planning to sell off its computer division to Xerox at a large loss; the rumor caused suspension of trading in RCA on the New York Stock Exchange. On July 1, Sarnoff sent a statement to the SEC, avowing that “RCA has no intention of selling its Computer Division. It has had no discussions with anyone in the past concerning such a sale. There are no discussions currently under way.” Of course RCA and computer industry people have talked bitterly about that statement since the division went out of business. Curious as it sounds, however, highly reliable sources say there is no solid evidence to discredit Sarnoff’s statement; in July he probably meant what he said. As far back as 1970, when Donegan had just taken over and the division’s future looked bright, Xerox is known to have had informal internal discussions about merging the two computer efforts, and to have dismissed the subject without consulting RCA. And in early July Sarnoff still more or less believed BP II, which had called for a big resurgence in the last quarter.

The division tried to boost morale by holding a

two-day managers' meeting in Marlboro, but it only made things worse. There was a videotape message from Conrad, expressing confidence in the management team. Rooney and Donegan spoke, "saying we were doing terrifically in the marketplace," recalls one manager. "They glossed over the serious problems in hardware and software, and said our equipment was competitive, which it wasn't. Then they called in the button men—the director of industrial marketing, for one—who stood up and proved the world was flat."

Even before the meeting, Larry Reeder was still beleaguered. Reeder was in charge of production schedules. His associate remembers, "Our order backlog was lower in July than it had been in January. We'd been having more cancellations than new orders, but the order books didn't show it. You're supposed to report gross orders minus cancellations and discontinuances. The division was reporting gross as if it were net. Reeder felt we should at least take the cancellations out of the factory schedules. So Larry is keeping two sets of books, one for Donegan's sales record and the other for the plant, so we wouldn't build up huge inventories."

On July 16, Carmen Ferraioli quit. Before leaving, he audited the books and found the unreported cancellations and discontinuances represented one million dollars' worth of monthly revenue. Acker was relieved of his financial responsibilities, and the division's new vice president for finance was a gift from Conrad, the new president: an old-line, green-eyeshade financial man named Julius Koppelman who nominally reported to Donegan but had strong loyalties to 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Koppelman appeared with Ferraioli's audit in hand, and a corporate vp questioned marketing about the water on the books. Two of the latter's lieutenants sat in on phase review meetings. Conrad paid a call on the division in late July, asking for a worst-case estimate of the division's losses. Acker said maybe \$45 million, he wasn't sure. Koppelman listened. Conrad promised to return on August 10 for a final report, and Koppelman went to work. When Conrad came back, he had a report from Koppelman estimating 1971 losses for Computer Systems and its three allied mini-divisions at \$80 million. Meanwhile, Donegan's plan predicted the division would need an investment of more than \$500 million between 1971 and 1976.

Battles in the boardroom are not the style at RCA. "Once convened, the board acts with seeming unanimity of purpose," reports a high-level RCA alumnus. "All the maneuvering has gone on before. It's like the two Macedonian generals who met in the middle of the battlefield and gave each other a head count—I've got so many horse-soldiers, so many spear-chuckers, how many have you? The guy with the biggest head count won, and nobody needed to fight."

Before the board of directors met during the first week of September, Bob Sarnoff held individual discussions with members to sound them out. In recent years, RCA has become something of a conglomerate, numbering among its subsidiaries Random House, Hertz, Banquet Foods, and Coronet Industries, a home-furnishings manufacturer. All were among the more profitable operations in the company, and presumably resented the drain of corporate resources into Computer Systems. The change in the Computer Systems Group's forecast from breakeven a year earlier to an \$80 million loss must have been quite a blow. Two of the new subsidiaries had their chief executives on the board of directors. Coronet's president, Martin B. Seretean, as the corporation's largest stockholder (he now owns 1,477,703 shares of common stock, far outdoing Sarnoff), has considerable clout. He is said to have remarked that there were lots of better ways to spend \$500 million. Donald A. Petrie of Lazard Frères and Stephen M. De Brul, Jr., of Lehman Brothers, the corporation's investment bankers, were also eager to unload the albatross, and so was Robert L. Werner, executive vice president and general counsel. Moreover, there were three RCA old-timers on the board, as well as a vice president of Metropolitan Life (from whom the corporation has often borrowed money) who would have supported the move to get out of computers. Add Conrad and Banquet Foods, and you have ten spear-chuckers right there. Sarnoff's course was inevitable.

At the meeting, according to a knowledgeable source, the board decided to get out of computers somehow, whether by winding down or selling out. RCA management then spoke informally with several possible buyers, but none expressed interest, and chances for selling the division looked gloomy when the board met again on September 17. The thinking allegedly went this way: once you've shopped around for a buyer, the word will get out, and RCA may have the SEC on its back. Werner is also reported to have been worried that the company might be subject to charges of fraud if it signed long-term contracts with customers after having made a policy decision to get out. Finally, it is one RCA man's theory that "after the board had got Sarnoff to walk the plank, they thought it politically wise to saw the plank off so he couldn't walk back up it."

Nearly a month after the division went out of business, RCA reported an extraordinary loss of \$490 million. The loss represents a revaluation of the division's assets on the assumption that since RCA Computer Systems is no longer a going concern, these assets have a substantially different value to the corporation. In addition, the total writeoff figure includes an estimate of additional onetime costs to be incurred as a result of discontinuing the division, such as severance pay, disposal of plant facilities, and so forth.

The amount of the actual loss was probably over-

stated. It is common practice that when a corporation decides to take an extraordinary or onetime loss, an attempt will be made to treat other operating losses incurred during the period as part of the "onetime" loss, thus making the remaining operations look more profitable. As long as the corporation has enough capital to run its other operations it can absorb the onetime loss. On the Monday after the farewell announcement, RCA stock went up 2% and continued to climb while the rest of the market was behaving rather badly. The stock went up because the computer division had been a continual drain on corporate finances, and now the drain was stopped; in the eyes of the financial community, RCA was, as one analyst put it, "cutting off the gangrenous arm." Andy Conrad was now running the company, they said, and things would be different. As for the \$490 million figure (reduced by an estimated tax recovery to \$250 million), it might have to be changed on later statements, to reflect income derived from the later sale of parts of the division.

In the weeks immediately following Sarnoff's announcement it was difficult for an outsider to make a fair evaluation of RCA's action in dissolving a division which had so drastically sapped its resources. Perhaps, as corporate apologists would undoubtedly observe, going out of business is like breaking an engagement: there is simply no kind way to do it, and clean-and-quick may be the best. But in RCA's subsequent behavior there was much to criticize. The company's policies appeared to have been guided by three considerations: to keep the division salable, to avoid legal complications, and to save face. These are all quite natural motives for the men who guide a corporation with 339,000 shareholders, but RCA was evasive in clarifying its commitments to customers and tardy in defining layoff policies. This equivocation created confusion and ill will. Finally, on November 19, after rumors of marriage with almost every major company in the industry, RCA announced

it was selling its customer base to Univac for \$70 million plus contingent sums of \$30 to \$60 million over the next five years (contingent, presumably, on the revenues Univac would derive from RCA customers).

Despite all the evidence of questionable management at the division level, there is surprisingly little bitterness toward Donegan among RCA Computer Systems employees (except, of course, for some of the men he displaced); this is evidence of Donegan's remarkable personal appeal. While few associates, if any, were close to him, he could inspire affection: a former administrative assistant, who had worked in Donegan's office for nine months, spoke at length over the telephone with a devotion that could not be counterfeited. "That time with Donegan was almost like going to business school. He took time out of his busy schedule to train people. I'd say he was the most brilliant man I've ever worked for."

A large share of the blame belongs to the corporation. One of the few RCA old-timers on the Donegan team reflects, "In retrospect, I think we tried to do too much too fast. But where was 30 Rockefeller Plaza during all this? Shouldn't they have blown the whistle and said, 'Hey, what's the rush?'"

It is a question that should be asked. The corporation was expert in electronic technology, but never made the effort to learn the other aspects of the complex computer business. Sarnoff chose an insufficiently experienced man to lead the division, and gave him his head. Throughout the Donegan era, there was no computer expert on the board of directors. "We were," says one RCA computer man, "like a child who is given plenty of spending money but no wisdom and understanding." And while it seems clear that the fall of RCA Computer Systems was caused not by the recession or by the "uniquely-entrenched competition" but by the company's own ignorance, IBM's other competitors will have a difficult time persuading the business community that they are in computers to stay. □

OUTSIDE BIBA'S

Flowers after rare rain, boutiques
sprout behind glass in our macadam city
and everyone's talking fashion!

A girl goes by
who must be unmarried but looks so marriageable
her dress is a hurricane of confetti
blown to her from someone else's wedding.

Think of the great skirts of childhood's women,
the New Look that swept the War away . . .

No War now, nobody poor under thirty,
all the cold war babies dressed to kill.

by Grey Gowrie

NOTES ON THE NEW JOURNALISM

by Michael J. Arlen

The New Journalist is in the end less a journalist than an impresario. Tom Wolfe presents . . . Phil Spector! Norman Mailer presents . . . the Moon Shot!

It's probably easier than it should be to dismiss the articles which appeared recently in *New York* magazine on the subject of "The New Journalism." In the first place, the articles, which were by Tom Wolfe (himself a founding member of *New York* and author of *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*), had most of the defects of the form he was extolling—the pop sociology, the easy cultural generalities—with few of the compensating attractions—the dramatic scene-setting, the impressionistic color (such as had made, for instance, his own piece on the stock-car racer Junior Johnson so vivid and fascinating to read). "The voice of the narrator, in fact, was one of the great problems in non-fiction writing," Dr. Wolfe now intoned. Also: "The modern notion of art is an essentially religious or magical one . . ." etc. Also: "Queen Victoria's childhood diaries are, in fact, quite readable." Also: "Literary people were oblivious to this side of the New Journalism, because it is one of the unconscious assumptions of modern criticism that the raw material is simply 'there.'" And so forth. In the second place, although it must have been fun to work at the *Herald Tribune* in its last few years of existence—when and where, according to Wolfe, the birth of New Journalism mostly occurred—he manages to describe this great moment in Western cultural life with a school-boy reverence which somehow doesn't leave anyone else much breathing room, a combination of Stalky & Co. and The Day That Curie Discovered Radium. In Tom Wolfe's world, in fact (as he might say), there is perpetual struggle between a large and snooty army of crumbs, known as the Literary People, who are the bad guys, and Tom's own band of good guys: rough-and-tumble fellows like Jimmy Breslin, dashing reporters such as Dick Schaap, the savvy nonintellectuals, the aces, the journalistic guerrilla fighters, the good old boys who "never guessed for a minute that the work they would do over the

next ten years, as journalists, would wipe out the novel as literature's main event."

It's easy enough to fault this sort of treatment of a complicated subject. A bit too simpleminded. Too ingroupish. Me and My Pals Forge History Together. All the same, it seems to me that beneath, or despite, the blather, Tom Wolfe is right about a lot of it. And very wrong too. And journalism is perhaps in the kind of muddle it's in today not, lord knows, because Tom Wolfe sat down at his bench one day and invented a new art form, but because people in general, editors as well as writers as well as readers, have had trouble figuring out how to deal with this terrain that he and many, many other journalists have steadily been pushing their way into over a period of a good many years.

To begin with, of course, one can say that the New Journalism *isn't* new. That's a favorite put-down: the New Journalist prances down the street, grabbing innocent bystanders by the lapels, and breathlessly (or worse, earnestly) declaiming about his "new fictional techniques," or his "neo-Jamesian point of view," or his "seeing the world in novelistic terms" and all the rest of it, while the Old Literary Person gazes out his window and mutters: "New Journalism, indeed! What about Addison and Steele, eh? What about Defoe? What about Mencken? Joe Mitchell? Hemingway? Mark Twain?" That's right in a sense, but not, I think, in the most meaningful sense. It's right, at any rate, that there's been a vein of personal journalism in English and American writing for a very long time. For example, Defoe in his *Journal of the Plague Year* developed for his subject the same sort of new techniques that the New Journalists discovered yesterday—namely, he wrote it in the manner of a personal autobiographical narrative, and made up the narrative (although not the details, which he got from records and interviews) since he was about five years old when the incident took place. For example, Joseph Mitchell published a remarkable series of pieces in *The New Yorker* in the early 1940s on New York fish-market life—full of impressionistic detail, and centering on a man whom he had also invented: Mr. Flood. In a prefatory note to the first piece, Mitchell wrote: "Mr. Flood is not one man; combined in him are as-

pects of several men who work or hang out in Fulton Fish Market, or who did in the past. I wanted these stories to be truthful rather than factual, but they are solidly based on facts.”

Here, by the way, is the opening passage from “Old Mr. Flood”:

“A tough Scotch-Irishman I know, Mr. Hugh G. Flood, a retired house-wrecking contractor, aged ninety-three, often tells people that he is dead set and determined to live until the afternoon of July 27, 1965, when he will be a hundred and fifteen years old. ‘I don’t ask much here below,’ he says. ‘I just want to hit a hundred and fifteen. That’ll hold me.’ Mr. Flood is small and wizened. His eyes are watchful and icy blue, and his face is . . .”

Here is the opening to *The Earl of Louisiana*, by A. J. Liebling:

“Southern political personalities, like sweet corn, travel badly. They lose flavor with every hundred yards away from the patch. By the time they reach New York, they are like Golden Bantam that has been trucked up from Texas—stale and unprofitable. The consumer forgets that the corn tastes different where it grows. That, I suppose, is why for twenty-five years I underrated Huey Pierce Long . . .”

Here is the opening to *Homage to Catalonia*, by George Orwell, published in 1938:

“In the Lenin Barracks in Barcelona, the day before I joined the militia, I saw an Italian militiaman standing in front of the officers’ table. He was a tough-looking youth of twenty-five or six, with reddish-yellow hair and powerful shoulders. His peaked leather cap was pulled fiercely over one eye. He was standing in profile to me, his chin on his breast, gazing with a puzzled frown at a map which one of the officers had opened on the table. Something in his face deeply moved me. It was the face of a man who would commit murder and throw away his life for a friend . . .”

And here is the opening of Tom Wolfe’s piece on Phil Spector, the rock music figure:

“All these raindrops are high or something. They don’t roll down the window, they come straight back, toward the tail, wobbling, like all those Mr. Cool snowheads walking on mattresses. The plane is taxiing out toward the runway to take off, and this stupid infarcted water wobbles, sideways, across the window. Phil Spector, 23 years old, the rock and roll magnate, producer of Philles Records, America’s first teen-age tycoon, watches . . . this watery pathology . . . it is sick, fatal . . .”

According to Tom Wolfe and the various unofficial histories of New Journalism, something marvelous, exciting, dramatic—a light of revelation—happened to Old Journalism in the hands of the young hotshots at *Esquire* and the *Herald Tribune*. Since then, the novel has never been the same. A new art form was created. And so forth.

I wonder if what happened wasn’t more like this:

that, despite the periodic appearance of an Addison, or Defoe, or Twain, standard newspaper journalism remained a considerably constricted branch of writing, both in England and America, well into the nineteen twenties. It’s true that the English had this agreeable, essayist, public-school-prose tradition of personal observation, which filtered down into their newspapers. “*As I chanced to take leave of my café on Tuesday, or Wednesday, of last week, and finding myself sauntering toward the interesting square in Sarajevo,*” the English correspondent would write, “*I happened to observe an unusual, if not a striking, occurrence . . .*” Even so, in spite of the “I,” and the saunterings, and the meanderings, and the Chancellor-Schmidlap-informed-me-in-private business, English journalism was for the most part as inhibited, and official, and focused as was the society which paid for it and read it.

In America there was much of the same thing—some of it better, a lot of it worse. The American daily press didn’t go in as strongly for the sauntering I, except for the snobbier Eastern papers, which presumably were keen to imitate the English style. The American press rested its weight upon the simple declarative sentence. The no-nonsense approach. Who-What-Where-When. Clean English, it was later called when people started teaching it at college. Lean prose. Actually, it was two things at once. It was the prose of a Europe-oriented nation trying to put aside somebody else’s fancy ways and speak in its own voice. But it was also the prose of the first true technological people—Who? What? Where? When? Just give us the facts, ma’am—the prose of an enormously diverse nation that was caught up with the task (as with the building of the railroads) of bridging, of diminishing this diversity.

In those days, when something happened, an event—a hotel fire, for example—newspapers generally gave you certain facts, embedded in an official view. No matter that the reporter himself, personally, was a hotshot, a drinker, a roarer, an admirer of Yeats, a swashbuckler of the city room; in most instances he gave you the official view of the fire. Where it was. How many people got burned. How much property got damaged. What Fire Commissioner Snooks said of the performance of his men. And so forth.

Then, after the First World War, especially after the literary resurgence in the nineteen twenties—the writers’ world of Paris, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, etc.—into the relatively straitlaced, rectilinear, dutiful world of conventional journalism appeared an assortment of young men who wanted to do it differently. Alva Johnson. John McNulty. St. Clair McKelway. Vincent Sheean. Mitchell. Liebling. And god knows who else. A lot of them worked for the old *Herald Tribune*. Later, many of them connected in one way or another with *The New Yorker*. What they did to journalism I think was this: first, they made it somehow *respectable* to write journalism. A reporter

was no longer a crude fellow in a fedora. He was a widely informed traveler (like Sheean), or had an elegant prose style (like McKelway), or a gusto for listening and finding out things (like Mitchell or Liebling). Second, when they looked at this same hotel fire, and how it had been covered by their predecessors and colleagues, they noted that, at the Fire Commissioner's briefing, for the most part no one started his camera, or pencil, until the Fire Commissioner came into the room, and walked to the lectern, and opened his Bible, and began to speak. One imagines that these young men saw things otherwise. Movies were already by then a part of the culture, although admittedly a lowly part of the culture. Motion was a part of the new vocabulary. And total deference to the Fire Commissioner, or to the General, or to the Admiral, had already begun its twentieth-century erosion. The *new* thing, it seems to me, that the writer-journalists of the 1930s and 40s brought to the craft was a sense, an interest, in what went on before (and after) the Fire Commissioner came into the room. What did he do when he got on the elevator downstairs? Did he drop a quarter on the floor? What were his *movements*? For the first time in conventional reporting people began to move. They had a journalistic existence on either side of the event. Not only that, but the focus itself shifted away from the Fire Commissioner or the man who owned the hotel, and perhaps in the direction of the man who pumped the water, or the night clerk at the hotel across the way. Thus: reduced deference to official figures. (For example: James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.) Personal touches. Dialogue—in fact, real speech faithfully recorded. When you read a McKelway piece on Walter Winchell, for example, you found a public hero taken to task, you found out what Winchell did when he wasn't in the public view, and you heard him speak—not quotes for the press, but what he said when he was ordering a ham on rye. "I'll have a ham on rye." Few reporters had done that before. Newspapers hadn't had the space. And besides (editors said), who wants to know what Bismarck had for breakfast, or what his ordinary comments sound like.

Then time passes. The scene shifts—everybody shifts. The nineteen fifties. The nineteen sixties. Tom Wolfe writes that he came out of college, or graduate school, burdened like the rest of his generation with the obligation to write a novel—only to discover suddenly that the time of the novel was past. I don't know whom Tom Wolfe was talking to in graduate school, or what he was reading, but back in the early nineteen fifties you didn't have to read every magazine on the newsstand to realize that a fairly profound change was already taking place in the nation's reading habits. Whether it was *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, or *The New Yorker*, most magazines, which had been preponderantly devoted to fiction, were now increasingly devoted to nonfiction. It was also true, even then, that the novel itself

was changing—changing, to be sure, as it had been since Henry James first gazed upward and noticed that the roof was off the cathedral. It was becoming easier, possibly, and more profitable, to become a novelist-disguised-as-screenwriter; but harder, perhaps, to become, and stay, a novelist of imagination and interior truth, which is what people increasingly seemed to be wanting of them. Mostly, in fact, one hears about the Death of the Novel from journalists, or from novelists-turned-journalists. And although there is only one *Painted Bird*, or *Separate Peace*, or *Play It As It Lays* produced in every twenty thousand books, people, the audience, still seem to be looking for *that* one; and the impress of each of those few books, I suspect, is still stronger and more lasting than nearly all the rest.

This brings us to the present state of the craft: the New Journalism. There is no getting around the point, I think, that a number of writers in the last dozen years have been exerting a steady (and often a self-dramatizing) push at the already-pushed boundaries of conventional journalism. I think of Gay Talese in many of his *Esquire* pieces, and especially in his last book, *Honor Thy Father*. I think of Terry Southern's magazine pieces, also for the most part in *Esquire*. Norman Mailer writing in *Harper's* about the peace march to the Pentagon, and the presidential campaign of 1968, and then in *Life* on the moon shot. Tom Wolfe and Breslin and Gail Sheehy and a whole lot of people who write for *New York*. Dan Wakefield in *The Atlantic*. John McPhee and Truman Capote in *The New Yorker*. A whole lot of people—sometimes they all seem to be the same person—who write in *The Village Voice*. Also: Nicholas von Hoffman, David Halberstam, Marshall Frady, Barry Farrell; and obviously a great many others. My guess is that anyone who denies that the best work of these writers has considerably expanded the possibilities of journalism—of looking at the world we're living in—is hanging on to something a bit too tightly in his own past. And on the other hand, that anyone who feels a need to assert that the work, especially the whole work, of these men composes a new art form, and a total blessing, is by and large talking through his hat.

Consider the mythic hotel fire we were talking about. Today, when a New Journalist tells it, there is likely to be *no* deference to an official version—if anything, perhaps a semiautomatic disdain of one. There is virtually no interest in the traditional touchstone facts, the *numbers*—the number of people dead, or saved, or staying at the hotel, the worth of the jewelry, or the cost of damage to the building. Instead, there are attempts to catch the heat of the flames, the *feel* of the fire. We get snatches of dialogue—dialogue overheard. A stranger passes by, says something to another stranger, both disappear. Rapid motion. Attempts to translate the paraphernalia of photography—the zoom lens, film-

cutting. Disconnection. And nearly always the presence of the journalist, the writer—*his* voice. Our event, in fact—the fire—has seemingly changed in the course of time from (once) existing solely as an official rectilinear fact, to (later) a more skeptically official, looser, more written, human account, to (now) its present incarnation in New Journalism as a virtually antiofficial, impressionist, nonfactual, totally personal account of a happening—which often now is only permitted to exist for us within the journalist's personality.

The chief merits and demerits of New Journalism seem then as basic as these: the merit is—who really wants to read about this fire as it is likely to be presented in the *New York Times* or in a standard newspaper report? For those who *do* want to, the standard newspaper will give you the traditional facts: the number of people in the hotel, the number of people killed, who owns the hotel, etc. The standard newspaper considers these facts important, because (apparently) the standard newspaper for the last seventy-five years or more has considered these facts important. Here is the beginning of a front-page story in the *New York Times* on the controversial and emotional subject of housing in Forest Hills: “*A compromise plan to end the fight over the Forest Hills low-income housing project has been worked out by top aides of Mayor Lindsay, including former Deputy Mayor Richard R. Aurelio, and has been discussed privately with leaders of blacks and Jews and with high-ranking officials. The plan would call for a scaling-down of the Forest Hills project by about a third and the revival of the project for the Lindenwood section of Queens that was recently killed by the Board of Estimate. The Lindenwood project, however, would be smaller than the earlier one. . .*” If this is the voice of conventional journalism speaking to us about our world, it is likely to find an increasingly restless, disconnected audience. The voice speaks too thin a language. The world it tells us about so assiduously seems but a small part of the world that is actually outside the window—seems a dead world, peopled largely by official figures, and by procedural facts, and written about in a fashion which is doubtless intended to be clear, and clean, and easy to understand, but which instead is usually flat, and inhuman, and nearly impossible to connect to.

If then the merit of New Journalism is that it affords us the possibility of a wider view of the world, a glimpse of the variousness and disorder of life, its demerits, I think, are that these possibilities are so seldom realized, or at such cost to the reality-mechanism of the reader. For instance, in the matter of our hotel fire; there is no need, it seems to me, for a journalist today to relate all the traditional facts (especially since most of them, in this sort of story, are basically concerned with Property); but if he is to tell it as a *real* story, an account of an event that actually happened, I think there is a very deep requirement on the part of the reader (usually not expressed, or

not expressed at the time) that the objects in the account be real objects. If the fire took place at the Hotel Edgewater, probably one ought to know that much, and certainly not be told that it was the Hotel Bridgewater. “But what does it matter?” says the New Journalist. “That’s not the important thing, is it?” In many ways it isn’t, but in serious ways it is. It’s a commonplace by now that contemporary life doesn’t provide us with many stable navigational fixes on reality; and that we need them, and have trouble, privately and publicly, when we are too long without. Families. Schools. The Government. Movies. Television. None of these contribute much anymore to informing us of the actual objects in the actual room we move about in. Journalism *should* materially help us with this, but all too rarely does—is either too conventionally timid, or, with the New Journalist, too often (I think) gives up the task of telling us of the actual arrangement of the objects, or at any rate of trying to find out, get close to it, in favor of the journalist’s *own* imposed ordering of these objects.

By no means all New Journalism is careless. Talese, for example, seems to be remarkably meticulous as to detail. Mailer’s account of the march on the Pentagon seems to have been extremely faithful to what happened. There are other examples, although not, I suspect, all that many. *A careful writer*. That was Joe Liebling’s way of praising a fellow journalist, his highest praise. There are probably few careful writers around anymore. And few careful editors. Few careful generals. Few careful stockbrokers. Few careful readers. This doesn’t seem to be a very careful period we are living in. Relationships seem to break apart . . . carelessly. Wars are waged . . . carelessly. Harmful drugs are put on the market . . . carelessly. A soldier kills (“wastes”) two hundred unarmed civilians . . . carelessly; and his countrymen, when told of this, first don’t want to hear, then turn away . . . carelessly. The point is not that it is a better or worse era than Liebling’s, nor that there is any sure way of measuring it—but it is different.

And swirling all about us—still swirling, although the motion has somewhat abated—has been the great sexual lather of the 1960s. It was in the sixties, wasn’t it, that we first had the miniskirt. Wife-swapping. Sex clubs. Swinging. The Pill. The sexuality of Kennedy politics. The new dances. Grove Press best sellers. *I Am Curious, Yellow*—and showing at a chic theater. The sexual emancipation of women. Kaffeeklatsches about the clitoral orgasm. All those strident sexy costumes—the cutout clothes, the glaring colors, the *threads* that lawyers started to wear on weekends, the big wide ties, the sideburns. Esalen. Touch therapy. Everybody (it seemed) committed to being sexy, or at any rate aware of it, or at any rate trying to deal with it. Since then, some of the stridency has quieted down a bit. Sex in writing,

for instance, seems to be less insistent and obligatory. We've just had *Love Story*, haven't we? Fashion magazines have started muttering about a Return to Elegance, whatever that may mean. But it was back in the sixties that New Journalism made its big push—a debut which Tom Wolfe seems to think derived from some magic confluence of the stars, or at least from some solemn discovery of the Death of the Novel. I wouldn't say that it wasn't *at all* the way he says it was—but my guess is that a lot of what's happened in New Journalism has as much to do with the New Carelessness of the times, and the sexual stridency of writers (and of nearly everyone else), as it has to do with attempts to evolve freer journalistic techniques.

At any rate, the new journalistic techniques have produced a mightily uneven body of work. Some of it is as good as, for instance, Wolfe's own *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*—but much of it—for example a recent piece in *Rolling Stone* by Hunter Thompson on the New Hampshire primaries—is slipshod and self-serving. Partly this is because of the times we live in, and how both writers and readers respond to the times. Partly, too, it's because—with one, or two, or two-and-a-half exceptions—there are virtually no prose editors anymore. Already in reporting, one notes that what used to be called a reporter is now called an “investigative reporter”; the reporter is presumably the fellow who informs us that the President is now standing in the doorway of the plane. And in editing, the person who deals with the bloody manuscript is now somebody called the “copy” or “text” editor, and works in a small office behind the broom closet; while the Editor, of course, is the man having lunch with Clifford Irving. Editors today lunch, and make deals, and assign subjects—“concepts”—and discourse airily on the “new freedom” which they now provide writers; which in fact means that the Editor can remain at lunch, and not be much bothered on his return by a responsibility to his writer's story, or to his writer's subject, because he usually has none, claims none. And writers, for their part, are just as keen to escape the strictures of traditional editing—as indeed are so many others in our society to escape the traditional strictures of *their* lives, marriages, families, jobs; and possibly for the same sort of reasons.

Writers. Writer-journalists. It is clearly a splendid thing, a sexy thing, to be a writer-journalist these days. Admirals, aviators, bishops—everyone has his day. Today it is the journalist (and some others). He declaims about the end-of-the-novel while he hitchhikes on the novel. He has small patience for the dreary conventions of the Old Journalism, although he rides upon its credibility, on the fact that most people will buy and read his work on the assumption (built up by his predecessors) that when he writes: “Startled, the Pope awoke to find the Hotel Bridgewater in flames,” it was indeed the Bridgewater, not the Edgewater, and that it was, in fact, the

Pope. Even so, this is not the worst of crimes. When people complain too much about inaccuracy, or inattention to detail, it seems to me they are usually talking about something else, perhaps a larger, muddled conflict of life-views.

Where I find the real failure in New Journalism, or in much of it anyway, is in the New Journalist's determination and insistence that we shall see life largely on *his* terms. Granted one knows, by now, the pitfalls of conventional “objectivity.” One is aware of the inaccuracies and timidities which so often have resulted from on-the-one-hand . . . on-the-other-hand reporting. Still, there is something troubling and askew in the arrogance—and perhaps especially in the personal unease—that so often seems to compel the New Journalist to present us our reality embedded in his own ego. A classic example of this, I thought, was Mailer's *Of a Fire on the Moon*, with its generalities about engineers and scientists—generalities which seemed less concerned with what scientists or engineers might be, even if one could generalize about them, than in the ego-ability of the writer to generalize about them. Lesser talents and egos than Mailer are less noticeable, although it seems to me that much, if not most, routine New Journalism—I am thinking of the dozens of pieces about movie stars and politicians that appear in magazines each year—consists in exercises by writers (admittedly often charming, or funny, or dramatically written exercises) in gripping and controlling and confining a subject within the journalist's own temperament. Presumably, this is the “novelistic technique.” But in fact Madame Bovary is a creature of Flaubert's—regardless of whether Flaubert once spent a summer in Innsbruck with a lady who looked vaguely like her, and who expressed dissatisfaction with her husband. Whereas Phil Spector, for example, in the Tom Wolfe piece, or Bill Bonanno in *Honor Thy Father*, or George Meany in a *Harper's* piece by John Corry all are real people, *nobody's* creatures, certainly not a journalist's creatures—real people whose real lives exist on either side of the journalist's column of print. The New Journalist is in the end, I think, less a journalist than an impresario. Tom Wolfe presents . . . Phil Spector! Jack Newfield presents . . . Nelson Rockefeller! Norman Mailer presents . . . the Moon Shot! And the complaint is not that the New Journalist doesn't present the totality of someone's life, because nobody can do that—but that, with his ego, he rules such thick lines down the edges of his own column of print. Nothing appears to exist outside the lines—except that, of course, it does. As readers, as *audience*, despite our modern bravado, I don't think we show much more willingness, let alone eagerness, than we ever did to come to terms with this disorder—the actuality, the nonstorybook element in life. And it seems to me that, on the whole, the New Journalist (despite *his* bravado) hasn't risked much in this direction either; and if you think none of it matters, my guess is you're wrong. □



A SEASON AT MIDDLE-AMERICA U.

by Herbert Gold

*"This used to be a really straight, conformist campus.
Now everybody wears jeans and the blue work shirt."
—editor of the Post, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio*

The right-wing Miss America of 1971 came from Ohio University, in Appalachian southeastern Ohio, and she is remembered by one of my colleagues as the third prettiest girl in his sophomore English class. Her hair grew a little low on the forehead, he thought; her eyes moderately close together for the truest, deepest beauty; but many of her professors recall a friendly little person who wanted only to be Miss America someday.

I am the McGuffey Lecturer during the fall term. My hair grows every which way, my eyes are astigmatic, and I am told not to wear a tie—I'm a writer. I aim to bring a personal map of literature to the oldest university west of someplace, probably New England, founded 1804. I find the usual mix of a large state school: some brilliant students, some lost souls, some bright and congenial colleagues, some stunted careerists and forlorn noncareerists, a happy throng of funny kids, some really pretty girls, all in psychedelic patched jeans, as ecological, biodegradable, and contemporary in their clothing conformity as Radcliffe or Berkeley, a fair proportion of militant blacks, dopers, and radicals, a solemn mass of upward-mobile youngsters wondering where is upward? where is mobile? The campus has a core which is old, red-brick, hilly, green, and lovely. The football

marching band can be heard practicing all fall as I talk about Balzac, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Joyce, Nabokov. The team doesn't take all the steroids it's charged with.

"That *Anna Karenina*, that's outasight," declared one long-haired streetperson from the edge of campus which houses the short stretch of pizza parlors, bookstore, beer resorts, smoke emporium, the essential minimums of a franchised Telegraph Avenue. There are rows of motorcycles and a bulletin board at the BBF (hamburgers, fries) so that girls can pin up their contemporary appeal: CHICK SINGER SEEKS GROUP. The tall, shambling, sweet-tempered scholar has a question to ask about *Anna Karenina*. "He write any other good things?"

I like his response. He is excited by the news that Tolstoy has composed several novels. He was planning to take the Evelyn Wood speed reading course, so he could dip into them, but bought a used Honda instead. Books are always with us; the green hills and pink girls fade and shrivel in Time's withering hand.

The problem of a writer-in-residue, telling his amorous tale about the novels of the past, is not what it used to be. An out-of-state scholar from Trenton, New Jersey, one of those beautiful uglies made stylish by Janis Joplin, complains that there are no liberated women in *Père Goriot*, and since her consciousness has been raised, she can't identify with such reactionary, sexist books as Balzac, the Bible, or her Soc textbook. "Well, in some of Balzac's other novels, women are the heroes," I say, "heroines. The

Bible is another story, and I don't know your sociology text."

"But you chose this one to talk about," she reminds me inexorably. However, she is not vengeful. After all, this is friendly Appalachia, not the East Village, and she lectures me about how her boyfriend escaped the draft. High blood pressure, plus staying up all night, plus a shot of speed, plus about ten cups of coffee, plus she did some dirty things to him. "Flunked the physical," she says with pride.

"I'm sure it was all those dirty things."

A lovely smile blossoms across her face. I am a smoothie, a sexist pig.

The large state universities are flourishing in a new way as an avenue into both power and eccentricity for middle Americans. Here is where they send their children for the little better job. Ethnics and blacks meet the son of the manager of the Marietta, Ohio, offices of General Electric in Business Administration classes, and Biz Ad tries to meet them. If the melting pot is still boiling, here are the burners. Advertisements in the campus newspaper tell of art movies, Jesus freaks, meditation lessons. Hillel offers SUCOTH SERVICES & KARATE CLASS TONITE. Sleeth's Home-a-Rama has a special on new furniture. Free Pepsis with this advt. and an order of a Super Special Pizza. Houses in Athens are located near pizza parlors of all faiths and ecumenical softie-freezes. The strength of beer in Ohio depends on your age, and your wrist is stamped at the door for 3.2 or the pitchers of real dynamite stuff. There is a claim to special fame in the social structure of Ohio University: no coffeehouse. It is the only large school I've seen in recent years without a place of espresso and soft rock, paperback books and posters, an expressed longing for nonbeer, nonalcohol heart-to-heart discourse, with maybe a classic Dylan record to sift up against blocked doors of perception.

But I take a late-evening walk in Indian summer weather and find a mob sleeping on blankets, strumming guitars, softly cuddling, or playing their transistors. They will wait all night for tickets for the James Taylor concert. An intense group is debating the I-Thou contradictions between Bluegrass and Hard Rock. And a few miles away, in a drowsy hollow, invigorated by the economy of this university with its 18,000 students, a small town has modernized the civil war cannon which sits on its carriage in the center of the crossroads. They have added white-wall tires.

* * *

"I'll bet you find us a little backward compared with Frisco," says a Renaissance expert, Ph.D. Johns Hopkins, "but I'm hep, man; for example, I had my vasectomy already." He pours me a glass of wine and confides rapid-fire about publication problems and the legislature, old grad school comrades who moved to Harvard and were unhappy, wives who cry a lot

their first year in Athens—there are problems everywhere. But he personally was not like many men in the Humanities. He took resolute action. "I'll tell you this," he says, selling his program. "A little itch for a day, but when I went to the MLA"—that's the Modern Language Association convention, usually held during the winter holidays—"I did some pretty funny things, I'll tell you, and that was only two weeks later. My man cuts in his office with a local. Baltimore. Hell, it's practically a pleasure."

His eyes smoke over as his wife approaches. She tells me about the children's car pool and the rhythm method of sharing the driving. "Thursday's my day for tennis. My husband drives on Thursdays. He's always furious on Thursday, and it usually doesn't wear off till the weekend."

"That's only one day away from Thursday," he says thoughtfully.

Problems of vasectomies and tenure, ecology and the middle class arranging its life comfortably are familiar to all university communities. This one is different. It is surrounded by denuded hills and hollows, near the poorest county of Ohio, the separate land of Appalachia. Most of the hard work of the university is done by men who used to mine or farm; now they janitor or maintain. Their wives, sisters, and daughters serve in cafeterias, or cook, or make beds. They watch the ghetto kids from Cleveland, Youngstown, Dayton, Cincinnati, some of them taking African names and robes, who chose to house the Black Studies program in a stately, columned Southern mansion. They live easily enough with black students and faculty, in fact; but they coexist angrily with the administration of the school.

At the beginning of my season on campus, Oscar McGee, head of a maintenance ("nonacademic employees") union, led his people out on strike. It could easily have closed down the school, as similar strikes have done in the past. "It's the autumn strike season," sighed a departmental chairman. For a time the strikers wouldn't openly confess their grievances; they're a closed-mouth people. They said there had been some demotions, transfers, and firings in the cafeterias, but they weren't sure who, where, and how much. But they were sore. Grievance and arbitration procedures were too expensive. They felt like closing the place down.

So, naturally, did a few students who talked of "polarization," "radicalization," "solidarity with the laboring masses."

It was also Indian summer, the beginning of the new year. I heard two young men discussing their future on the Green: "We'll call 'em every afternoon about now and ask if they're horny and can we come over, and maybe one afternoon they'll be horny and we can come over."

"It'll cost a lot of dimes," his friend said.

"For me it's worth it," said the ardent romantic one.

In the meantime, picket lines were preventing coal

and other supplies from entering. A dean was defiant: "Our students are not upper-class kids, they come from hewers of wood and carriers of water, they know how to do their own housekeeping." The countdown for closing began. The usual accusations of bad faith on all sides. Failure by the strikers to state their grievances cost them important student and faculty support, and indeed, the support of the international union. Oscar McGee, a \$2.57 an hour custodian, said, "All they wanted me to be was a custodian. Now I'm the leader of this here wildcat strike. They can go blank themselves."

Frat boys were serenading sorority girls. Rush week. Wienie roasts on front lawns.

A black graduate student in doubleknit stretch pants and African robe affably accused me of "white racist tokenism" because I praised Ralph Ellison. But once he had declared his revolutionary stance, he turned out to be devoted to our class, a fanatic writer and a natural one, with a gift for brisk and joyous epithet that extended well beyond conventional abuse of a teacher. He also took me shopping to get rid of my congenital baggy pants in favor of some hairier leather ones; he was a Virgil of the generation gap.

The prettiest girl in class, soulful, languid, tanned breasts sagging only slightly in her half-buttoned workshirt, producing a lascivious pity in the observer, a desire to help in any way possible, wrote a definition of the kind of story she likes: "I like a story which moves me deeply. I like a story which tells a real story. I like sincerity above all; that is, true feeling. I hate that intellectual shit."

Due to the strike, sinks and bowls were overflowing. A veteran of previous strikes advised new faculty to carry toilet paper in briefcases. The pretty girl, Miss True Feeling, yawned and yawned through expositions of *Anna Karenina*, *Père Goriot*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. She wondered why all these people make so much of their problems. She personally would prefer to live in San Diego, California, but you don't hear her complaining all the time.

Suddenly one day, after many emergency meetings and rallies, the dispute was settled. Nothing precise was won, but both sides promised to do better, be nicer. "It brought us together, the student-niggers and the working class," said a New Jersey freshman. "It's better than dope for bringing people together."

The pace of faculty parties continued. We owe you, we pay back. Then you owe us again. Another dinner. Variety of company means bringing in someone from another department; music, say, or art, for a bit of glamour; or from one of the sciences, to get up to date. A writer's wife declares to all the wives on her side of the room, "My husband's new novel is so boring, I mean I don't think anyone'll want to publish it, it's just so *boring*." And a wifely smile. "But you know what? I kind of like boring books." So she doesn't mean what her remark seems to mean. He has written this one just for her, and they are a de-

voted couple, and she has this special, easy, self-deprecating habit of whimsy.

Another lady says, "I really want to give a square dance this fall, maybe in November, but do you think that might be too much too soon? I mean, people are really busy in the fall. The Homecoming game, the Oktoberfest . . ."

"Wait and all your clothes come back into style, my husband says," another reports. Her lipstick has already come back into style. She has an intense appreciation of the need for style, else the dreaded Predatory Coed will pounce and fly away with its doctoral prey clutched between Levied knees.

It's too easy to feel as if the middle-American smalltown routines are a part of an old Lewis Stone movie. They are as real as war, as ghetto urban guerrilla action, only less up to date. The pleasure of sitting in a real swing on a real front porch, watching the children play, is one which can make up for many a faculty party. And when a tooth broke, I found a dentist who would not only fix it promptly, but since he lived nearby, he also picked me up in his station wagon and carried me to his office. "This'll fit like a sock on a turkey," he remarked, applying the temporary cap. While he did delicate work, he talked about the patient, age eighty, who kept her teeth in a box so when asked, she could say, "Yep, I got my own teeth." He also had a patient from a hollow nearby whose dentures fit worse than any set of false teeth he had seen in twenty years of dentisting. "I got 'em from my uncle in his will," the man agreed, "but they shore don't fit."

When my dentist finished, he smiled and patted my shoulder. "You're wonderful now. Good as new. Just don't eat or drink."

Dentist jokes were not my line, but the real intention to please became part of a line which is often forgotten. I was getting care superior to the harassed dentistry of big cities.

* * *

The spectrum of gift at Middle-America U. is the same as at Harvard or Stanford, ranging from brilliant to sub-bonehead, both among students and teachers, only the balance of the graph is clearly different at a school which admits any graduate of an Ohio high school, which does not snatch off gifted people with scholarships, which doesn't have a long tradition of excellence, which spends eight-and-a-half million dollars for a basketball culture center but suspends faculty sabbatical leaves, which until recently was a teachers' training academy. The brilliant students at Harvard are likely to be also handsome, personable, wellborn, with the light of luck in the eye. The brilliant student at Ohio University is likely to be a fallen Jesuit, expelled from the order because of vanity (contact lenses) or homosexuality (hands across the dark), or a black street kid speaking his parents' Mississippi dialect, or a Jesus

freak from a fundamentalist southern Ohio welfare family. Yes, that was eight-and-a-half million for the basketball center.* But the new library is well used and crowded, and the language laboratories are packed, and the serious matters of this time and all times are discussed with the pedagogical fervor of Abelard on the handsome central Green and in the less handsome pizza palaces.

A black girl rages in class about racism, sexism, and tokenism. In conference she talks about her "sprain ankle." She has a glorious smile, huge almond eyes, and an Irish name, evidently due to a sexist, tokenist father. She writes desperate poems about lost black children and family chronicles that remind me of Frank O'Connor. She invites me to a literary meeting, "first in a serious," and her spelling should be read in the light of all the troubles of the world, of the fact that her father deserted her family, of the fact that she is tall, strong, elegant, and beautiful. My mother can't spell, either, and this girl, whose ancestors go back in America, at least on the black side, much further than mine, has not yet arrived in the America which belongs to good schools, easy homes, skin of no particular tint.

The Jesus People meet every noon hour at the Galbreath Chapel, a New Englishish white little church-on-the-campus. They wear the regulation hip uniforms, long hair, jeans, tie-dyes, patches, embroidered flowers, but they sit for half an hour with their heads bowed. And then they go off to study Business or *Lolita* or Russian or to fulfill the P.E. requirement in the marvelous new air-conditioned athletic buildings. The strictness of their need for a simple and fundamental Answer recalls the LSD conversions of the Flower Children of 1967. They too speak of saving their unwilling parents by Turning On. Turn On to Jesus. This Time. Jesus is their very own discovery, and He gives them the answer to every question, in five sweet letters, right now, in a group, together with their brothers and sisters from all over, plus the chance to freak out, speak in tongues or talk nonsense, and enjoy oceanic unities on the lawn in front of the Galbreath Chapel. I join them as they mumble with lowered heads. One boy stares curiously at a girl as he prays and I know why he is bemused. So am I. She is wearing not jeans but a skirt.

**The Convocation Center, as the basketball court has been named, also costs about \$800,000 a year in air conditioning, heating, and debt service. The locker rooms are carpeted. The coaches' offices are carpeted. Originally, the idea was that it could also be used as a convention and business center for southeastern Ohio, a place for boat shows and exhibits. However, there is no housing for conventioners, and the doors are not wide enough for boats, and there aren't many boats around here, anyway. There is also an executive handball court, for some reason built to nonregulation outside specifications. There are also some dormitory facilities for athletes which require that the entire enormous structure be heated whether or not it's in use. It was used once for a roller derby. The building is sometimes called "Alden's Pride," in honor of the past president of the university, Vernon Alden, whose favorite project this was. The fourteen-plane university fleet was called "Alden's Air Force." Mr. Alden has since moved on to a job managing investments for The Boston Company.*

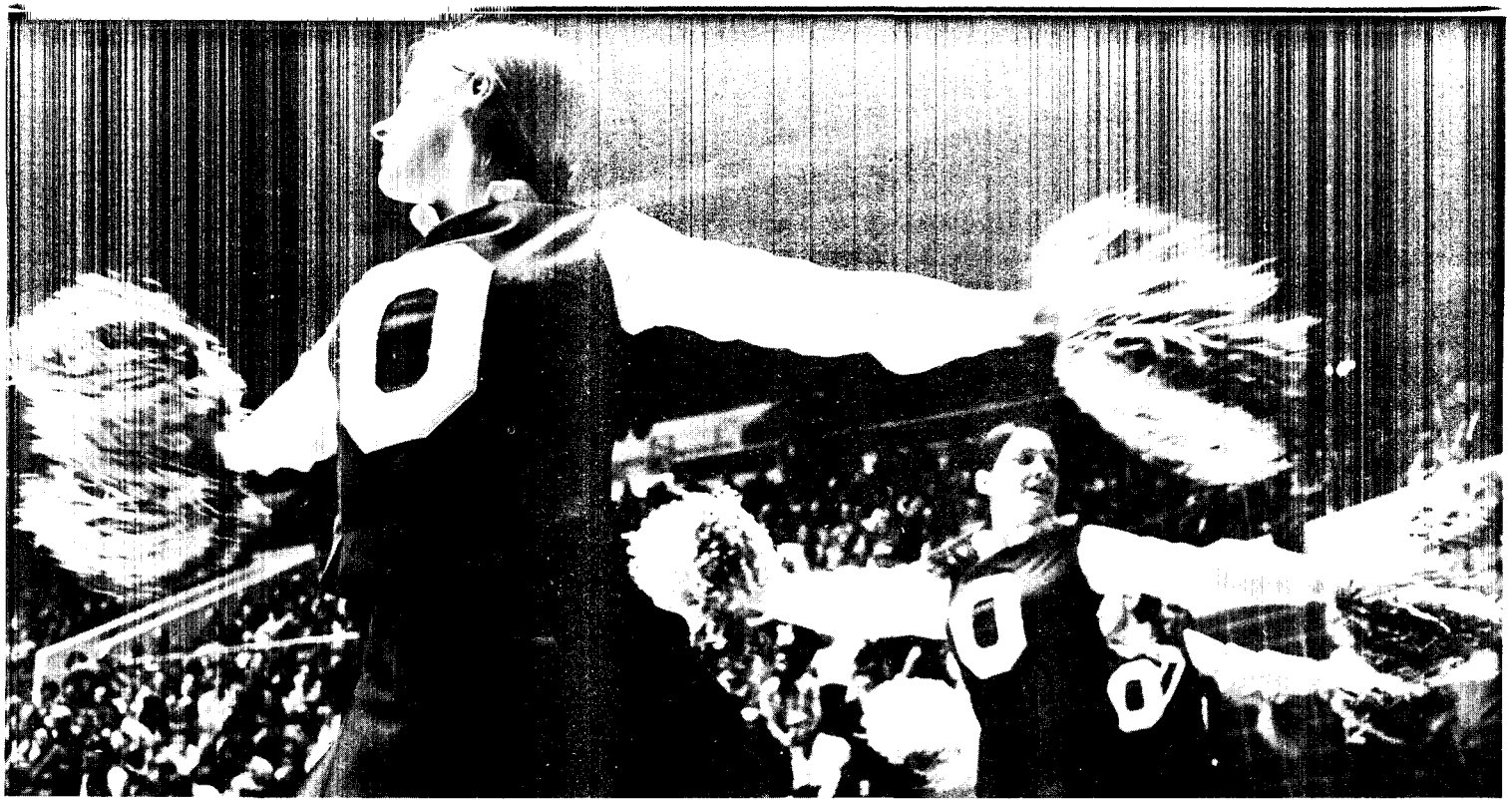
The Apostolic Church of Jesus the Programmer, Mark II—name changed out of residual neighborliness—rocks and rolls near the corner where we live. Believers and practitioners gather from the hollows and valleys all around, women in long dresses, men in dark suits, in big old Buicks, to fend off evil and exchange news of auctions and garage sales. It's energetic psychic exercise—talking in tongues, screaming of fire and hell—but one wonders how these harrow-faced good folk occupy the rest of the week to need this sort of Fillmore fun on weekends. "History is written by winners," George Orwell wrote, and these noncompetitors do not justify their ecstasy to the likes of skeptical city folks, taking their evening walk around the wooden church like moths around a flame in which other moths are happily sizzling and crisping. Not implicated, of course. To city folks it's a mystery how these people reproduce their eight-year-old Buicks, their pickups, their children playing quietly outside in the yard, their intense and focused selves. Since all strong feeling is somehow convincing, I foresee my own conversion and baptism in the freshets of April. To be on the safe side, I'll not be here in the spring.

On a long Indian summer afternoon near Halloween, we drive our children to an orchard where we are invited to pick a bushel of apples and pay our dollar into a perforated can (honor system). It's hot, humid, and happy work, and we crunch up apples underfoot and between teeth as we shake the trees (bump on head) or peek along the ground for healthy falls. There is a cidery smell under the sun. Bugs hum. We sweat and feel good. There are dirty-faced children, laughing, chattering, easy in an orchard, my own and others. I am lost in an apple dream of the past I never knew when a teaching assistant comes up with his wife and says, "Yum, really good, sir: these are organic."

He knows how to talk to a family from California.

I sneeze. "Sorry, sir. Pollen," he says. I remember my growing up in Cleveland, surrounded by hay fever, goiters, stubborn ethnic Cleveland, and the not yet moribund lake in which we swam along with a subdeadly accumulation of coliform bacteria. Now when I visit Cleveland and go to walk on the beaches where I swam, the water is solid with green horror, black with peculiar weevils, flick-tailed mites, nameless algae multiplying in nourishing sewage, and humpbacked monster-fish which burrow through the organic jellywater.

This backward part of Ohio, 180 miles to the south of Cleveland, is easy to wail sentimentally over, to make soft-rock and bluegrass prose about. Yet in the new Appalachia, things are changing—economically, it's at least 1937. The exploding university has given good profits to the Kroger's and A & P, and also to the bicycle sellers, and jobs in cafeterias and maintenance to coal miners and small farmers who still live up the hollows and hills in rows of company houses with privies, without running water. They are



a proud people. On campus I hear a leaf-sweeper arguing with a supervisor: "He talk to me like he's my boss. I ain't gonna stand for that. He ain't my boss."

The supervisor grinned and nodded sympathetically. "I'll talk to him."

"*You're my boss,*" said the proud native-American leaf-sweeper.

Although there are sporadic protests about prices, and food conspiracies, and annoyance because the A & P doesn't carry long-grain rice ("Them foreign students'll just buy it," whispered a checker), the latest economic, cultural, and political upheaval on campus, in the waning days of autumn, concerned the wienies served at football games. They're barely warm; they're cold. The vendors blamed the concessioners, the concessioners blamed, oh, the times. How to warm a franchise wienie? No way. We could put a wienie hot on the moon, but not in the stadium. Standards are shot. What can you expect after twenty years of treason, followed by more than a few of semitreason? Earl Warren was allowed to resign. America has sold out to cold wienies. A vendor gave this advice to those hungry for a bit of wienie warmth: *rub it*.

As the leaves ran through their colors during the football weekends, on Homecoming weekend, when Miss America made her triumphant return visit among the lukewarm wienies of half time, there was a Hexing to greet her, Women's Lib witches angrily riding their brooms and crowning their freaky parody, "Mr. America." The campus newspaper denounced Miss America for being a hypocritical conservative; it cited testimony by her sorority sisters that she did the normally depraved things, involving alcohol, moods, and boyfriends, during her term as a student. A petition to the newspaper defended her, calling for dignity, and asked that she be welcomed back home "as we would any alum with a nice ass."

You can pick your bushel of organic apples for a

dollar, or you can, of a Saturday, entertain yourself as so many do by raking leaves, washing down the car, writing folk melodies, or getting a vasectomy. Up the little valleys, over the lovely, infertile hills and the slag heaps of the strip mines, where, in days gone by, snaggle-toothed Scottish Presbyterians, inbred and suspicious, used to stand with arms crossed against revenooers, modern urban habits have made inroads on the older way. Those with stills and mash stand guard with souvenir automatic rifles carried home from Nam. Deputy sheriffs use grenade launchers. Tins of Mace help protect a man's castle and still.

* * *

Winter comes at last. Gray sleeting rain, slanting down over the hills. The 18,000 students and their teachers vanish into little rooms, emerging only for classes, or maybe a moment in Lily Ann's Donut Shoppe. The time of nasal and postnasal drip is here. Hacking coughs fill the lecture halls. Visitors from the outside world harangue stubborn colleagues about the possible, maybe, why-not virtues of Vitamin C. The state liquor store is a more prevalent remedy. Hot toddies and cold scotch.

Suddenly the rain stops for a time and I wheel the bicycle out of the basement for a farewell spin through town and onto the sleek asphalt roads which slice through the secret Appalachian hollows. Sleeth's Home-a-Rama is having a sale, and so is the giant French fries resort:

Exciting . . . Sensational . . . Out of the SPACE
AGE comes . . . JET FRIES !!! (Open All Nite)

No, not a sale, but a new product, it seems. And they are trying out we-never-close as an experimental technique in the selling of burgers and fries.

Good-bye, Dolen's (root-beer floats). Good-bye,

BBF (hamburger-coleslaw-fries on special Tuesday and Wednesday eve). Good-bye, Three Free Cokes on One Super Pizza, making a wet and fizzy pizza, it would seem. Good-bye, Frisch's punkin pie, squeezed from the tube. Good-bye, take out and candy, softie ice cream and munchies. As often in times of depression, the good place to eat in Athens has just burned down.

I stop and lock my bicycle. Here, a few miles away, a country inn stands in its native parking-lot gravel, with honest purple neon promising steaks, chops, football machines, Taylor Wines. Hello, Salisbury Steak, Chicken Flambee, Clam Roll, Fresh-Frozen Sea Food, and the season's soft-rock jukebox telling me:

I guess my feet go where they want to go
Walkin' on a country road.

And back past Sleeth's Home-a-Rama to finish reading term papers and hand in my grade reports. Who out there needs Anna Karenina, Leopold Bloom, Rastignac, the Karamazov boys, and Humbert Humbert to get along? The opulent and pretty girl who yawned compulsively through my lectures, but was marvelously wide awake and alert in conference, telling me about how sex means nothing to her now that her true love has left her, transferring to an aviation academy? The angry girl with the raised consciousness? The freaks looking for illumination in methods which ferment the brain until it's as pale and lumpy as small-curd cottage cheese? The solemn graduate students, hoping for jobs in community colleges? The black man with his new African name, saying he specializes in "street poetry vignettes"?

Among the massed thousands, somebody needs them. Among the pile of papers, I find intense and closely reasoned ones by students who have stayed up nights to read long Russian novels, and I recall a certain greedy glare among the pouting faces in the lecture hall. There are detailed, footnoted essays. There are a few poems and stories, passionate confessions filtered through a reading of books from other times and places. They are like wild grass growing in the chinks of a wall.

"I couldn't sleep," a wispy little girl in granny glasses and regulation Levis tells me. "When my roommate complained about the light, I just tore out the pages I'd finished and made her start reading it."

She smiled apologetically. She didn't mean to call attention to herself. I didn't even learn her name.

Within the haphazard training of the middle-American university, and despite the intentions of state legislatures and parents, the bureaucracies of induction into the times, something both strange and traditional survives here in Athens, Ohio. True, many are training for the necessary middle-American routines which keep the paper moving down corridors, the kids quiet, the metal in space. True, others are merely serving their time with sports car and football weekend, beer bust and frat party. True, the

university is also a marriage broker's office, a job recruiting headquarters, or merely a place snugger than the army for passing a few more years. "I'll hold hands with any boy now," said Miss True Feeling, giving me her trained scrutiny, "for what does it matter anymore?"

She mentioned she's going to see *Dracula* tonight, for theater is another of her true loves. She'll be alone. She'll be sitting just to the right, about ten rows down as you enter. All life is her chief subject, she notes, flashing bracelets, intense wattage of eyes, teeth. The eyes are suddenly downcast, but they are not timid.

But beyond the flowered love and peace patches and leather fringes, the two-quarter-later Berkeley jargon and youth equipment, the programmatic gaiety of we-are-now-turned-on, there are other faces glooming and glowing with the sunken, strong Amchitka rage of American sons and daughters. They have left home, but they want to know where they are and where they might be. They are adrift. The old explanations have been put away in the attics of Marietta and Dayton, along with the high school yearbooks and hockey sticks. Like John Lennon, they have given up the Beatles. They think about work, which is very much in their parents' minds, but they also think about alternative styles, communes, revolution, pot-making, food stamps, techniques, survival. Their fathers thought them safe from the contagion, but it turns out that Athens, like Kent State, is a post on the confused subterranean American network that stretches from Harvard and Chapel Hill to Reed and Berkeley, and from Austin to Missoula, and includes the seminaries and finishing schools and even the service academies. They are colonies of the State bent on nourishing their host with alien ideas.

Those who lie dozing in the doorways of West Union with their transistors—or their glassine envelopes—are obvious modern casualties of exploration. The timeservers and make-out bureaucrats are traditional casualties. And between these two failures, there stands an affable and irritable creature with the vote, with some basic questions to ask despite the ec-static, oh-wow youth mutter with which he speaks, with an intention to survive.

Here in Appalachian Ohio, in a school designed for Middle America, for hewers of wood, as the dean said, and carriers of water—those jobs now done, in fact, by cybernetic directions encoded on tape—another emissary outpost puzzles the land stripped of its traditional coal and topsoil. They are not mining. They are not farming. They are playing music too loud. They are holding peculiar meetings in the house of the Ecumenical Ministry. In ways their parents do not understand, they are readying themselves for the future. It belongs to them.

They are that ardent and peculiar American society, the students, not yet chastened, banded together for a few years against a dread of void. □

ON OPPOSING COMMUNISM

by Leopold Tyrmand

How to distinguish opposition from pseudo-opposition

Many who read this article will say that I am overstating. I suppose they are right. But realism is as useful for explaining Communism as a bicycle is for flying to the moon. Democracies lack a system of reference for so many of the phenomena that are commonplace in Communism. Can one objectively explain a legal system in which the prosecutor is *always* right?

My attitude toward Communism is the outcome of my life under Communism. During those years I learned to hate Communism for the evil it contained. And also to fear it for its metaphysical power to hold more and more and more evil.

Every day a man living under Communism reads in the papers that he is living in the freest political and social system in the world, knowing only too well that he doesn't have the right to elect his leaders freely or even the right to write letters to the editor about it. A man loses his dignity when he is forced to accept lies which are in glaring contradiction to his normal perception of reality. And it is this which gives rise in the mature man to a hatred that is even more choking and desperate than the anger of youth, which comes in blinding flashes. Young people, even the most embittered of them, do not lose hope. A middle-aged man questions hope, and this destroys him psychologically, since it is difficult to live fully without hope. An old man lives without hope and nothing is left for him except hatred. Thus no one hates Communism as terribly as old people. If their children and grandchildren have swallowed the Communist wafer, or merely want to exist within the framework of their time, the younger accuse the older people of having forgotten too easily about the torments of the past era, of idealizing it in their memories, and of not understanding the new era. This is an obvious oversimplification of something older people do not know how to explain, and this in-

ability to explain only intensifies their ingrained hostility. Because they know something that young people cannot know, they have a perspective on lies and abuses which is difficult to formulate and communicate to younger people, and like every insight gained from the experiences of an entire lifetime, defies description. They know the pain of comparison and the agony of a correct conclusion that cannot be put into words because it is so rich in experience; that is, a truth which is given and revealed by the very hardship of existence, and therefore impossible to name.

The only available form of effective opposition remains simple honesty. By remaining true to himself, a man living under Communism saves himself in an uncomplicated manner that brings psychological relief. This is, however, the most difficult thing of all in an environment whose mightiest forces are unleashed for the express purpose of deforming man. These forces can be fought only by accepting one's own destruction, and this requires either stupidity or heroism. And not many middle-aged or old people are ready for suicidal heroism in their daily lives, without special circumstances. You cannot escape from these forces, but you can lead them on a wild-goose chase. And this is what the vast majority of people in Communism try to do.

This is done most effectively by giving in, or, as it is popularly called, selling yourself. But the act of selling yourself and your conscience opens up completely unforeseen eventualities of resistance. In this manner, something that can be regarded in a simple way as iniquity often becomes the starting point for simple human decency.

You can sell yourself sincerely, renouncing your inner life, your faculties of judgment, your own thought, and your dignity. This leads to spiritual death and the deprivation of your humanity, but it also guarantees the peace of psychological deadness

and the comfort of an insensitive conscience. It does not at all guarantee that your interests will be safeguarded, for there is no loyalty the Party would not depict as criminal disloyalty should the need arise, hurling the delinquent down from the summits of success to the depths of failure.

You can, however, sell yourself on the surface; that is, take the sacrament like the Jewish Marranos and remain true to the old faith; in this case, to yourself. Then something unexpected happens: the element of struggle and opposition which you sold yourself to avoid suddenly appears in a fascinating new light. The unceasing obsession with sabotage which never leaves the pages of the Communist press is essentially a propaganda device for terrorizing the masses. However, cases of an apparently dedicated manager, scholar, army officer, or engineer waiting whole years for an opportunity to give vent to his pent-up, deeply buried hatred are not rare.

Things do not, of course, always occur with such Machiavellian sophistication. The enormous number of Party secretaries in an Eastern European province who secretly or half openly have church weddings, christen their children, and observe religious holidays represents an essential part of the opposition process, though with a rather grotesque hue. You can sell yourself openly, loudly proclaiming your loyalty and devotion to the Party, and in your heart wish the worst defeats upon it and passionately curse it. You can sell yourself secretly, declaring at every step and to everyone you meet your distrust of the regime, while at the same time you inform your superiors about how others spit at the regime—and thereby make yourself a career as an informer. You can, in a word, do many things, including not getting mixed up in anything and simply remaining an honest man. Though, as I said, this is the hardest course of all.

Some people are helped by religion, which is enjoying a renaissance under Communism, though not an unequivocal revival or the eruption of new forces, as the following story best illustrates. During a Mass in one of the Warsaw churches, when the worshipers were devoutly kneeling, one man remained standing. "Excuse me," whispered someone next to him "why aren't you kneeling?" "Because I'm not a believer," was the reply. "I'm against the government."

Opposition in maturity is most effectively reduced by one of the Communists' more brilliant techniques of ruling: the delicate and complex mechanism of satisfying society by displays of pseudo-independence, and even a kind of pseudo-opposition.

In official political terminology Communist society is composed of Communists and non-Party members. In the strange undertaking which Communists call elections to autonomous legislative bodies, the list of names which everyone *must* vote for usually bears the name of National Front, or Electoral Bloc,

or Coalition of Communists and Non-Party Members. This creates the desired impression of unity and solidarity of the *whole* of society behind the Communist program. Thus if non-Party members are to be nominally accepted as candidates for deputy or social activist, they should come from that section of society which is not Communist in order to represent it. This, however, would be too simple, too much in keeping with logic and a common sense of decency toward the simple truth. To avoid this, non-Party activists are named exclusively by the Party. These are for the most part convinced Communists devoted to the cause, or common careerists, ready to commit any filthy act, or submissive terrified creatures forced to servility and blind obedience by the political police. These people would gladly join the Party and meekly do whatever the Party demanded or ordered. However, the Party itself has ordered them *not* to join but to spread its gospel and accept every filthy thing it does, while obtrusively demonstrating to all and sundry their *lack* of Party membership. Such people are called professional non-Communists in Eastern Europe. They can be divided into two categories: professional non-Party members and professional oppositionists.

The principle behind their existence is as simple as it is brilliantly utilitarian. In countries where 90 percent of society lives in sharp opposition to, if not in deep hatred of, its rulers, the rulers must try to provide a little psychological relaxation for such a huge mass of people. Because the masses cannot be given what they want—this is an ideological assumption, since Communism is based on *not* giving people what they want—they must be given the illusion that they are getting it. But no one, neither Communists nor their subjects, is so stupid that he does not soon realize that the giving is an illusion. Still, when existence is so awful and people have been brutally deprived of everything else, even a recognized illusion begins to acquire a certain value, and the Communists thereby create for themselves the aura of people who give *something*. Then the convention is accepted by both sides, and the fact that *nothing* is given no longer counts, while the fact of *giving nothing* remains. Thus people who are supposed to be the same as other people and do not belong to the ruling elite allegedly get the right to vote in order to say what the governed want said. All this is the illusory play of the reflections of artfully placed mirrors, which give such a false image of reality that they relieve anger and provide an inexhaustible supply of jokes. But having made some fellow the spokesman of the non-Party masses forever, the Communists no longer care whether anyone believes or questions his representativeness. Doubts cannot be voiced publicly, and there is no place to publish one's contempt and exposures. Hence the illusion is institutionalized, or even sanctified, and all the Communist countries are full of "honorable," "irreproachable," and "independent" scientists, writers, and social activists who go to the

appropriate office of the political police or Party apparatus every morning for instructions on what they should say that day on radio, television, or in a press interview. And all their listeners and readers know perfectly well what is going on. But appearances are kept up, and this is all that concerns the Communists.

The technology of producing professional non-Party people is just as refined as the idea itself. As in every action, the deciding factor is the profitability of an undertaking. In a country where 90 percent of the population is anti-Communist, a person can live quite well off his role as a non-Communist. He need only get some concession for it, and the Communists will give this concession. But the Communists must be given something in return, such as an old aristocratic name, the personal reputation of a prominent individual, or talent. Clergymen of all faiths are very welcome. So are former members of the far right, even outright fascists who underwent miraculous transformations after the Communists took over and traded in their old celebrity for comfortable apartments and the new celebrity of a convert.

The professional non-Communist then makes appropriate declarations in the press, on radio and television, as well as in person on special occasions, such as at elections, international congresses, academic ceremonies on state and national holidays, and protest meetings against American invasions and aggressions. Backed by his historical aristocratic name, his priest's garb and theological education, his achievements in the field of molecular physics, or his glory as a poet, the professional non-Communist resolutely declares that the Party knows better than the Pope what is good for the Catholic Church; that lies are truth and the truth stupidity; and that two plus two equals five if the Party thinks so, since there is no objective arithmetic but only arithmetic that serves workers and arithmetic that serves capitalists. He will declare that the sun moves around the earth, that little children die of hunger on Wall Street, and that Stalin was a more brilliant physicist than Einstein, as long as it is of benefit to the Party and the proletariat. In return for this service, he receives cash bonuses, passports to travel abroad, the right to be treated in luxurious clinics, as well as a false sense of his own importance. False, because this importance is assigned and determined exclusively by the Party, and it is only its whim which decides if and when the career of the professional non-Party man will continue, what dimensions it will take, and what public image is in store for a given professional non-Party man.

The classic example of this type of career is that of a certain president of the Union of Polish Writers. This man, who has a noble name and the talent of a lyric poet in love with the charms of sensuality, married into an extremely wealthy family before World War II and received a country estate as a dowry. When the Communists took over Poland, the poet

determined to avoid poverty and expropriation regardless of price. Thus ten years later he had won the highest state decoration from the Communists and the permanent position of non-Party representative of Polish literature. In the meantime, his duties included publicly repeating that whatever the Communists did in Poland and the world, it was wise, correct, valuable, and a blessing for the Polish nation and the rest of humanity. Moreover, he, a poet, a nobleman, and a good Pole, gave his word of honor as an honest man that he had no connection with the Party. He thereby signed his name to every crime and every lie of the Communists. And because he was a powerfully built man with the profile of an ancient Greek Zeus on a tourist souvenir, the Communists began to send him to international conferences and congresses devoted to problems of peace, where the president fervently swore that the Russian delegates were the instruments of peace, and the American ones of war.

The poet's appearances won him no end of respect and friendship from American and Western European intellectuals, who went into raptures over the fact that such an un-Communist-looking gentleman and aesthete was getting along so marvelously with the Communists, even though he did not belong to the Party. They began to visit him in his home, which had been saved from expropriation, and to enjoy meals served by efficient servants in the heart of a Communist country. And their enthusiasm for Communism grew in proportion to what they didn't know about it. One of the things they didn't know was that every day the poet-president reported every detail of their stay to the security police and received precise instructions on what he should say to induce his non-Communist, liberal, progressive guests to make statements which could be used in propaganda campaigns. This was part of his duties as a licensed non-Party man.

Besides the professional non-Communists, there exist in Communism the professional oppositionists. This is generally a very small, carefully selected, and well-matched group of unusually reliable people whose loyalty to the Party has been closely scrutinized and is beyond suspicion, but who, from time to time, lapse into disobedience and nonconformist follies. The Party is perfectly well aware what advantages can accrue from these harmless outbursts of rebellion and therefore allows them. The professional oppositionist counts on the fact that nothing will happen to him whatever his conflicts with the Party and his monstrous heresies. Even if he is mildly persecuted for a while and denied honors and positions, the opportunity to publish if he is a writer or a publicist, or a chair at a university if he is a professor, he is persecuted in a manner which is ultimately to his advantage, if only in that he gets the reputa-

tion, spread by word of mouth, of being the victim of persecution, which automatically assures him of sympathy and popularity in society.

The phenomenon of the professional oppositionist is far more delicate, complicated, and ambiguous than that of the professional non-Party members. Its substance is the staggeringly complicated net of interdependencies between the Party, its ruthlessly exacted *raison d'état*, and the professional oppositionist himself. It's a bit reminiscent of the structure of popular spy novels with their never-ending game of "You know that I know that you know what I know."

The professional oppositionist acquires his status after a rigorous security check by the political police, who issue a special security clearance, not to him personally, but rather for use by the mysterious manipulators in the depths of the dark police and Party cabinets. Henceforth someone says somewhere that even if he commits an act of disobedience or apostasy, he should be punished but not too harshly, castigated but not destroyed. Thus the professional oppositionist often does not know that he has been named one, or that he has been given a green light for various escapades. At first, he thinks he is acting in good faith and is prepared to suffer the consequences. Unless, however, he is a very stupid man, which is not infrequently the case, he soon realizes that he is acting under special conditions. If, as is most often the case, he is a calculating and shrewd man who is only pretending to be impulsive and nobly indignant, he begins to weigh his words very carefully so as not to cause the Party any embarrassment and force it to react harshly. He knows how much he is permitted in order to retain his license for opposition and knows that the Party knows he knows. Consequently it will not deal him any real blows but will only pretend to strike him in order to maintain his reputation for intractability. Basically, he does not want to hurt the Party, which is his surest and ultimate support. Likewise, the Party pretends to be angry and shocked by his words or actions, but at the same time it turns away its face to hide its smile of satisfaction that everything is running as it should—that the professional oppositionist is ostentatiously shaking his fist at the Party, but advancing no very real opposition.

He then receives cheers from the crowd for his li-

censed courage, and bonuses from the Party for not overstepping certain limits and forcing it to take repressive measures. When he is publicly rebuked by the Party (though not too harshly), the crowd sympathizes with him, praises his honesty and independence, and even declares that perhaps the Party isn't quite so bad if it can show such indulgence and forbearance—the effect the Party counted on. It has displayed a false tolerance while in fact it tolerated nothing it did not want to and has opened a safety valve for people, having allowed an impulse of protest or resistance, knowing full well that it would not be dangerous. This enables it to suppress ruthlessly and brutally the resistance of true, uncompromised ideological oppositionists, drowning them in a flood of hypocrisy and the pharisaical proofs of its liberalism in dealing with the professional oppositionists.

There is a third side to this pageant, namely, the democratic West, which cannot conceive that mere opposition can be planned, and at the sight of the rampaging professional nonconformist, goes into ecstasies over his courage and the extraordinary evolution of Communism to better forms, better times, and true freedom. The naiveté of the West is then a carefully calculated factor in the planning of resistance as a concession to opposition. This naiveté is a major incitement to the development of even more ingenious and cynical versions of pseudo-resistance, and if it did not exist, the Communists would be forced to liquidate an entire branch of the Party devoted to fabricating lies about their own reality. The gullibility of the West has contributed to the creation of the position and status of two of the most notorious professional nonconformists in the history of Communism: Ehrenburg and Yevtushenko.

A man living under Communism who has reached middle age knows these subtle connections between morality, both individual and social, and opposition to Communism. In this knowledge lies the source of his terrible frustration, apathy, inertia, and alienation, which have been discussed so many times by scholars and writers who managed to escape from Communism. When he reflects on the nightmares accumulated in the course of a single lifetime, he is inevitably overwhelmed by the bitter reflection: Is it worth it? □

Ἐπὶ ἀσπαλάθων . . .

("Against Woodwaxen . . .")

by George Seferis

Translated by John Chioles

Sounion was beautiful on that day of the Annunciation
once more with spring
a handful of green leaves round the rusted stones
the red earth and the woodwaxen,
showing at ready their long thorns and yellow flowerings.
Not far off, the ancient columns, chords of a harp, echo still . . .

Peaceful.

—What could have reminded me of Ardiaios? that man.

—A word in Plato, I believe, lost in the brain furrows.

The name of the yellow bush

has never changed since those days.

During the night I found the missing link:

"They bound him hand and foot," he tells us,

"they cast him down and flayed him

and dragged him out of the open road, torn;

carding him over the woodwaxen thorns,

they took him to Tartaros and threw him there, ragged."

So, in the world below he was paying for pitiless acts
this Pamphylios Ardiaios, the miserable Tyrant.

"Epi Aspalathōn . . ." is Seferis' last poem; he gave me a copy of it during a visit shortly before he was taken ill. The poem appeared in Athens on the front pages of *To Vima* and *Ta Nea* the day after an estimated 25,000 people turned his funeral march into a political protest against the present Athenian Tyrant. The death of the Greek poet

George Seferis, a Nobel laureate, on September 20, 1971, triggered a cultural vigil by writers and intellectuals pointedly excluding officials of the military regime and its sympathizers. The *aspalathous* of the title is a rather small bush of brown thorns, which in spring breaks into yellow-petaled flowers with a deep purple center. —J.C.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

A story by Wright Morris

Madrid was so dim and sulfurous with smog that Carolyn wrote letters to five museum directors, urging them to save the paintings in the Prado while there was still time. Paintings were what Carolyn had come to see, but she actually found it hard with her eyes smarting, her sinuses clogged. Ralph had come to Spain to see Ronda, where they had once planned to honeymoon. Ralph had stumbled on it in Hemingway's bull book as the place a man should go when he bolted with a woman. They had not bolted, but Ralph had always wondered what they had missed, so now they would see. They took a plane to Seville, rented a car, and the same day drove to Arcos de la Frontera, a place hardly on the map but so fabulous Carolyn didn't want to leave. Wasn't it a commonplace that people didn't know when to *stop*? Carolyn did, and she had the premonition that after Arcos, anything would be a letdown. They might not have gone on, Carolyn feeling the way she did, if there had been a room for them in Arcos, but the small *parador* was full of English dames from the nineteenth century, one, surely, from the eighteenth century, who received their advice and encouragement through a tuba-shaped ear horn. A room had been found at a nearby resort, put up in a rush to meet the tourist traffic, the cabins so new the paint seemed sticky, and the sheets on their beds actually proved to be damp.

Carolyn had nearly died, and to keep her from freezing they shared a bed no larger than a cot. Moored at the pier on the artificial lake was a miniature paddle-wheel steamboat, with the word "Mississippi" painted on the prow. It had been too much. Nevertheless, once they were up and had had breakfast, Carolyn had this feeling that Ronda would disappoint them, the view from Arcos being one that nothing could top. Why didn't they just act smart for

once and fly to Barcelona and see the Gaudis? Even Ralph liked the Gaudis, or anything you couldn't get into a museum. Why didn't they compromise, Ralph said, and go to Barcelona if Ronda let them down? They might, anyway, if Carolyn's chill turned out to be a cold, which she would rather come down with in Barcelona where they had the name of an American dentist. Whenever they traveled, she lost fillings and gained weight.

A windless spring day, their drive to Ronda was so fabulous it made them both apprehensive. Birds sang, water rippled, the bells on grazing sheep chimed in the distance every time Ralph stopped the car and somewhat frantically took pictures. Was there no end of it? Each time they stopped Carolyn would cry, "Why don't we stop here!" It was a good question, and Ralph explained how the Mormons had faced the same dilemma as they traveled west. Carolyn found the parallel farfetched but agreed she might feel differently about it if she had been raised in the Midwest rather than in the East. Ralph was romantic in a way Carolyn wasn't and took the statements of writers personally, following their suggestions to bolt to Ronda, and what to eat and drink. Of course, she liked that about him, up to a point. Over the winter he had read all the books about Spain and tried to persuade her they should travel with a donkey, Spain being the one place in the world a stranger was safe. If it was so gorgeous, Carolyn asked him, why had his great Mr. Hemingway left it? Ralph thought it had something to do with their civil war. In a gas station on the outskirts of Cordoba the gas attendant had thrown his arms around Ralph, and given him a big hug. He had confused him with some American he had known in the war. It had been difficult for Ralph to persuade him to accept money for the gas. Loyalties of that sort were very

touching, and at the same time disturbing. If there had been a war to go to, Ralph would have been tempted to enlist.

This morning the slopes of the mountains were green right up to where the granite shimmered like a sunning lizard. In everything Ralph saw, there was some Hemingway. Admittedly, the bottle of wine he had drunk the most of also helped. Carolyn was more enchanted by the whitewashed villas in the patterned rows of olive trees. But Carolyn was a realist. She knew what they were like inside. While they sat eating lunch, a man with his ox plowed a jagged furrow maybe forty yards long, frequently pausing to glance at the sky, his own shadow, or nothing at all. Waiting for him to reach the end of the row was a strain for Ralph. He was too much of a Peace Corps pilgrim at heart to watch a man kill time like that. If he was going to plow, let him plow and get on with it. One of Ralph's forebears combined spring plowing with memorizing passages from the Bible, which replenished the stories he would tell his family all winter. The Bible he had carried in his pocket was one of Ralph's treasured possessions. Here in this earthly paradise the man seemed lower on the scale than the grazing sheep, with their tinkling bells, or the hog, hobbled in the yard, surrounded by grass plucked that morning.

Carolyn found such dilemmas boring. Couldn't he accept things as they were, and not think so much? The blazing light had brought on one of her headaches, not a little aggravated by the sight of him brooding. She sat in the car while he took more pictures. Even as he did, his pleasure in it was diminished by the knowledge that Carolyn would argue with him about the slides. In her opinion he forgot where he had been, she did not. "To hear Ralph," she would say, "you would think I hadn't been on the trip!" Actually, it was true in a way she would never admit. Those walks Ralph took while Carolyn napped were often the source of his finest shots. "I'm sure he bought that one somewhere," she would say, "I never saw such a place."

These depressing reflections, like Carolyn's headaches, often occurred on those days that "were out of this world," and indicated that they both suffered from too much light. In such euphoric situations they helped Ralph keep his feet on the ground. When he came back to the car, it was surrounded by sheep and Carolyn had run her window up for protection. He could see Carolyn speaking to him, but the bleating of the lambs drowned out what she said. Ralph was disturbed, as he was so often, by the meaning of a scene that seemed to escape him, just as her open mouth spoke words to him that he failed to hear. In this instance she would accuse him of thinking more of his silly pictures than of her safety, using as his excuse this talk about how safe it was in Spain. Carolyn didn't mean these things, she simply found it a relief to talk.

As they climbed toward Ronda, Ralph tried to re-

call some of the high points of Hemingway's description, but it seemed to be a large impression made up of very few details. That was the art of it. If the gorge he spoke about was a mile deep, it meant the city itself would be a mile high. There was a possibility that Carolyn, who was sensitive to heights, might feel a bit queasy and not want to eat. The actual approach was not at all exciting, but it freshly prepared them for the view from the window of their hotel. Absolutely dazzling: Carolyn stepped back from it with a gasp. Ralph took a roll of shots right there in the room so she would be able to enjoy the view later, safe at home. The altitude left Carolyn bushed, however, and she settled for a nap while Ralph peered around. Three busloads of German tourists—in buses so huge Ralph marveled how they had ever got up there—crowded the aisles of the small gift shop and gathered in clusters in the patio garden. Many of them, like Carolyn and Ralph, had come to Ronda with a purpose, which was why one saw them huddled in silence before the lifesize statue of Rilke. That in itself surprised Ralph. What had ever brought Rilke to a place like this? He was one of the people Carolyn read and liked so much better than Mr. Hemingway. Rilke would never think of bolting with anybody to such a public spectacle. Ralph's pleasure at the thought of informing Carolyn that her sensitive poet had his statue in the garden was diminished by the fact that he had come here thirteen years before Ralph had been born, and ahead of Hemingway. Ronda was an old tourist mecca, really, and the English and Germans had been coming here for ages. How had Hemingway convinced him he had more or less discovered it?

When the Germans had departed, Ralph had the garden and the view to himself. More than a mile below, lamplight glowed in the windows of the farmhouses. It was like another country, cut off and remote from the one on the rim. Down there it had been dark for an hour or more; here where Ralph stood, the sun flamed on the windows. Ralph took a picture of the one behind which Carolyn slept. It would be hard for her to refute something like that. Several wide brick paths crisscrossed the garden, and one went along the rim, with bays for viewing. In every direction the prospect seemed staggering. In their first years of marriage Ralph had schemed to get Carolyn, somehow, to Arizona, and by stealth, driving at night, up to Bright Angel Lodge on the rim of the Canyon. In the morning she would wake up to face that awesome sight. Her own feeling was that she had come too late for great spectacles. Fellini movies and travel pictures had spoiled it for her. Ralph couldn't seem to understand that actually *being* there, under these circumstances, merely led to a letdown. She would just as soon miss whatever it was as feel something like that.

The path Ralph followed ended so abruptly that

he found himself facing a high cable fence, while still preoccupied with his reflections. The two wings of the gate were locked with a chain, but Ralph could see that the path still continued. Weeds grew over it now, and the wall along the rim had breaks here and there that made it dangerous, but in Hemingway's time—not to mention Rilke's—people who came to Ronda did not stop at this fence. They had not come all this way to be fenced in. The tourist walked in those days, he was known as a traveler, and he did not climb from a bus to sit in a bar, or spend a frenzied half hour in the gift shop. He got out and looked around. He wanted his money's worth. Ralph was not so crass, but he had not come to Ronda to peer through a fence. He had not come with that in mind, but as so often happened, that was what he was doing, his fingers hooked in the wires, his eyes at one of the holes. Otherwise he would never have noticed the figure seated on the wall some fifty yards ahead. It was warm there. The sun, in fact, had moved from his lap to his chest and shoulders. He seemed to sit for the portrait that Ralph would like to take. He wore the wide-wale corduroy, with the comfortably loose jacket, the pockets large, the back belted, that Ralph had seen on men he judged to be grounds keepers, guides, watchmen, or whatever. He gave Ralph a nod and a quick smile—free of all “at your service” intimations. Like Ralph, he was a man enjoying the scene. Ralph also thought him so rustically handsome he would like to have a shot of him for Carolyn. Among other things, it would give the scene scale. On second thought it crossed his mind that just such a picture might be available in the hotel lobby. The fellow held a stick, or a cane, in such a manner one knew it was part of his habit, tapping it idly on the hobnailed sole of his boot.

When Ralph remained at the fence, as if expecting to enter, the man rose and came toward him, flicking the weeds with his stick. He greeted Ralph in Spanish, and as if he had been asked, unlocked the chain that closed the gate. He then gestured—in the manner of a man who works with children, or clusters of tourists—for Ralph to come along with him. Concealed beneath the overgrowth was a hard stone path that he followed out of long habit, his eyes up ahead. Ralph trailed along behind him, rising slowly to an elevation once cleared but now strewn with boulders from collapsed walls. The view from here—at this hour of the day—looked south along the canyon like the sea's bottom, the upper slopes flaming with a light like the glow from a furnace door. Where had Ralph seen it before? In the inferno paintings of Brueghel and Bosch. At once, that is, indescribable and terrifying. Ralph had no word for it, and apparently none was expected. His companion stood, dyed in the same flaming color, facing what appeared to be left the instant following the act of creation, while the earth still cooled. Swallows nested in the cliffs, and their cries could be heard, changing in pitch as they shifted direction. Their flight on the sky was like

fine scratches on film. After a moment of silence the man turned his head and appeared to be surprised that Ralph merely stood there. His eye moved from his face to the camera on his chest.

“No pictures?”

Smilingly, Ralph shrugged. Wasn't it almost impertinent to think that anything but the eye might catch it? The canyon had darkened even as they stood there, as if filling with an inky fluid, rising on the slopes. At the bottom a sinuous road was the exact metallic color of the sky, like the belly of a snake. No, Ralph was not so foolish as to believe he could catch it on film. His companion, however, was puzzled.

“No feeelm?” he asked.

Oh, yes, Ralph had film. He nodded to indicate the camera was loaded; he was just not taking any pictures. This aroused the man's interest. He tilted his head in the manner of the querulous, credulous tourist, looking sharply at Ralph. Was he something new? If he had not come to Ronda for pictures, what then? Ralph sensed his question clearly enough, but he could do no more than stand there. His position was not easily explained. He attempted, with some strain, to indicate that he “was taking it all in with his eyes” rather than his lens. Did it help? The man continued to eye him—a good honest man, Ralph thought, but perhaps a little simple in his thinking. People came here to take pictures. Why didn't Ralph do what was expected of him?

What Ralph *did* do—to distract his gaze, to do something if not take pictures—was remove from his pocket the bar of chocolate he had brought all the way from Madrid. Swiss bitter chocolate, the best; something this sensible fellow would have a taste for. The piece Ralph offered he accepted, with *muchas gracias*. Chewing up the piece, he was led to comment that he knew Swiss chocolate, and judged it superior. The Swiss made chocolate and watches. He extended toward Ralph a thick, hairy wrist, ornamented with a watch of Swiss manufacture. The one Ralph then exposed to him received his respectful, somewhat awed, admiration. Such an object with dials and levers he had heard about, but not seen. It is a commonplace of travel experience that absolute strangers have these congenial moments—not in spite of, but rather because of, their brevity. With the second piece of chocolate, his friend suggested—this was the feeling of the moment—that they take seats on the boulders and enjoy the last of the sunset. Knees high, the leveling sun in their eyes, they finished off the chocolate. Ralph observed how, as his companion peeled off the foil, he put the wad of wrapping in his pocket. Overhead were the swallows. Nearer at hand Ralph was conscious of bats. Fortunately, Carolyn was not present to destroy this moment with hysterical shrieking, believing, as she did, that bats were no more than horribly flying mice.

Four or five minutes? Ten at the most? Now and then they idly glanced at the display before them, as gods might be amused by the northern lights. On the

cliffs the remarkable tints seemed to bleed and dry like watercolors. His friend was the first to rise—not without a groan—and extend toward Ralph a helping hand. Why should something so common be so memorable? In his brusque matter-of-factness Ralph sensed that he too felt it. He was not so simple he did not know that this moment was something special. They walked back toward the hotel, the man ahead, Ralph trailing, turning once for a last glance at what vanished as they were looking. In that instant, it seemed, the air turned cold. They continued to the gate, where Ralph, in an involuntary gesture, turned and placed his left hand on the man's shoulder, and offered him his right. His companion lowered his eyes as if to locate Ralph's hand in the darkness. Yes, he actually looked. It seemed so droll a thing to do—something you might expect from a natural comic—that Ralph actually smiled. He also reached for the hand that was partially offered, gripped it firmly, then said *Vaya con Dios*—only one of many things he would soon enough regret. The man muttered something, but Ralph was so moved by his own feelings, his own generous impulses, he heard nothing but the wind of his own emotion.

Fortunately, the gate had been opened, and he was able to turn and make his escape. *Make his escape?* Was that the first suspicion that he had misread the situation? He did not look back. The fresh smarting of his face, a warmth all over his body, was not the result of his downhill walking. No, he was blushing. He was overheated with embarrassment. So clear to him now he could only go along with his head down, thankful for the darkness, was that this man had looked to his hand for something Ralph had not offered. A payment for services rendered.

Least of all the things in this world he had expected, or wanted, was a handshake. A *handshake!* He must be standing there, shaking with laughter. This Americano who offered him a handshake. Was it believable? He would now go home with empty

pockets but a story, a tale, that would last forever, be repeated by his children, conceivably become a legend of sorts at Ronda. The big Americano tourist who had gripped his hand, and urged him to go with God.

From a niche behind the statue of Rilke Ralph paused long enough for a quick glance rearward. Had he gone? No, he was still there, but the rising tide of darkness had submerged him. He was all of one color, at this distance, his face the weathered tan of his corduroy, but Ralph had the distinct impression that his teeth were exposed in a smile. That could have been wrong. Maybe he merely stood there stupefied. Ralph might have walked, unseen, into the lobby, where the lights were now on, a fire was burning, and the woman who stood before it, warming her backside, wore a miniskirt. Was it something he could speak about to Carolyn? How would it be phrased? Would she understand his failure to grasp he was in another country? And if not, where he was, *how things were?* This man had done him a service—could it have been more obvious? He had opened a gate and given him a short tour—and on the return Ralph had offered him his hand. Would it be sensible, would it be believable, that Ralph considered him an equal, such a fleeting but true friend, really, that to have offered him money would have falsified their brief meeting, and reduced something gold to something brass? Carolyn would only make one of those gargle sounds in her throat. The other thing was—a sudden chill brought it home—that what he had been thinking of all the time was the high value of his own sensations, and in this intoxication he felt these sensations would be shared with his companion. As Ralph valued him, surely he would be moved to value Ralph, a fumbling but generous tourist who in a kind of Eucharist offered him chocolate. In this brief wordless drama two illusions had suffered, but was there any doubt whose illusion had been the greater? Both stories were good, but Ralph's would be one he kept to himself. □

A DAY

by Harvey Shapiro

The morning begins with contention.
It is a day I meant to sanctify,
All by myself, with words of my choosing.
And now you have scribbled over it
The facts of our life.

It sounds like realism.
But look—
It is melodrama.

THE WAR ON CRIME: THE FIRST FIVE YEARS

by James Vorenberg

Nixon and Mitchell vowed to turn the tide. "Operation Intercept" and three years later, it's their turn to face a fact of life: crime is rising, and law enforcement alone won't stop it.

Five years ago the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice—generally known as the Crime Commission—reported the results of its two-year examination of crime and made more than 200 specific recommendations to overhaul our system of criminal justice.

The Commission, for which I served as executive director, had been appointed by President Johnson in 1965, partly in response to Senator Barry Goldwater's introduction of "crime in the streets" as an issue in the 1964 presidential election. But as we met in the White House to accept the President's thanks for our report, politics seemed remote. The Commission, chaired by Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, included among its members Democrats and Republicans, prosecutors and academics, the executive director of the Urban League and the vice president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. It had, nonetheless, been able to reach agreement on what the President described as "the most comprehensive and detailed program for meeting the challenge of crime ever proposed in this country."

The President promptly submitted to Congress proposed legislation that would provide funds to states and cities to carry out the Commission's recommendations for change. Even those of us who had two years earlier been a bit cynical about the reasons for the Commission's creation and doubtful about what it would accomplish were optimistic.

Yet five years later crime is unquestionably a far worse problem for the country than it was then, and our system of criminal justice—the police, courts, and corrections agencies—seems less capable of coping with it. The Department of Justice consoles us with the assurance that although crime is still increasing, the rate of increase is slower. For former Attorney General John Mitchell, who made heavy use of crime statistics in the 1968 presidential campaign, the 30 percent increase in the reported crime rate during the first three years of the Nixon Administration must present a strategic puzzle as he plans the 1972 campaign.

In 1967 the Crime Commission could review the FBI reports of the seven "index" crimes—homicide, rape, aggravated assault, robbery, burglary, larceny (over \$50), and auto theft—for 1960-1965 and report increases for the five-year period of 36 percent in crimes against property and 25 percent in violent crime. This was troubling, to be sure, but hardly the uncontrolled rampage about which Senator Goldwater had warned in the 1964 campaign. The Commission noted that because of the post-World War II "baby boom," an unusually large part of the population was between fifteen and twenty-five years of age. Since this group commits most of the serious crimes, about half of the 1960-1965 increase could be attributed to this temporary disproportion. The Commission also suggested that some of the increase in crime might be the result of better reporting by or to the police. Generally, it counseled against over-reaction.

But the figures for the last five years of the sixties have convinced all but the most skeptical that something more ominous than population changes or reporting errors is involved. By 1970 the rate of crimes against property had increased 147 percent for the decade and the rate of crimes of violence had increased 126 percent. And the latest FBI figures show that during the first nine months of 1971, there were

further increases of 10 percent for violent crimes and 6 percent for property crimes compared with the same period in 1970. In the past five years self-protection has become the dominant concern of those in our cities and suburbs, evidenced by the rapid growth of a multibillion-dollar-a-year private security industry and the emergence of the German shepherd as the second most popular breed of dog.

No one can say for sure what accounts for the enormous increase in the danger which Americans face from each other. We do know that those agencies on which we are accustomed to rely for crime control—police, courts, and corrections—seem less capable of that task today than they did five years ago, and many police chiefs, judges, and prison officials openly acknowledge that there is nothing they can do to help. We also know that each year there are thousands of new drug addicts, most of whom are driven by their addiction and the nation's drug policy to prey on their fellow citizens in order to get money to buy heroin. And we have compelling evidence that during the past five years the frustration of poor people and minorities with continued denial of opportunities to improve their lives by lawful means has made reliance on crime an increasingly acceptable alternative. The fifth anniversary of the Crime Commission's report.

coinciding as it does with the beginning of a presidential election contest in which crime is once again certain to be a central issue, is an appropriate time to explore why we have done so poorly and what the prospects are for the years ahead.

The Crime Commission sought to show how police, courts, and correctional agencies could both reduce crime and treat people more decently. A review of where these criminal justice agencies stand today indicates virtually no progress on the first of these goals and only spotty progress on the second.

The Police. The principal gains by the police in the past five years have been in lowering the level of hostility between the police and young people, particularly blacks. This progress has taken place despite the fact that President Nixon came into office after a campaign that invited the police and the public generally to blame crime on Supreme Court decisions designed to curb police abuses. Improvement has been especially marked in cities such as Oakland and New York, where the chiefs have made it clear that decent treatment of citizens is a top priority and will be given weight in promotion and assignments of officers. Many police departments now have their own legal offices and are getting advice from the inside on how to respect due process. The Brandeis University Center for the Study of Violence cites better training in community relations as one reason for the decline in disorders in the past five years. Increases in the number of minority-group police officers have also helped, although here the record is mixed. The nation's five largest cities in total have shown a 23 percent increase in black officers in the past five years. Yet some departments, such as Cleveland's and Philadelphia's, have lost ground. Alabama and Mississippi still bar blacks from their state police, and Massachusetts has only two on its 870-man force.

Changes which seem to have improved relations between citizens and the police in many cities have not been matched by new crime-reduction methods. Much of the federal aid to police has gone for such flashy items as helicopters, computerized communications systems, and new weaponry. Yet these have not produced a significant impact on crime. Little progress has been made on Commission proposals that police presence on the streets be increased by hiring civilians for clerical and administrative tasks. (New York City, with 32,000 policemen, has a maximum number of 3500 on the street at one time.) One discouraging indication of how little change has been made in five years is the striking similarity between the chapter on the

Source: *FBI Crime Reports*, 1970.

The War on Crime

police in the Crime Commission's 1967 report and the police section of "Planning Guidelines and Programs to Reduce Crime," just released by the Justice Department for use in its eight "high-impact" cities, where a special effort will be made to reduce crime.

The most promising "new" crime-control idea for the police is New York Commissioner Patrick Murphy's neighborhood team system, a blend of the Crime Commission's teams of policemen with the traditional "cop on the beat." Simply stated, Murphy wants to decentralize responsibility so that each neighborhood has its own team of officers who would come to know its crime patterns, its residents, and its potential offenders. The team would then be held responsible for reducing crime in the neighborhood. Murphy's crime prevention and anticorruption strategies overlap, since the team's commanding officer would also be fully accountable (Murphy's favorite word) for any corruption among his men.

Murphy instituted his system in Detroit but left to become commissioner in New York before its results could be tested. He is adopting the same approach in New York; and Chief Jerry Wilson in Washington, D.C., Murphy's protégé, believes his own form of this plan is responsible for some reductions in street crime in the nation's capital.

The neighborhood team has probably improved police-community relations in the cities where it is being used. It remains to be seen whether it will also result in significant reductions in crime or whether it will simply provide pressure for incomplete reporting of crimes to central headquarters, a time-honored practice in earlier days when a precinct captain's job depended on keeping a "clean beat."

Corrections. The same two goals it set for the police—crime reduction and humane treatment—also ran through the Commission's 1967 report on corrections, where, as with the police, it believed that the goals were not inconsistent and could, in fact, reinforce each other. To achieve these goals, the Commission urged a shift from the use of prisons to community treatment of offenders. Its reasoning can be simply summarized: if we take a person whose criminal conduct shows he cannot manage his life, lock him up with others like himself, increase his frustrations and anger, and take away from him any responsibility for planning his life, he is almost certain to be more dangerous when he gets out than when he went in. On this basis, the Commission urged that only the very dangerous should be held in prison. It called for the development of halfway houses, programs to send offenders

home under intensive supervision, special school and employment programs, and other forms of nonprison treatment.

In a few places there has been progress in carrying out these recommendations. California has developed an extensive work-furlough program for prisoners and also offers a subsidy to counties, which helps keep the state prison population low by putting more offenders on probation. The number of state prisoners has declined from 28,000 to 21,000 in the past three years. Plans for new prisons have been scrapped and some of the existing ones are being closed.

The boldest approach is that of Jerome Miller, Massachusetts Commissioner of Youth Services. Mr. Miller concluded that his institutions were doing juvenile offenders more harm than good at a per capita cost to the state of \$10,000 a year, enough, in his words, "to send a child to Harvard with a \$100-a-week allowance, a summer vacation in Europe and once-a-week psychotherapy." Within the next few months he plans to close all his institutions for committed offenders and move the inmates to community-based work and education programs. He estimates that only 30 of the 800 juveniles now incarcerated are dangerous enough to be locked up, and he eventually hopes to get these into private psychiatric facilities.

A few other states are moving more cautiously in

Source: FBI Crime Reports, 1970.

the same direction. But as a whole the country has continued to place heavy emphasis on prisons. A recent survey by the Center for Criminal Justice at Harvard Law School showed that there are residential facilities outside the walls of traditional prisons for less than 2 percent of adult offenders—and that most of these facilities were set up in the first two years after the Crime Commission's report.

Ironically, the best hope for a move away from incarceration may lie in the system's reaction to the slaughter at Attica. In much the same way that the fear of city riots prodded police chiefs to develop community relations programs in the late sixties, the fear of prison uprisings has forced officials to confront such questions as how many of the 1200 inmates at Attica really had to be in prison.

It is sad but probably true that the fear of riots and the fiscal squeeze on the states are more likely to close down prisons than either a sense of humanity or a desire to prevent crime.

The Courts. While there has been some overall improvement in the police in the past five years, and perhaps corrections has held its own, the quality of the adjudication process—the responsibility of the courts—seems clearly to have deteriorated over the same period. Many lower criminal courts look more like factories than halls of justice. More than half of the people in jail in this country are there because they are awaiting trial, not because they have been convicted. Whatever deterrence of crime the threat of penal sanctions might exercise is undermined as thousands of defendants go free, not because they have been acquitted but because courts and prosecutors are too overwhelmed by their work load to consider their cases.

The total number of arrests, the source of the courts' business, increases about 5 percent a year. More defendants are represented by lawyers who are asserting their rights in court, including rights relating to confessions and police searches spelled out by the U.S. Supreme Court during the 1960s.

The result is that a cumbersome process, which had managed to keep moving by herding large numbers of defendants through the courts on guilty pleas without consideration of possible defenses, has been further slowed. And delay begets delay. The only way prosecutors and judges can keep the glacierlike process moving at all is to drop cases or offer concessions to defendants who will agree not to assert their rights. Often the best way for defense counsel to get these concessions is to make repeated motions, seek adjournments, and generally try to drag out the process as long as possible. Even lawyers who do not deliberately seek delay achieve the same result owing to their own overloaded schedules and the courts' inefficiency. The rewards to defendants from this delay are enormous. Ninety-four thousand felony arrests in New York City last year resulted in only 550 trials. The other cases were dismissed or reduced to misdemeanors in return for a guilty plea.

To blame the Supreme Court or defense lawyers who seek their clients' best interests is rather like blaming highway congestion on those who set speed limits and on drivers themselves. If we want the criminal system to be able to handle the present volume of traffic, we must double and triple the number of courtrooms, judges, prosecutors, and defense counsel—and be ready to keep on increasing the number in the future. And even with such increases the system will depend heavily on bargaining for pleas of guilty.

Five years ago the Crime Commission called for resources to enable courts to handle increased traffic, but it also outlined two possible approaches to reducing the traffic. First, most cases involving drunks, first offenders, persons in need of psychiatric or medical treatment, and nondangerous offenders should be handled outside the criminal system. Prosecutors and defense counsel were encouraged to agree on alternative forms of treatment before such cases get to court, thus avoiding court congestion and the destructive effects of pretrial stays in jail. In fact, most of these cases now are disposed of without a formal court decision, but usually only after they have added to the jam in the courts.

Second, for those cases that remain, the Commission urged the courts to adopt modern administrative and business management methods that would avoid repeated appearances and continuances. This recommendation has been ignored, although adopting it would help not only the courts but also the police, since prosecuting witnesses, including policemen, often are required to come to court on five or more separate occasions for a single case. Our society surely has the technology to schedule its judicial business to eliminate repeated appearances, continuances, and delay. The only way to keep delay from being manipulated as part of the bargaining process is to have a system that gives the parties their "day in court"—but not a day every week.

For the past five years crime has been a major national issue. More than \$1.5 billion in new federal money has been appropriated for the nation's criminal justice system. One may fairly ask why there has been so little progress.

Much of the answer lies in the inevitable hostility to change in any large bureaucracy. Proposals to substitute halfway houses for high-security prisons and computers for court docket clerks, or to establish new educational requirements for police officers, threaten job security and challenge the propriety and worth of what is being done. When Commissioner Miller in Massachusetts abolished punishment cells for juvenile offenders and allowed them to have long hair, some staff members permitted a series of escapes designed to discredit his administration. Two comments by employees suggest their frustration with the changes: "Years ago you could flatten the kids out

and that would be the end of it.” “You wonder who’s in jail, us or the kids.”

City dwellers have learned recently about the “blue flu” that often afflicts police officers who are suspicious of proposed changes. Commissioner Russell Oswald’s apparent sense that he had to cater to the views of the guards at Attica—even at the risk of scores of deaths—suggests how powerfully existing values now hold those working in the system. Strong and militant police and correctional officers’ unions in the past few years have provided an organization which can mobilize this opposition to change.

Not all of the opposition to reform comes from within the bureaucracy. Many state and city legislative bodies tend to be wary of changes, particularly those that may seem “soft” on criminals or that cost money. And some changes—such as attempts to establish halfway houses or drug-treatment centers in residential neighborhoods—have evoked enormous hostility from private citizens.

Notwithstanding these inherent pressures against change, there was a strong sense of optimism in the mid-sixties that something could be done about crime. For the first time the federal government had acknowledged a responsibility to help the cities and states. Local police chiefs, prosecutors, and correctional administrators worked with the Crime Commission from 1965 to 1967, and with the prospect of federal financial aid, began the arduous task of overhauling their agencies.

The year 1968 was a bad one for criminal justice. During the 1968 presidential campaign, Mr. Nixon repeatedly cited decisions of the United States Supreme Court as being the major cause of crime. The result was to provide police officials, prosecutors, legislators, and the general public with an easy explanation for the enormous increases in crime in the late sixties. This relieved some of the pressure for change, a process which criminal justice officials were finding more painful and difficult than expected.

It was also in 1968 that the Congress, after a delay of more than a year, finally passed the Safe Streets and Crime Control Act to provide aid to cities and states. As originally proposed, the Act would have given the Justice Department the power to dispense funds directly to criminal justice agencies which carried out the changes such as those recommended by the Crime Commission. But Attorney General Ramsey Clark became embroiled with Congress over Senator John McClellan’s insistence that the Act provide authorization for wiretapping and bugging. Clark and President Johnson were strongly opposed to electronic surveillance.* However, Johnson’s relations with Congress had deteriorated over the Vietnam War, and Clark had emerged as the Republicans’ whipping boy in preparation for the 1968 presidential campaign. When the smoke had cleared, the Administration had settled for legislation which not only authorized electronic surveillance but which also substituted “block grants” of federal funds to the

states for the broad grantmaking authority in the Justice Department.

The seriousness of this legislative defeat soon became clear. The principal justification for federal aid was that it would provide an incentive for cities and states to make changes in criminal justice agencies. But with block grants the federal government cannot directly push for reform. It simply gives a lump sum to each state to be distributed in accordance with the state’s own written plan. These plans are the products of large new state bureaucracies, many of which are controlled by old-line representatives of the state and local police departments, courts, prosecutors, and correctional agencies that need to be changed. Since the state plans are rather general and require only superficial changes in the agencies, much of the money has been spent to preserve the status quo.

Thus, except for a few states where the planning agencies have insisted on substantial change as a condition of funding, there is little to show for the almost one billion dollars that has been spent. Some of the early funds were wasted on military equipment for riot control. In one state a congressional committee found federal funds had been used to send families of law-enforcement officials to college. At a hearing last fall, the Conference of Mayors charged that “there is a wide-spread failure to comply with the spirit of the law as it relates to distributing funds to cities to fight crime.” And the former administrator of the Act, Charles Rogovin, has made the drastic suggestion that the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration’s funds “be frozen until its house is in shape.”

Unquestionably some of the problems are those attendant on any new federal grant program. Some result from the highly political nature of the crime issue. It has been suggested that the eight “high-impact” cities, each of which will receive \$25 million in the next two and one half years, were picked with at least one eye on the 1972 election. Perhaps the most fundamental defect in terms of crime control is the lack of research. Largely because Congressman John Rooney of Brooklyn, the chairman of the key subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, is suspicious of research, there has been a five-year drought in funds for the research authorized by the original Act. Thus, not much more is known about specific techniques of crime prevention today than was known five years ago, and the prospect for new answers in the next few years is bleak.

*Johnson felt so strongly on this subject that when he heard a mistaken rumor that the Commission had voted an endorsement of electronic surveillance, he told his staff he did not want the Commission’s report delivered to the White House. Before I had to resort to the alternative, suggested by Elizabeth Drew in her May, 1968, article in *The Atlantic* (“On Giving Oneself a Hotfoot, Government by Commission”), of “tossing the report over the White House fence,” the President’s staff agreed to receive the Report.

Even if every change the Commission called for in police, courts, and correctional agencies had been made, the resulting reduction in crime would probably have been more than offset by increases resulting from the enormous spread of drug addiction. The best present estimate is that there are 250,000 addicts in the United States, of whom between one third and one half live in New York City. Research has shown that the same young people at the bottom of the social and economic ladder who commit the bulk of predatory crime are most likely to become addicts. (Five out of every six addicts in New York City are black; about half are under twenty-two years of age.) Their addiction adds to the already great likelihood of their committing crimes the need to raise \$25 to \$100 each day to buy heroin. The results have been explosive. Some cities are reporting that almost half of those in jail are addicts. One judge in Washington found that 75 percent of the defendants brought into court on felony charges were addicts.

Five years ago, the Crime Commission recognized addiction as a major source of crime, but as four dissenting members of the Commission noted, the majority was unwilling even to explore alternatives to the present drug enforcement policy, which, by requiring addicts to get their heroin illicitly, puts enormous pressure on them to rob, steal, prostitute themselves, or sell drugs to raise money. Recently, as an extension of this policy, we have negotiated with Turkey, France, and Mexico and other drug-producing countries in an attempt to cut off the supply at the source. This has been combined with attempts to stop drugs at the borders of the United States. The most dramatic example was "Operation Intercept," aimed at persons bringing marijuana across the Mexican border, and some experts think that the only result was a temporary increase in the price of marijuana in the United States and a switch by thousands of marijuana users to heroin. In any event, it is perfectly clear that heroin and other drugs are still plentiful and that federal law enforcement has served primarily to keep the price at a high level, with the resultant pressure on addicts to commit crimes to support their habits.

The most significant change in drug policy in the past five years is that at the same time that several agencies of the federal government are devoting enormous resources to the apparently futile effort to stop heroin traffic, the country has moved quietly to a policy of dispensing another addictive drug—methadone—on a maintenance basis. Labeled as "experimental," methadone projects now exist in cities and towns all over the country. Many such projects are funded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare and all require a federal permit.

It was originally thought that methadone in some mysterious way provided a "blockade" to the effects of heroin, but it is now clear that many addicts take heroin and methadone (and other drugs) interchangeably. Both drugs are addictive; both can give

a "high" if taken in large doses; and both can probably be given at sustaining dosages that would permit most addicts to lead more or less normal lives. Many doctors prefer methadone as a sustaining drug because they believe it is easier to stabilize doses; some would prefer heroin because they think it has a better effect on the patient's emotional state. The biggest difference between heroin and methadone is probably political rather than pharmacological—methadone does not have the history and the connotations that make it so difficult for heroin to be considered as a form of medical treatment.

Partly for the same reason, among addicts heroin is still clearly the "drug of choice." As long as it is available it is unlikely that even a massive methadone maintenance program open to all addicts would dramatically reduce the number of heroin users.

Concern about crime by heroin addicts has resulted in support for experimental heroin-maintenance programs from unexpected sources. In recent weeks a special committee of the staid American Bar Association has called for such experiments. So have United States Attorney Whitney North Seymour, Jr., and Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy in New York City and Sheriff John Buckley in Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Mayor Lindsay would almost certainly have set up such a program already but for the strong opposition of Congressman Rangel and several other black leaders. They see this approach as "writing off" their people and fear that whatever deterrent effect the possibility of addiction might have on marginal drug users might be undermined if the worst they faced by becoming addicted was a daily trip to a government dispensary.

Another factor that has discouraged such programs is a prevailing misconception in this country that the British system of making heroin available to addicts at government-regulated clinics has resulted in a large increase in addiction. While this was true when individual doctors were permitted to prescribe heroin freely, two years ago the British began controlling distribution by individual doctors and now make drugs available through government-sponsored clinics. The result is that the number of addicts in England has stabilized at less than 3000. (A recent study counted six times that number in one forty-block area in New York City.) There appears to be little crime committed in England today by addicts seeking money for drugs, because addicts pay either nothing or 2 cents per dose for their heroin.

It would be a mistake to expect that most addicts will give up crime altogether once they can get free heroin from clinics. A prostitute in the Addiction Research and Treatment Corporation Center in Bedford-Stuyvesant explained it clearly: "Now that I'm on methadone, I feel like a human being for the first time. I want some nice clothes and the only thing I'm good enough at is boosting [shoplifting] and turning

tricks. But I don't have to do as much as long as I can get my drugs here."

Just as methadone is turning out to be no "magic bullet," so we would have to anticipate that many heroin addicts maintained at clinics would commit crimes. But controlling crime is not finding one total answer; it is chipping away with a number of partial answers. By relieving the enormous economic pressure of addiction, it may be possible to offset partially the enormous increase in criminality accounted for by addiction.

Unless researchers find a nonaddictive substitute for heroin, we will probably soon see a few government-sponsored heroin maintenance experiments in the United States. And if the experience with methadone is any guide, it seems a fair, if somewhat gloomy, guess that five years from now public pressure to reduce crime will have forced acceptance of heroin maintenance as a generally available form of treatment.

Neither improving the criminal justice system nor relieving addicts of the additional economic pressure to commit crimes that their addiction imposes on them is likely to make much difference in crime rates if millions of people believe crime is their best route to a decent life. We rely for self-protection more than we usually recognize on moral restraints based on a sense that each member of society has a stake in obeying the law. The sense of belonging to a community that underlies much of this moral restraint is undermined if the conduct of the rich and the powerful is characterized by selfishness, and if the government appears to have little concern for the plight of those for whom life is difficult.

Continuing denial of opportunity, combined with the anonymity of city life, is destroying the social pressure to abstain from crime. The riots of the mid-sixties showed one possible outlet for the deep frustration and hatred felt by young blacks in the cities—the same group that is already responsible for a large proportion of serious crime. In New York City predatory "rat packs" of juveniles roam the city. They justify what they do as "getting even," and the thought that their victims are human beings with lives and feelings of their own seems foreign to them.

It would be a tragic mistake to assume that we can look to the law-enforcement system to control crime if other restraints disappear. To understand this we need only look at the situation from the point of view of the potential criminal. The odds against the police catching the average burglar—either at the scene or later—are probably no better than 50 to 1. And if he is arrested, he has a good chance of having his case dropped or of being put on probation. A middle-

class citizen with a reasonably comfortable life may be deterred by these odds; he has too much to lose. But 25 million people in the United States live below the officially defined poverty line. In a society where television commercials are constantly reminding us that every self-respecting American should be driving a new car and flying off for a Caribbean vacation, crime may seem like the only good bet for those whose lives are little more than a struggle to survive.

Even if we double or quadruple the effectiveness of law enforcement (and there is no reason to think we can) and reduce the odds proportionately, it may still be a good bet. Crime will be a worse gamble only when people have decent enough lives on the outside so they are unwilling to risk arrest and conviction.

The view that the level of crime is determined less by law enforcement than by the extent to which we make life worthwhile for those at the bottom of the economic and social ladder is not a partisan one. Five years ago the Crime Commission, which included such staunch conservatives as William Rogers, currently Secretary of State, and Lewis Powell, one of President Nixon's most recent appointees to the Supreme Court, unanimously reported that the Commission

... has no doubt whatever that the most significant action that can be taken against crime is action designed to eliminate slums and ghettos, to improve education, to provide jobs, to make sure that every American is given the opportunities and freedoms that will enable him to assume his responsibilities.

The country seems to be proceeding on the contrary assumption. In a two-year period when federal appropriations for the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration program increased from \$270 million to \$700 million, funds for the federal juvenile-delinquency programs were cut from \$15 to \$10 million. Against the background of the tremendous increase in crime committed by blacks, whatever notions of fiscal soundness or social justice are thought to underlie the Administration's apparent acceptance of Daniel P. Moynihan's proposal for "benign neglect" of blacks, that policy seems almost certain to have disastrous effects on crime.

The Crime Commission's final conclusion was that "controlling crime in America is an endeavor that will be slow and hard and costly. But America can control crime if it will." At that time I thought there was hope for changes that would both strengthen the agencies of criminal administration and reduce the injustices that underlie much crime. I still do not believe that we have to settle for a society where we live in fear of each other. But today, I find it hard to point to anything that is being done that is likely to reduce crime even to the level of five years ago. □

ENORMOUS CHANGES AT THE LAST MINUTE

A story by Grace Paley

1.
A young man said he wanted to go to bed with Alexandra because she had an interesting mind. He was a cabdriver and she *had* admired the curly back of his head. Still she was surprised. He said he would pick her up again in about an hour and a half. Because she was fair and a responsible person she placed between them a barrier of truthful information. She said, I suppose you don't know many middle-aged women.

You don't look so middle-aged to me. I mean, everyone likes what they like. That is, I'm interested in your point of view, your way of life. Anyway, he said, peering into the mirror, your face is nice and your eyebrows are out of sight.

Make it two hours, she said. I'm visiting my father, whom I happen to love.

I love mine too, he said. He just doesn't love me. Too, too bad.

OK. That's enough, she said. Because they had already *had* the following factual and introductory conversation.

How old are your kids?

I have none.

Sorry. Then what do you do for a living?

Children. Early teen-age. Adoptions, foster homes. Probation. Troubles—well . . .

Where'd you go to school?

City Colleges. What about you?

Oh, me. Lots of places. Antioch. Wisconsin. California. I might go back someday. Someplace else though. Maybe Harvard. Why not?

He leaned on his horn to move a sixteen-wheel trailer truck delivering Kleenex to the A&P.

I wish you'd stop that, she said. I hate that kind of driving.

Why? Oh! You're an idealist! He looked through his rearview mirror straight into her eyes. But were you married? Ever?

Once. For years.

Who to?

It's hard to describe. A revolutionist.

Really? Could I know him? What's his name? We say revolutionary nowadays.

Oh?

By the way, my name's Dennis. I probably like you, he said.

You do, do you? Well, why should you? And let me ask you something. What do you mean by nowadays?

By the birdseed of St. Francis, he said, taking a tiny brogue to the tip of his tongue. I meant no harm.

Nowadays! she said. What does that mean? I guess you think you're kind of brand-new. You're not so brand-new. The telephone was brand-new. The airplane was brand-new. *You've* been seen on earth before.

Wow! he said. He stopped the cab just short of the hospital entrance. He turned to look at her and make decisions. But you're right, he said sweetly. You know the mind *is* an astonishing, long-living erotic thing.

Is it? she asked. Then she wondered: What is the life expectancy of the mind?

2.

Eighty years, said her father, glad to be useful. Once he had explained electrical storms before you could find the Book of Knowledge. Now in the cave of old age, he continued to amass wonderful information. But he was sick with oldness. His arteries had a hopeless future, and conversation about all that obsolescent tubing often displaced very interesting subjects.

One day he said, Alexandra! Don't show me the sunset again. I'm not interested anymore. You know that. She had just pointed to a simple sunset happening outside his hospital window. It was a red ball—all alone, without its evening streaking clouds—a red ball falling hopelessly west, just missing the Hudson River, Jersey City, Chicago, the Great Plains, the Golden Gate—falling, falling.

Then in Russian he sighed some Pushkin. Not for me, the spring. *Nye dyla menya* . . . He slept. She read the large-print edition of *The Guns of August*. A half hour later, he opened his eyes and told her how, in that morning's *Times*, the Phoenicians had sailed to Brazil in about 500 B.C. A remarkable people. The Vikings too were remarkable. He spoke well of the Chinese, the Jews, the Greeks, the Indians—all the old commercial people. Actually he had never knocked an entire nation. International generosity had been started in him during the late nineteenth century by his young mother and father, candleholders inside the dark tyranny of the czars. It was childhood training. Thoughtfully, he passed it on.

In the hospital bed next to him, a sufferer named John feared the imminent rise of the blacks of South Africa, the desperate blacks of Chicago, the yellow Chinese, and the Ottoman Turks. He had more reason than Alexandra's father to dread the future because his heart was strong. He would probably live to see it all. He believed the Turks when they came would bring to NYC diseases like cholera, virulent scarlet fever, and particularly leprosy.

Leprosy! for gods sakes! said Alexandra. John! Upset yourself with reality for once! She read aloud from the *Times* about the bombed, burned lepers' colonies in North Vietnam. Her father said, Please, Alexandra, today, no propaganda. Why do you constantly pick on the United States? He remembered the first time he'd seen the American Flag on wild Ellis Island. Under its protection and working like a horse, he'd read Dickens, gone to medical school, and shot like a surface-to-air missile right into the middle class.

Then he said, But they shouldn't put a flag in the middle of the chocolate pudding. It's ridiculous.

It's Memorial Day, said the nurse's aide, removing his tray.

3.

In the early evening Dennis stood at the door of each room of Alexandra's apartment. He looked this

way and that. Underuse in a time of population stress, he muttered. He entered the kitchen and sniffed the kitchen air. It doesn't matter, he said aloud. He took a fingerful of gravy out of the pot on the stove. Beef stew, he whispered. Then he opened the door to the freezer compartment and said Sweet Jesus! because there were eleven batches of the same, neatly stacked and frozen. They were for Alexandra's junkies whose methadone required lots of protein and carbohydrates.

I wouldn't have them in my house. It's a wonder you got a cup and saucer left. Creeps, said Dennis. However, yes indeed, I will eat this stuff. Why? Does it make me think of home or of something else? he asked. I think, a movie I once saw.

Apple turnovers! You know I have to admit it, our commune isn't working too well. Probably because it's in Brooklyn and the food coop isn't together. But it's cool, they've accepted the criticism.

You have lots of junk in here, he pointed out after dinner. He had decided to give the place some respectful attention. He meant armchairs, lamps, desk sets, her grandmother's wedding portrait, and an umbrella stand with two of her father's canes.

Um, said Alexandra, it's rentcontrolled.

You know what I like to do, Alexandra? I like to sit with a girl and look at a late movie, he said. It's an experience common to Americans at this hour. It's important to be like others, to dig the average dude, you have to be him. Be HIM. It's groovier than a lot of phony gab. You'd be surprised how friendly you get.

I'm not against friendliness, she said, I'm not even against Americans.

They watched half of *A Day at the Races*. This is very relaxing he said. It's kind of long though, isn't it? Then he began to undress. He held out his arms. He said, Alexandra I really can't wait anymore. I'm a sunrise person. I like to go to bed early. Can I stay a few days?

He gave reasons. 1. It was a Memorial Day weekend, and the house in Brooklyn was full of tripping visitors. 2. He was disgusted with them anyway because they'd given up the most beautiful batik work for fashionable tiedyeing. 3. He and Alexandra could take some good walks in the morning because all the parks to walk in were the lightest green. He had noticed that the tree on the corner though dying of buses was green at the beginning of many twigs. 4. He could talk to her about the kids, help her to understand their hangups, their incredible virtues. He had missed being one of them by about 7 useless years.

So many reasons are not essential, Alexandra said. She offered him a brandy. Holy toads! he said furiously. You *know* I'm not into that. Touched by gloom, he began to remove the heavy shoes he wore for mountain walking. He dropped his pants and stamped on them a couple of times to make sure he and they were disengaged.

Alexandra, in the first summer dress of spring, stood still and watched. She breathed deeply because of having been alone for a year or two. She put her two hands over her ribs to hold her heart in place and also out of modesty to quiet its immodest thud. Then they went to bed in the bedroom and made love until that noisy disturbance ended. She couldn't hear one interior sound. Therefore they slept.

In the morning she became interested in reality again, which she had always liked. She wanted to talk about it. She began with a description of John, her father's neighbor in the hospital.

Turks? Far out! Well he's right. And another thing. Leprosy is coming. It's coming to the Forest Hills County Fair, the Rikers Island Jamboree, the Fillmore East, and the Ecolocountry Gardens in Westchester. In August.

Reality? A lesson in reality? Am I a cabdriver? No. I drive a cab but I am not a cabdriver. I'm a song hawk. A songmaker. I'm a poet, in other words. Do you know that every black man walking down the street today is a poet? But only one white honky devil in 10. One in ten.

Nowadays I write for the Lepers all the time. Fuck poetry. The Lepers dig me. I dig them.

The Lepers, Alexandra said.

Cool! You know them? No? Well, you may have known them under their old name. They used to be called The Split Atom. But they became too popular and their thing is anonymity. That's what they're known for. They'll probably change their name after the summer festivals. They might move to the country and call themselves Winter Moss.

Do you really make a living now?

Oh, yes. I do. I do. Among technicians like myself I do.

Now: I financially carry 1/3 of a 12-person 3-children commune. I only drive a cab to keep on top of the world of illusion, you know Alexandra, to rap with the bourgeoisies, the fancy whores, the straight ladies visiting their daddies. Oh, excuse me, he said.

Now Alexandra: Imagine this: two bass guitars, a country violin, one piccolo, and drums. The Lepers theme song! He sat up in bed. The sun shone on his chest. He had begun to think of breakfast, but he sang so that Alexandra could know him better and dig his substantialness.

oooooh
first my finger goes goes goes
then my nose
then baby my toes

if you love me this way anyway any day
I'll go your way
my little Neck rose

Well? he asked. He looked at Alexandra. Was she going to cry? I thought you were such a reality freak. Alexandra. That's the way it is in the real world. Anyway! He then said a small prose essay to explain and buttress the poem:

The kids! the kids! Though terrible troubles hang over them, such as the absolute end of the known world quickly by detonation or slowly through the easygoing destruction of natural resources, they are still, even now, optimistic, humorous, and brave. In fact, they intend enormous changes at the last minute.

Come on, said Alexandra, hardhearted, an enemy of generalization, there are all kinds. My boys aren't like that.

Yes, they are, he said, angry. You bring them around. I'll prove it. Anyway, I love them. He tried for about 20 minutes, forgetting breakfast, to show Alexandra how to look at things in this powerful last-half-of-the-century way. She tried. She had always had a progressive if sometimes reformist disposition, but at that moment, listening to him talk, she could see straight ahead over the thick hot rod of love to solitary age and lonesome death.

4.

But there's nothing to fear my dear girl, her father said. When you get there you will not want to live a hell of a lot. Nothing to fear at all. You will be used up. You are like a coal burning, smoldering. Then there's nothing left to burn. Finished. Believe me, he said, although he hadn't been there yet himself, at that moment you won't mind. Alexandra's face was a bit rumped, listening.

Don't look at me like that! he said. He was too sensitive to her appearance. He hated her to begin to look older the way she'd had to in the last 20 years. He said, Now I have seen people die. A large number. Not one or two. Many. They are good and ready. Pain. Despair. Unconsciousness, nightmares. Perfectly good comas, wrecked by nightmares. They are ready. You will be too, Sashka. Don't worry so much.

Ho Ho Ho said John in the next bed listening through the curtains. Doc. I'm not ready. I feel terrible, I got lousy nightmares. I don't sleep a wink. But I'm not ready. I can't piss without this tube. Lonesomeness! Boy! Did you ever see *one* of my kids visiting, No! Still I am *not* ready. N O T R E A D Y. He spelled it out looking at the ceiling or through it, to the roof garden for incurables and from there to God.

5.

The next morning Dennis said: I would rather die than go to the hospital.

For gods sakes why?

Why? Because I hate to be in the hands of strangers. They don't let you take the pills you got that you know work, then if you need one of their pills, even if you buzz, they don't come. The nurse and three interns are making out in the information booth. I've seen it. It's a high counter, she's answering questions, and they're taking turns banging her from behind.

Dennis! You're too dumb. You sound like some superstitious old lady with rape dreams.

That's cool, he said. I *am* an old lady about my health. I mean I like it. I want my teeth to go right on. Right on sister. He began to sing, then stopped. Listen! Your destiny's in their hands. It's up to them. Do you live? Or are you a hippie crawling creep from their point of view? Then die!

Really. Nobody ever decides to let you die. In fact that's what's wrong. They decide to keep people alive for years after death has set in.

You mean like your father?

Alexandra leaped out of bed stark naked. My father! Why he's got 20 times your zip.

Cool it! he said. Come back. I was just starting to fuck you and you get so freaked.

And another thing. Don't use that word. I hate it. When you're with a woman you have to use the language that's right for her.

What do you want me to say?

I want you to say, I was just starting to make love to you, etc.

Well, that's true, said Dennis, I was. When she returned to him, he only touched the tips of her fingers though all of her was present. He kissed each finger and said right after each kiss, I want to make love to you. He did this sweetly, not sarcastically.

Dennis, Alexandra said in an embarrassment of recognition, you look like one of my placements, in fact you look like a kid, Billy Platoon. His real name is Platon but he calls himself Platoon so he can go to Vietnam and get killed like his stepbrother. He's a dreamy boy.

Alexandra, you talk a lot, now hush, no politics.

Alexandra continued for a sentence or two. He carries a stick with a ball full of nails attached, like some medieval weapon, in case an enemy from Suffolk Street CIA's him. That's what they call it.

Never heard that before. Besides I'm jealous. And also I'm the enemy from Suffolk Street.

No, no said Alexandra. Then she noticed in her mother's bedroom bureau mirror across the room a small piece of her naked self. She said Ugh!

There! There! said Dennis lovingly, caressing what he thought she'd looked at, a couple of rippled inches between her breast and belly. It's natural, Alexandra. Men don't change as much as women. Among all the animals, human females are the only ones to lose estrogen as they get older.

Is that it? she said.

Then there was nothing to talk about for half an hour.

But how come you knew that? she asked. The things you know, Dennis. What for?

Why—for my art, he said. And despite his youth he rested from love the way artists often do in order to sing. He sang:

Camp out
out in the forest daisy
under the gallows tree

with the
ace of pentacles
and me

daisy flower

What of the
earth's ecology
you're drivin too fast
Daisy you're drivin alone
Hey Daisy cut the ignition
let the oil
back in the stone.

Oh, I like that one. I admire it! Alexandra said. But in fact, *is* ecology a good word for a song? It's technical . . .

Any word is good, it's the big word today anyway, said Dennis. It's what you do with the word. The language and the idea, they work it out together.

Really? Where do you get most of your ideas?

I don't know if I want to eat or sleep, he said. I think I just want to nuzzle your titty. Talk talk talk, Most? Well, I would say the majority are from a magazine, *The Scientific American*.

During breakfast, language remained on his mind. Because of this, he was silent. After the pancakes, he said, Actually Alexandra, I *can* use any words I want. And I have. I proved it last week in a conversation just like this one. I asked these blue-eyed cats to give me a dictionary. I just flipped the pages and jabbed and the word I hit was Ophidious. But I did it, because the word does the dreaming for you. The WORD.

To a tune that was probably "On Top of Old Smoky" he sang:

The ophidious garden
was invented by Freud

where three ladies murdered
oh three ladies murdered

the pricks of the birds

the cobra is buried
the rattlesnake writhes

in the black snakey garden
in the blue snakey garden

in the hairs of my wives.

More coffee please, he said with pride and modesty.

It's better than most of your songs, Alexandra said. It's a poem isn't it? It *is* better.

What? What? It is *not* better, it is not, god damn. It is not . . . It just isn't . . . oh, excuse me for losing my cool like that.

Forget it sonny, Alexandra said respectfully. I only meant I liked it, but I know, I'm too frank from living alone so much I think. Anyway, how come you always think about wives wives mothers?

Because that's me, said peaceful Dennis. Haven't

you noticed it yet? That's my bag. I'm a mother-fucker.

Oh, she said, I see. But I'm not a mother, Dennis.

Yes, you are, Alexandra. I've figured out a lot about you. I know. I act like the weekend stud sometimes. But I wrote you a song. Just last night in the cab. I think about you. The Lepers'll never dig it. They don't know too much about life. They're still baby bees trying to make it to the next flower, but some oldtimer'll tape it, some sore dude who's been out of it for a couple of years who wants to grow. He'll smell the shit in it.

Oh

I know something about you baby

that's sad
don't be mad

baby

That you will never have children at
rest

at that beautiful breast
my love

But see

everywhere you go, children follow you
for more

many more
are the children of your life
than the children of the married wife.

That one is out of the Bible, he said.

6.

Pa, Alexandra said, don't you think a woman in this life ought to have at least one child?

No doubt about it, he said. You should have when you were married to Granofsky, the Communist. We disagreed. He had no sense of humor. He's probably boring the Cubans to death this minute. But he was an intelligent person otherwise. I would have brilliant grandchildren. They would not necessarily have the same politics.

Then he looked at her, her age and possibilities. He softened. You don't look so bad. You could still marry dear girl. Then he softened further thinking of hopeless statistics he had just read about the ratio of women to men. Actually! So what! It's not important, Alexandra. According to the Torah, only the man is commanded to multiply. You are not commanded. You have a child, you don't have, God doesn't care. You don't have one, you call in the maid. You say to your husband, sweetie, get my maid with child. OK. Well, your husband has anyway been fooling around with the maid for a couple of years, but now it's a respectable business. Good. You don't have to go through the whole thing, nine months, complications, maybe a Caesarean, no no pronto, a child for the Lord, Hosanna.

Pa, she said, several weeks later, but what if I did have a baby?

Don't be a fool, he said. Then: he gave her a ter-

rible long medical look, which included her entire body. He said, why do you ask this question? He became red in the face, which had never happened. He took hold of his chest with his right hand, the hospital buzzer with the left. First, he said, I want the nurse! Now! Then he ordered Alexandra: Marry!

7.

Dennis said: I don't know how I got into this shit. It's not right, but because your habits and culture are different, I will compromise. What I suggest is this: Alexandra. The three children in our commune belong to us all. No one knows who the father is. It's far out. I swear—by the cock of our hard-up gods, I swear it's beautiful. One of them might be mine. But she doesn't have any distinguishing marks. Why don't you come and live with us and we'll all raise that kid up to be a decent human and humane being in this world. We need a slightly older person, we really do, with a historic sense. We lack that.

Thank you, Alexandra replied. No.

Her father said: Explain it to me please. For what purpose did you act out this nonsense? For love? At your age. Money? Some conniver flattered you. You probably made him supper. Some starving ne'er-do-well probably wanted a few meals and said why not? This middle-aged fool is an easy mark. She'll give me pot roast at night, bacon and eggs in the morning.

No Pa, no, Alexandra said. Please, you'll get sicker.

John in the next bed dying with a strong heart wrote a little note to him. Doc, you're crazy. Don't leave enemies. That girl is loyal! She hasn't missed a Tues., Thurs. or Sat. Did you ever see *one* of my kids visit? Something else. I feel worse and worse. But I'm still *not ready*.

I want to tell you one more thing, her father said. You are going to embitter my last days and ruin my life.

After that, Alexandra hoped every day for her father's death, so that she could have a child without ruining his interesting life at the very end of it when ruin is absolutely retroactive.

Finally, Dennis said: Then let me at least share the pad with you. It'll be to *your* advantage.

No, Alexandra said. Please Dennis. I've got to go to work early. I'm sleepy.

I dig. I've been a joke to you. You've used me in a bad way. That's not cool. That smells under heaven.

No, Alexandra said. Please, Shut up. Anyway, how do you know you're the father?

Come on, he said, who else would be?

Alexandra smiled, bit her lip to the edge of blood to show pain politely. She was thinking about the continuity of her work, how to be proud and not lose a productive minute. She thought about the members of her case load one by one.

She said, Dennis, I know exactly what I'm going to do.

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute

In that case, this is it, I'm splitting.

This is what Alexandra did in order to make good use of the events of her life. She invited three pregnant clients who were 15 and 16 years old to live with her. She visited each one and explained to them that she was pregnant too, and that her apartment was very large. Although they had disliked her because she'd always worried more about the boys, they moved out of the homes of their bad-tempered parents within a week. At the very first evening meal they began to give Alexandra good advice about men which she did appreciate years later. She ensured their health and her own and she took notes as well. She established a precedent in social work which would not be followed or even mentioned in state journals for about five years.

Alexandra's father's life was not ruined, nor did he have to die. Shortly before the baby's birth, he fell hard on the bathroom tiles, cracked his skull, dipped the wires of his brain into his heart's blood. Short circuit! He lost 20, 30 years in the flood, the faces of nephews, in-laws, the names of two Presidents, and a war. His eyes were rounder, he was often awestruck, but he was smart as ever, and able to begin again with fewer scruples to notice and appreciate.

The baby was born and named Dennis for his father. Of course his last name was Granofsky because of Alexandra's husband Granofsky the Communist.

The Lepers who had changed their name to the Edible Amanita taped the following song in his tiny honor. It was called "Who? I."

The lyrics are simple. They are:

Who is the father?
Who is the father
Who is the father

I! I! I! I!

I am the father
I am the father
I am the father.

Dennis himself sang the solo which was I! I! I! I! in a hoarse enraged prophetic voice. He had been brave to acknowledge the lyrics. After a 38-hour marathon

encounter at his commune he was asked to leave. The next afternoon he moved to a better brownstone about four blocks away where occasional fatherhood was expected.

On the baby's third birthday, Dennis and the Fair Fields of Corn produced a Folk Rock album because that was the new sound and exciting. It was called *For Our Son*. Tuned-in listeners could hear how taps played by the piccolo about 40 times a verse, flitted in and out of the long dark drum rolls, the ordinary banjo chords, and the fiddle tune which was something but not exactly like "Lullabye and goodnight."

Will you come to see me Jack
When I'm old and very shaky?
Yes I will for you're my dad
And you've lost your last old lady
Though you traveled very far
To the highlands and the badlands
And ripped off the family car
Still old dad, I won't forsake you.

Will you come to see me Jack?
Though I'm really not alone
Still I'd like to see my boy
For we're lonesome for our own
Yes I will for you're my dad
Though you dumped me and my brothers
And you sizzled down the road
Loving other fellows' mothers.

Will you come to see me Jack?
Though I look like time boiled over
Growing old is not a lark
Yes I will for you're my dad
Though we never saw a nickel
As we struggled up life's ladder
I will call you and together
We will cuddle up and see
What the weather's like in Key West
On the old-age home TV.

This song was sung coast to coast and became famous from the dark Maine woods to Texas' shining gulf. It was responsible for a statistical increase in visitors to old-age homes by the apprehensive middle-aged and the astonished young. □

FATHER AND SON

by William Stafford

No sound—a spell—on, on out
where the wind went, our kite sent back
its thrill along the string that
sagged but sang and said, "I'm here!
I'm here!"—till broke somewhere,
gone years ago, but sailed forever clear
of earth. I hold—whatever tugs
the other end—I hold that string.

THE SENATE OBSERVED

A Recollection

by Harry McPherson

Where men are actors, part of a great public show. And where a student of personality may observe whatever it is that makes men strong or weak, driving or passive, hard or vulnerable.

10 P.M., JANUARY 31, 1956

The long drive from Texas is almost over. It has been raining, and a cold mist still hangs over the highway.

Twenty miles to go. Virginia darkness, hills and white fences, the easy pastoral South.

My back aches. I drive like a robot. The old Buick is full of cigarettes and bags, books and pictures. There is no sound but the roar of its engine and the wet tearing whine of its tires. We have not talked for a long time now, not since the imminence of the frontier filled us with apprehension and thrust us into separate silences.

Then the first bright smears of red and green. Neon throbbing in the mist, an aurora of reflected light in the heavy winter sky, signs and outposts of the Eastern city.

The East! Where it is always cold and wet—where motel rooms are always dim and smoky, and surly night managers wait to intimidate Southerners. I am back in the East again, and tomorrow, after six years' absence, I will confront its quick multitudes once more, its waiters, cabdrivers, doormen, business executives, its brilliant, hard girls—this competent, cunning, unforgiving East.

Like nomads we swirl down the highway, transients to be used, to be devoured by the omnivorous money-loving Eastern city. I fear our vulnerability, our soft unreadiness, our lack of big-city skills. To be tough, to be wise!

Three miles. Exit for Shirlington, Fairfax Apartments. Images of wealthy Easterners behind picture windows, discussing rich and important affairs, knowing everything about politics, business, tipping, how to get off superhighways at the right exit.

Darkness again. A country club, doubtless much harder to join than the ones at home in Texas.

And then it is there: first the massive unmistakable Pentagon, a few lights burning in its message centers, the middle of an intricate web of secrets that must bind the world submissively to our power. Beyond it, the City.

To the left the Monument; straight ahead, the vast gleaming honeycomb of bureaucracies. To the right, like a fortress on a headland, the Capitol, above its dome a single vivid light. Through the illuminated mist, Washington is a vast stage design—the national dream as seen in a photographic negative.

I slow the car to cross Memorial Bridge. I want to remember this time, this shifting of our lives. We are crossing the wide, black Potomac River, mythic in the January night, leaving the South and its easy permissiveness, its flattering affirmations. We have been young and liberal in Texas, where to be liberal was to be righteously happy under siege. We are entering the North, where one must be astute as well as compassionate.

It is a solemn moment. The smell of power hangs over this city like cordite. Yet for the first time in hours I am more excited than apprehensive.

In the mist beyond the Monument is the White House and General Eisenhower, whom I have mocked for four irreverent liberal years, and hope to help defeat this fall. Tonight, surrounded by this city of power, he seems much more formidable than before, not at all the amiable duck of Herblock's drawings. Eisenhower belongs here. Established residents of this city do his bidding. If there is ultimately a single hand at the lever of power, controlling the warplanes of the Pentagon and the secrets of the State Department, it is his.

I am a devoted reader of the *New Republic*, and so I believe Eisenhower to be the ignorant, if passively benign, figurehead of a conservative party and government. His Cabinet, filled with narrow-minded businessmen like George Humphrey, Douglas McKay, and Charlie Wilson, has provided me, and other *New Republic* readers, with almost weekly cause for scorn.

Yet I cannot feel, as we enter the city, the old exuberant confidence in my judgment of these men. It was one thing to sit about the tables of Scholz Garden in Austin, drinking iced Pearl in schooners, and mock their benighted efforts to run the country like a

small corporation. It is another to confront this city with its mysteries of authority. Perhaps the presence of power begets ambiguity: in the years ahead I am to see a variety of angry convictions turned to doubt when confronted by power and responsibility.

* * *

The most ambiguous figure of all is the man I am to work for—Lyndon Johnson. I have never met him. The one contact I have had with him was by mail: my wife and I had wired him months before from Austin, scolding him for seeming to adopt Senator Knowland's rigid opinions about China. He replied in a long letter that satisfied nothing of our grievance, though the fact that he answered at all—there was his signature—was impressive. It would be several weeks before I understood that such replies were written by his staff, that Senator Johnson had no time to argue China policy with an unknown constituent.

A few months after this exchange-by-proxy, I heard that Johnson had authorized the hiring of a young Texas lawyer for one of his staffs. I was near graduation from law school, and had almost determined to go back home to East Texas and begin practice with a classmate. The chance to go to Washington to deal with great public issues—instead of private injury claims and oil leases—excited me, as it has thousands of others since the 1930s. I applied, was interviewed in the senator's Austin office during the congressional recess, and was hired—all without seeing or speaking to Johnson. There was a curiously detached air to the proceedings; decisions about my salary were relayed as "the senator says," or "the senator feels," with the air of having come straight down the mountain from Zeus. It seemed unlikely that I would stay with him very long. As we drove out of Texas that January, I thought of the next two years in Washington as an "experience," to be followed by a return to "real life" in Texas.

Lyndon Johnson. I cannot remember when I first heard his name, though given an early interest in political history and my father's New Deal sympathies, it was probably in 1941, when he lost a Senate race to "Pappy" O'Daniel by a handful of votes. He was young and skinny, and he represented the sainted Roosevelt against a man whom I identified with biscuit dough and country music. He had won his Senate seat in 1948, though with such a narrow margin and after such a struggle in the courts that he scarcely suggested bold and confident leadership. Besides, he had tried to outdo his conservative opponent in opposition to labor; he had embraced, or seemed to embrace, the know-nothing reaction in Texas that was to depress the spirit of a generation of liberals. One heard that he did not really share those right-wing opinions—that he was, in fact, merely trying to gain running room for his progressive instincts. In a way, though one was glad to have even a secret progressive representing Texas in the Senate, his dis-

sembling made it worse. It seemed that he was either turning his back on a decade of commitment to Roosevelt, or trying to placate the new majority of Texans to whom the New Deal and Fair Deal were anathema. Thus Lyndon Johnson was mistrusted by those who, like me, embraced the liberal *Texas Observer* and loathed the *Dallas News*.

Yet he was equally mistrusted by the oilmen and bankers in my hometown. Many of them had found sudden wealth in the oil fields about the time the rest of the country suffered the worst of the Depression. The inability of other Americans to strike it rich was always baffling to them, or attributable solely to malingerers; and the idea that the national government should take their tax dollars to help malingerers was outrageous. Anyone who supported Roosevelt must believe in that kind of thievery; Johnson had supported Roosevelt, had been his agent, his defender, his adoring protégé; so Johnson was not to be trusted.

There was another Lyndon Johnson, quite apart from these two polarized, yet similar images in his home state. There was the Johnson of the *Time* cover, already rumored to be the "second most powerful man in America." He had been catapulted into the leadership of Senate Democrats after only four years in the Senate. His legislative skill was already a legend. Most impressive to me, he had secured the unanimous vote of his party in the Senate against Joe McCarthy. Rage against McCarthy had caused me to go to law school. I had thought that sooner or later, McCarthy and his followers would ruin every decent man and institution in the country, unless enough lawyers rallied around to defend them; and so I had set out to acquire the necessary legal weapons to resist him. If I had known more history, and better understood the pendulum of opinion that moves in our democracy, I might not have been so quixotic.

Yet even now, when McCarthy had been subdued, I was grateful to those who had diminished his ugly power. And if Johnson had not cried out against him when McCarthy was in his prime, as had Senators J. W. Fulbright and William Benton and others, he had done what no other could do: he had caused the Senate to strike him down with an institutional contempt. That wound had been mortal.

There was, of course, more to this Johnson than the victory over McCarthy and primacy among Democrats. He cooperated with Eisenhower, often giving the President stronger support than he received from conservatives in his own party. Yet just as often he carried the banner of progressivism, leading Democrats in attacks on tight money and trickle-down theories of economics. As to race, he was an unknown quantity, at least to me—and my own concerns had not yet shifted from civil liberties to civil rights. He had no reputation as a speaker, but I did not expect to write for him, anyway. I had resigned myself to a vocation and a milieu in which my literary interests would play no part. I would save Yeats

and Joyce for the evenings; the days were to be for the United States Code.

* * *

After a while, I came to see Washington as something quite different from the forbidding Eastern city I had anticipated on that wintry night of our arrival. In summer, the Capitol was filled with hordes of tourists, ordinary, vulnerable people from the heartland who debarked from cramped buses to march through the Rotunda and Statuary Hall between tours of the FBI and the Lincoln Memorial. The vaulted corridors hummed with their tumult. Everywhere there was an air of permissiveness, of familiarity, real or assumed. Limousines drawing up to the Senate Office Buildings carried men from New York and Detroit who lost their abrasive sharpness as they entered the Congress' turf—their briefcases filled with prayers to the doyens who might do them well or ill.

Thus on the Hill, at least, and for the people of the Hill, Washington was not intimidating. There was a country zest about the place, a pleasure in personality, a fellow-feeling that came from periodically facing the voters. Downtown in the departments and embassies, and in Georgetown and the suburbs, it might be different. But that did not matter, not yet. I had found a good world on the Hill. I began to relax and enjoy it.

* * *

Senators were members of the Elks, the Moose, the Eagles, the Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis, the American Legion, VFW, DAV, churches, and bar associations. They were 32nd-degree Masons and Knights of Columbus. They had been DA's and county judges and state legislators and attorneys general and congressmen and sometimes governors. They had served in the European theater or as admiral's aides in the Pacific, and they had been awarded the Legion of Merit.

Some had been there so long that whatever they had done before had simply faded as an old letter fades into illegibility; they were just senators now, and the events of their lives were those of classic battles on the Senate floor, in committee, and on the stump winning and defending the right to be there.

The cloakroom at the back of the chamber was a men's club. There were stuffed leather chairs and maybe a dozen phone booths. There was iced mineral water from Maine and West Virginia. Older pages manned the phones, and younger ones hustled in and out with messages summoning the members to the lobby outside, to meet visiting families from home or anxious lawyers and bureaucrats with a cause to press. A few senators read the papers, but mostly the cloakroom was a refuge from great issues and calamitous events. It was a place for a smoke and easy banter. Men driven by causes, such as Paul Douglas, did not spend much time there; neither did Lyndon Johnson, who had no time, during the day,

for purposeless relaxation. Occasionally, in the late afternoon, a chairman would come back from a conference with the House and tell his colleagues in the cloakroom how tough and mean old Clarence Cannon had been, or how the courtly, cunning Albert Thomas had stonewalled the Senate conferees until he got what he wanted. But there was very little debate over the merits of pending legislation.

I spent a lot of time in the cloakroom, listening to stories of bygone campaigns and politicians, and after a time I came to be at ease there. In other places around the building, staff were not wanted: in a baroque room across the way, quiet as a library, where elderly senators napped in the leathery semi-darkness; in the Secretary of the Senate's office in the late afternoons, when Skeeter Johnston broke out the drinks; and in scattered hideaways throughout the Capitol, the whereabouts of which only a few trusted assistants knew, and where there was as much privacy as a public man is likely to have. The privilege of privacy, to be alone or only with those who shared their status, their responsibilities, their harassments, and their dangers, was guarded like treasure. Senators lived in a world where everyone outside their ranks—staff, constituents, favored interests, the press—wanted something of them, chiefly their attention. They had fought hard to gain admission to that world; its pressures were vital to their self-regard, as it was through them that they were affirmed as consequential. But they also needed to escape, singly or with what the sociologists would call their peer group. Hence those redoubts where no one else was welcome.

* * *

Like the setting of a Renaissance painting—with its courtiers, lords- and ladies-in-waiting, tapestries, columns, and forests—the environment of the Senate was important only as it pointed to a few central figures, the senators themselves. The staffs, clerks, committees, rules, even the Senate chamber, had purpose and meaning only inasmuch as they served those who had won the right to be called "United States Senator."

What kind of men were they, whom the states had sent as their plenipotentiaries to Washington? Generalizations were easy and misleading. From time to time I made descriptive notes about them, hoping to build a theory on specific observations. What follows is a sampling of those notes.

THE DEMOCRATS

CLINTON ANDERSON OF NEW MEXICO: tough, tall, shrewd, insurance money. Secretary of Agriculture under Truman. Maverick, though essentially liberal. Horse-and-cattle-trading friend of Kerr of Oklahoma, Johnson, and Morse of Oregon. Near the cloakroom door they sat and complained about the spavined horses and impotent bulls the others had

sold them—taking time off from legislation to act out a Faulknerian comedy of abuse and outrage. Urban liberals and Chamber of Commerce conservatives did not share or appreciate their country humor. Anderson fought for a change in Rule 22 at the beginning of each Congress, arguing vehemently for majority cloture. It was one of his few total variances from Establishment views.



HARRY BYRD OF VIRGINIA: seemed to be older than he was. Slow, not much drive. His reputation outside the Senate was greater than within, although that public reputation had its impact on other senators. Who would attack Harry Byrd and his Committee on the Reduction of Non-Essential Federal Expenditures? He wore white suits in summer and crepe-soled shoes always. Spoke with a kind of low whistling and sucking sound. A man of great courtesy—deeply reactionary, but so hard to attack personally that when Hubert Humphrey did, shortly after coming to the Senate in 1949, he was temporarily ostracized. Johnson was solicitous of Byrd—respecting his standing in the country, admiring his courtesy, knowing that he would face an uphill battle on every Finance Committee measure without the acquiescence of the chairman. Big bash at his Virginia home every year; all the powers went.

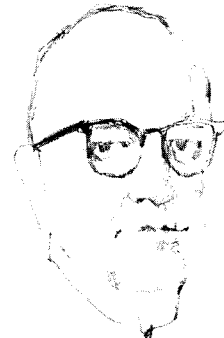
PAUL DOUGLAS OF ILLINOIS: a vivid man, full of apparent contradictions. Intellectual in the extreme, professorial, though carrying an arm half-destroyed in battle as a Marine. Scrupulously honest, a liberal Saint George against the vested interest dragon. Despite his intellect, fighting spirit and command of facts, he seldom succeeded on the showdown votes. Like Harry Byrd—whose gentlemanly demeanor he respected as much as he detested his politics—Douglas was a loner, more important in the country than in the councils of the Senate. To many of his colleagues, his committed, serious righteousness was abrasive. In the late afternoons in an



empty chamber, he stalked the rows, recounting the knavery of the interests and Southern racists, speaking forcefully to an aide and a sleepy press gallery, as if they were a multitude. I remember having a long argument with Ronnie Dugger, editor of the *Texas Observer*, over the respective merits of Douglas and Johnson. Johnson made progress, not issues; Douglas the reverse. Johnson's concern with progress probably helped Democrats win the confidence of the

country as a responsible opposition; many of Douglas' issues became the stuff of the Democratic future. The relationship between them was guarded, sometimes openly hostile, but there was always the possibility of rapprochement, and I thought they both desired it. One night in the cloakroom, after Douglas had finished a powerful speech on the evils of the oil depletion allowance, Johnson chided him, "Paul, I just wish you had a few oil wells in Cook County. Then you'd understand." Douglas was courteous to me, though cautious; he thought Bobby Baker and I were fundamentally bound to the Establishment that opposed him, and we were. It troubled me that I was not always on the side of one whose views were so close to my own, but I had chosen effectiveness over prophecy, and I was stuck with the consequences. I rationalized that prophecy alone would not help anybody, and I tried to feel contempt for it as a defense against my doubts; but I never could.

JAMES EASTLAND OF MISSISSIPPI: certainly a racist by today's standards; yet it was unlikely that he held the poisonous views of his predecessor Bilbo. He simply had that opinion of Negroes that white Southerners call paternalistic and urban Negroes find infuriating. He could become agitated about the Communist menace, egged on by a mole-like staff man who, like the Rumanian heavy in a Grade C thriller, served him up dossiers and intricate organizational charts. Or was Eastland really agitated about that? It was a convenient rationale to explain the new militancy over race, and it put liberals on the defensive. One heard about Byzantine games involving cotton subsidies, judgeships, anti-Communism. A thoroughgoing reactionary? What about the afternoon when, in the middle of a speech about cotton prices, he began a long, violent denunciation of the Wall Street bankers who had squeezed the little farmers and businessmen and workers of Mississippi until almost nothing was left, until Franklin Roosevelt came along and broke their power and saved the people? And there was no one on the floor to defend the Wall Street bankers from that furious tirade but Bill Proxmire, liberal from Wisconsin, who had, it seemed, once worked for J. P. Morgan & Company, and thought they were decent folk.



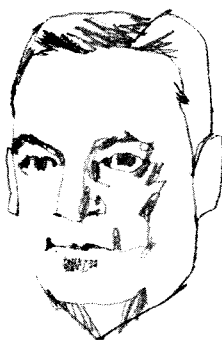
WILLIAM FULBRIGHT OF ARKANSAS: one of the most perplexing men in the Senate. An eighteenth-century Whig. Bored by the kind of things with which most senators were agreeably concerned. Fulbright was skeptical of man's ability to choose a reasonable course. The space program was absurd and

infuriating to him, he said, when compared to more important concerns that went begging. That the country had chosen to go to the moon before properly educating its young made him despair. Did it really? Did he truly care so much? Or had he once cared deeply, and given up? Part senator, part scholar, part Arkansan, and part cosmopolite, he seemed entirely at home nowhere. Like Johnson, Robert Kerr, and Anderson, he had large, rough hands, and I thought he enjoyed ordinary political men more than intellectuals who only wanted to talk. He was always lucid and articulate in debate; his logic was devastating; but he lacked the heat and persistence of a leader. Like Douglas—with whom he regularly contended over social issues—he sometimes seemed to have a stake in losing, in being isolated and right. Johnson had to urge them both to want to win.

CARL HAYDEN OF ARIZONA: in Congress since 1912. Quiet, manly, very old, did his job and seldom spoke on issues. One of those whom younger Senate leaders seemed to prop up for their value as monuments. He had done much for Arizona and the West. Once in Skeeter Johnston's office he described his first speech in the House. He had remained silent for many months, perhaps for years, as custom required a new member to do. At last something noncontroversial to the House but vital to Arizona came up, something like money for additional forest rangers. Hayden walked to the well of the House and spoke for a minute—no more. He returned to his seat near a senior member. After a long silence, the senior said scathingly, "Just had to talk, didn't you?" Hayden had been sheriff of Maricopa County, and built his first political machine among other sheriffs in the Arizona Territory with whom he exchanged prisoners. He was a solid vote for unlimited debate, since a filibuster had stopped a bill to bring New Mexico and Arizona into the Union as one state. Born at Hayden's Ferry, Arizona.



THOMAS HENNINGS OF MISSOURI: a walking tragedy, or perhaps high-grade Tennessee Williams. Handsome, black-haired, wearing white suits in summer, once an athlete and an outstanding trial lawyer in St. Louis. He was an alcoholic. Johnson treated him with a surprisingly tender concern, though he was irritated when Hennings failed to show up for important meetings. Liberal, anti-



McCarthy, an early and committed friend of civil rights. Booming voice, as if trying to overcome the effects and appearance of his illness.

HUBERT HUMPHREY OF MINNESOTA: of all senators, the most immediately winning to a young liberal. Warm, open, self-amused, bursting with affirmation of life; sure that men of goodwill, with a little common sense and adventurousness, could solve any problem. A creative legislator, willing to take risks. Spectacular extemporaneous phrasemaker; when genuinely aroused, something to see and hear. Shortcoming an inability to be really cruel. He could be discriminating, but he was unable ruthlessly to carry through with the consequences of his discrimination; he could not make his opponents fear that his anger would have serious long-term costs for them. His stories of Midwestern drugstore life, of his days as a young professor, as mayor of Minneapolis, were funny and moving. He was interested in almost every legislative field, especially agriculture, foreign relations, arms control, and civil rights. After a few years in purgatory, he became the key liberal for negotiations with the Senate Establishment. His farmer-populism attracted Georgia's Richard Russell, with whom he shared few other opinions. One night, at the end of a week's debate in the course of which the critics of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson had lost vote after vote, Humphrey, tired and angry, rose to make a brief concluding speech. He recited the ills of rural America, and the tiny return small farmers received from days of punishing work. Now the price support levels were to slide down to 60 percent of parity. Russell, who had started out the door, stopped and took a seat in front of Humphrey and told two fellow Southerners, Olin Johnston and John Sparkman, to listen. Russell began to beat out a rhythm on Humphrey's desk. He and Johnston and Sparkman said, "That's right" and "Exactly" in the way people say "Amen" at Southern revivals, and when Humphrey ended, saying, "Hubert Humphrey didn't come to the United States Senate to vote for 60 percent of a living wage," they fairly shouted their agreement.

With Lyndon Johnson, Humphrey's relationship was extremely complex. At bottom there was mutual affection and respect. They wanted, or believed they wanted, the same things. To Humphrey, Johnson was the operator who could achieve, sometimes miraculously, what liberals had been seeking in vain for years; he was also the demanding friend who required that Humphrey get his fellow liberals into line for a compromise that represented less than they wished for and more than they could reasonably expect. Humphrey's heart longed for a just and humane society; his mind told him that he must accept something less, some mild improvement, or no change at all in a status quo that offended him deeply. In the pursuit of progress he politicked with his natural enemies. He was tolerant and friendly as

he sought to disarm their instinctive mistrust of anyone who cared deeply about remote social ills. He never preached or condemned except in public debate. He was not a "drag" like Douglas, who confronted conservatives on and off the floor in the manner of the WCTU confronting the liquor lobby. He was not so susceptible to liberal opinion and *Times* editorials that he backed away from commitments made in pursuit of a compromised advance; he kept his word. He was often late and disorganized, the result, I thought, of an inordinate desire (which he shared with Johnson) to please his last audience *finally*, end all their doubts, answer all their questions, and convert them totally to himself and the true faith.

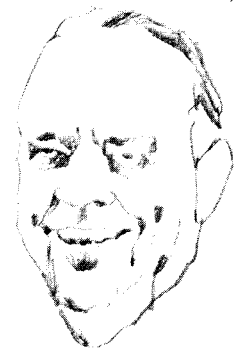
OLIN JOHNSTON OF SOUTH CAROLINA: an extraordinary figure, the apotheosis, in the eyes of *Time*, of all that was wrong about Southern politics. "Flannel-mouthed," "demagogic"—he was that, and more. He was perhaps the most dependable liberal vote among Southerners after Alabama's Lister Hill and John Sparkman, and he spoke for the same Piedmont millworker, sharecropper populism in South Carolina that they did in Alabama. Driven to the right by Strom Thurmond's presence in the Senate, he paid for his liberalism on economic questions by voting consistently against foreign aid and civil rights. Yet his intransigence was skin-deep: once, having dutifully made his contribution to a filibuster against a civil rights bill, he listened for a time to his colleague Thurmond, and then gathered his papers and walked out, winking to me and saying, "Listen to ole Strom. He *believes* that stuff." He seemed a fool out of Molière; when he read a speech



his voice dropped at the end of each line of type, as if a sentence had ended. Yet he was shrewd, and understood the price he had to pay to vote as he did. One day in the cloakroom he described an early campaign for governor. At a rally near Spartanburg, his chief local supporter, a county judge, said, "You boys know what to do if the woolly-heads act up. You take you some of those willow branches and you tie you a knot in them and see if you can't beat some sense into those woolly heads. And if somebody comes along and indicts you for criminal assault, you know there ain't a jury in South Carolina that'll convict you. And if there is, there ain't a high court in this state that'll sustain that conviction. And if there is, here's the man who's going to pardon you, the next governor of South Carolina, Olin D. Johnston!" Johnston, his eyes large, said, "You know, I couldn't say no." Once elected, he had done what he could for the poor of South Carolina, black and white, following the policies of "that great man, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

JOHN KENNEDY OF MASSACHUSETTS: elegant and casual, he sat in the back row, his knees against his desk, rapping his teeth with a pencil and reading the *Economist* and the *Guardian*. He was treated with affection by most senators, but he was ultimately elusive, finding his way in other worlds outside the chamber. Mythically wealthy, handsome, bright, and well connected, he seemed to regard the Senate grandees as impressive but tedious. In turn, he was regarded by them as something of a playboy, a dilettante. His voting record was moderate and sometimes conservative, especially on trade and agricultural matters. He was not a prime mover in the Senate; only once in early 1960, in handling a labor-management bill, did he seem to emerge as a leader, a *Mensch*. Then he stood in the center of the chamber and shouted at his opposition, deriding them, challenging them to match his arguments. I scarcely recognized that cool, glamorous figure. To Johnson, I believe, he was the enviably attractive nephew who sings an Irish ballad for the company, and then winsomely disappears before the table-clearing and dishwashing begins. To Kennedy, Johnson must have seemed a gifted workhorse, an original personality and a conventional politician, incomparably wise about the Senate and luckily uninformed about national politics. They were friends and they respected one another, this ant and grasshopper.

ROBERT KERR OF OKLAHOMA: a combination of swashbuckling Southwestern entrepreneur and populist, with perhaps the most formidable mind in the Senate. He wore dark-colored shirts, and in his coat's lapel, a gold "Kerr-McGee" pin, designating his company. Outspoken in defending interests in which both he and Oklahoma had a stake. He seemed to be saying, "If I can be so open in defending those interests, they can't be wrong; and even if they were, none of you has the guts to challenge me." A devout Baptist and a teetotaler. Generally voted with the South, except on economic issues which cut across sectional lines. He was incomparably the Senate's most powerful and effective debater. The fiery John Pastore of Rhode Island once stood up to him, his eyes on a level with Kerr's third shirt button; Kerr used his great size to back him up the wide shallow steps of the center aisle, like d'Artagnan fencing with a dwarf. He called Homer Capehart of Indiana a "rancid tub of ignorance," and when Capehart took to the floor next day on a point of personal privilege, complaining that (as he thought) Kerr had called him a "rancid cup of ignorance," Kerr replied that anyone in his right mind would know he never used such an expression; the *Record* would show what anyone who observed Capehart's girth might



expect, that he had called him a tub, not a cup. In international affairs he took an isolationist position, voting against American membership in international organizations, foreign aid, and the like. Yet he did a brilliant job of managing the Kennedy trade bill in 1962. At the end of the 1950s it occurred to me that Kerr had become not only chairman of the new Space Committee, but effectively chairman of Public Works—given the age and frequent indisposition of Public Works Committee Chairman Dennis Chavez—and the primary force within the Finance Committee, where Harry Byrd presided. I discussed this with Bobby Baker one night on the Senate floor, as the two of us watched Kerr and Johnson stand eye to eye, laughing and trading. I said, “It strikes me that Kerr may really be the most powerful man in the Senate.” Bobby looked at me as if I had just discovered the force of gravity. “No kidding,” he said.



WARREN MAGNUSON OF WASHINGTON: an archetypal man's man, and a leader in the sense that the Establishment went along with him on matters within his jurisdiction or range of interest. A bachelor in the 1950s, he loved the good life, but he was conscientious in his Senate duties. As Commerce Committee chairman he nurtured the country's ailing

and outrageously expensive merchant marine, and handled bills affecting the railroads, the airlines, and the trucking industry. The stakes were high in such matters and “Maggie” knew the game well; usually he managed to produce legislation that satisfied private interests without doing injury to the public conscience. He was a liberal on issues that tapped the main liberal lode, but he voted with the Establishment when Douglas or Morse went off on what were considered peripheral crusades. He and Johnson were fast friends. I thought his natural milieu was a convention of transportation interests, where he would give a prepared speech on “The Need to Modernize”; I could imagine him in an elegant hotel lobby, stocky, affable, but not in the least fawning, as he made his way through a hundred handshakes toward the cigar counter. He could be more than this; in the Hell's Canyon fight in 1957 he was a tiger, rough and passionate and driving. That degree of commitment was not required day by day.

WAYNE MORSE OF OREGON: brilliant, tireless, convinced by his own powerful rhetoric. The “Morse hour” was always the last of the day; a few impatient senators and staff waited in the cool, dim chamber as Morse, a former law school dean, lectured on Southern racism, District of Columbia parking fees, South American dictators, and whatever else had recently

aroused his displeasure. A gadfly, insensitive to obloquy, he was nevertheless extremely effective when given a leadership role—when managing a labor or education bill he was tolerant and skillful, knowing when to give way and when to resist amendment. He could be easily the most irritating man in the Senate. Yet he was also indispensable: he would fight a bad bill when others wanted to but were afraid, and the threat of his filibusters occasioned many a decent compromise. Morse often voted with Southern conservatives against the passage of progressive bills, because he had earlier lost an issue of principle in the amendment stage. He was Western, a son of the wild jackass.

INTERLUDE: SOME SPECULATIONS ABOUT POWER

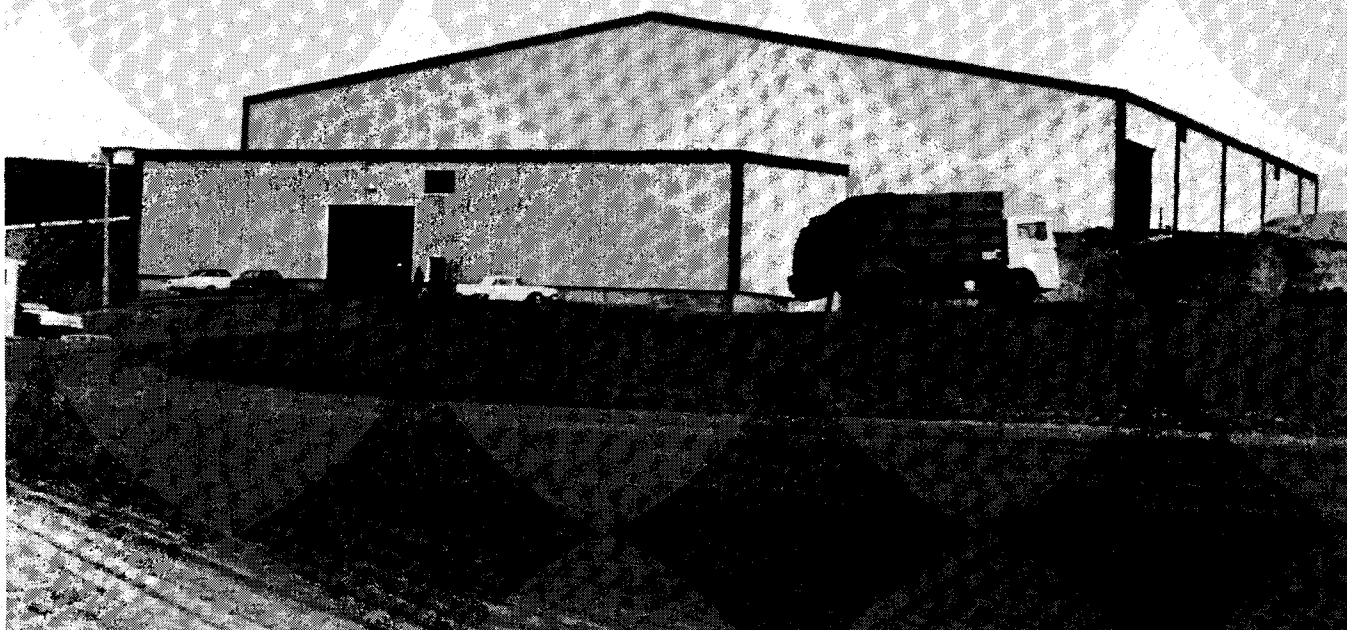
One day in early 1963, I sat beside Johnson as he presided over the Senate that he had once led. The Kennedy-Johnson legislative program was ailing, if it had not already expired. Nothing was moving to the satisfaction of the White House, the Administration's supporters in Congress, or the impatient journalists who were beginning to pronounce Kennedy a failure as a political leader. As two young liberal senators rose to praise the President's latest message to Congress, I asked Johnson what was wrong. “We've got all the minnows,” he said. “We've got none of the whales.”

Who were the whales? They certainly included Anderson, Kerr, Magnuson, and possibly Hayden and Russell Long of Louisiana; Russell of Georgia and maybe Stennis of Mississippi. Byrd was a fictive whale; Ellender of Louisiana and Eastland could on occasion displace the volume of whales.

Whales were chairmen, but not all chairmen were whales. Whales had the negative power to stop legislation, either because they opposed it or were indifferent to it. A controversial proposal could not pass without their friendly intervention. Not that all of them had to support it; the consent of only one or two was required to give the rest of the Senate confidence that a bill—like a stock issue backed by a respected underwriter—was all right to support.

These are oversimplifications meant to illustrate a point: the interlocking powers of the whales were extremely important in determining the legislative behavior of the minnows (and of other fish in between). Public opinion was also important, and so was the pressure, or lack of it, exerted by the Administration. But the public often had no strong opinion, or was divided and diffused—and the power of the Establishment, of the whales, was constant and palpable. Most senators wanted to be able to see bills bearing their names emerge from committee, and to show people at home that they could get an appropriation for a prized project; for that, good relations with a power were necessary. If a senator had promised to manage an Administration bill, or the bill of some other important group

Palazzo Della Immondizia



English translation: Palace of Garbage

Ecological translation: 250,000,000 steel cans recovered a year

In San Francisco garbage collectors call it the Palazzo Della Immondizia. Ecologists call it a solid waste transfer and separation station. In any terms, it is one answer to the country's growing problem of what to do with household refuse.

More than 150 collection trucks an hour dump their loads in it. The garbage is then transferred to larger trucks and taken to a sanitary landfill site in Mountain View, 32 miles away. (San Francisco, surrounded on three sides by water, years ago ran out of places to put its garbage.) In four years, Mountain View will have a 500-acre recreation area, with a golf course, marinas, tennis courts, picnic areas.

By July, the Palazzo Della Immondizia will have in operation a magnetic separator. It will salvage an estimated 250 million steel cans a year, which will

be sold to the copper industry to extract copper from low-grade ore.

Everyone benefits. San Francisco householders simply throw their used steel cans in their garbage pails. The salvaged cans generate revenue. San Francisco has a place to put its refuse. Mountain View will soon have a new recreation area. Old steel helps produce more new copper.

In San Francisco, garbage is beautiful.



Tinplate Producers
American Iron and Steel Institute

or interest, he would almost certainly have to negotiate with a Senate power. His reputation in the eyes of his clients would be affected by whether he was able to work out a tolerable compromise.

A liberal could answer his angry constituents, when they challenged his position on a recent vote, by writing, "As Sen. Kerr [or Anderson or Russell] said during the debate . . ." Thus the powers offered legitimacy and protective coloration to their colleagues.

Eminence of position was not the only qualification for this kind of power in the Senate. Each of the powers had a special preserve in which his knowledge and experience were unique; but special competence was not enough to confer general authority. Seniority was important, but again, not sufficient in itself.

A power had to be longheaded. He had to be diligent in performing chores for others, and he had to remind them of his diligence often enough to establish a pattern, but not so often as to be oppressive. He had to be secure in his own state. He had to be primarily interested in the legislative process; even if he had national political ambitions, he could not seem to subordinate his senatorial duties to the quest for outside popularity. Some powers had played key roles in the institutional crises of the Senate, as Robert Taft did in the railroad strike legislation of the mid-forties, as Russell did on General MacArthur's return from Korea. Some commanded a fixed block of votes on certain questions, though that was not essential; Russell was the unchallenged leader of the South, but Kerr produced shifting bipartisan majorities on a variety of issues. Hayden's power rested on his chairmanship of Appropriations. That he was fair in performing that role was an additional but not entirely necessary element of his authority. Warren Magnuson had power because he was chairman of the Commerce Committee; still it was necessary that he control, as well as preside over, the resolution of questions affecting the economic lifeblood of every state. Anderson ran the Interior Committee, and therefore was crucial to a substantial minority of the Senate; though America had become predominantly urban, at least thirty Western and Midwestern senators were deeply concerned about whatever increased or decreased the supply of water and arable lands in their states.

Beyond these minimum requirements—a chairmanship, longevity in the Senate, devotion to the legislative process, command over the giving or withholding of benefits in which large numbers of senators had an interest—there were other qualities that could not be easily measured. Manliness, perhaps—Big Daddy-ness; the natural assumption of authority; the willingness, in fact the need, to take responsibility; and a tough seriousness about the daily game of making laws. I was often struck by the careful attention that Johnson and Russell and Kerr gave to every bill on the Senate Calendar, when I briefed

them in meetings. It was not for show. They were their only audience. Whether or not a bill fell within the usual scope of their interests, they fastened on it, shook it, questioned it, doubted or approved its wisdom, and rated its chance of passage. They were professional legislators.

Power outside the Senate did not follow from power within, and vice versa. Neither popular favor nor significance in the national party flowed from a senator's ability to move a bill. Indeed there were times when they seemed mutually exclusive. The very absorption in legislation, in committee work, and in negotiating that helped to make a man important within the Senate made him less sensitive to what was happening in the country. And there was always the potential for a grave political miscalculation: the two senators from Nevada had one vote each, as did the two senators from New York. An active legislator was inclined to weigh them equally on that account. Further, the might of the South in the Senate—nine of the fifteen chairmanships were held by Southerners—made it important to court politicians whose views had little in common with the mass of Democratic voters in the cities. Eastland or Byrd might be won over by a compromise that hurt the compromiser's image in Detroit. What I am describing, of course, is the erroneous basis of Lyndon Johnson's futile campaign for the presidential nomination in 1960.

To the true Senate man, the successful management of a difficult bill ought to have generated universal praise and a ready-made base of support for national office. It did not; the nation elected General Eisenhower and Senator Kennedy for reasons quite apart from their skill as legislators. What was worse, skill within the Senate implied a knowledge of wheeling and dealing, intricate trade-offs, elaborate posturing—all the black political arts. The nation wanted something different from its Presidents. That a man was unable to negotiate his way in the devious Capitol was not to be held against him. Indeed it was *prima facie* proof of his simple integrity.

At the same time, men such as Estes Kefauver and Kennedy did not capitalize on their national popularity within the Senate. Perhaps they did not really care to. Legislative victories were no match for those won in the polling booths of New Hampshire and Wisconsin.

RICHARD RUSSELL OF GEORGIA: in Johnson's office, there was a picture of Russell standing in the doorway of his law office in Georgia, his feet crossed, an arm raised to balance him. He was smiling, intelligent, and easy, at home with the law and the people of Winder, Georgia, to whom he was leader and judge and perhaps a manifestation of God Himself. He had come to the Senate in 1933, young and already a popular governor. In 1952 he made a try for the presidency, but interest-group politics defeated him before he got off the ground. He returned

We want our products to be used as medicine.

"Drugs".

The very word has become loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine. Prescribed by a physician. Taken as directed. Like other medicines.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Obviously we share a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive professional effort. Cooperatively.

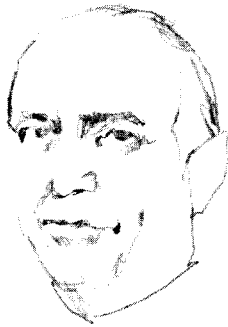
This is our commitment:

1. To continue to prepare basic drug information material and teaching aids.
 2. To continue supporting legislation designed to combat illegal use of drugs.
 3. To actively join the fight to develop a scientific solution to the problem.
- So that "drugs" can simply mean—good medicine.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, "When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask." It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to: The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. AT4-1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

to the politics of Congress, where he had no peer. Russell was a profoundly attractive man whose Roman bearing, quick mind, and unfeigned courtliness won him the deep respect of people who had little sympathy for his conservative views. He regarded many trends of modern life with truculent disdain; but he had a sophisticated tolerance for those whose constituencies demanded a different response. Institutionally, he was chairman of the Armed Services Committee, the ranking Democrat (behind the venerable Hayden) on Appropriations, and chairman of



the Southern caucus. Thus he spoke for the Senate on matters affecting the government's first responsibility, national security; had a great voice in determining where and for what the country should spend one hundred billion dollars; and moved eighteen Southern votes—among whom were nine committee chairmen—as a block, whenever Southern interests were corporately at stake. What sort of man exercised these powers, out of what inner purpose or conviction, it was difficult to know. He was a bachelor and lived alone in an apartment downtown. I believe he regretted that he had not married. His social life was spare, but not reclusive. He read copiously. Military histories, biographies, and newspapers were scattered about his office, on his desk, on the sofa, and on the large conference table at which Southerners assembled in times of challenge. He read the *Times* and *Post* editorials, and the sports pages as well; he knew batting averages and football scores, and took pleasure in them. He also read county newspapers from Georgia. In fact it was there, in the rural county seats of Georgia, that I thought he discerned the bones of a generous, humane civilization, and like an archaeologist worked them into the present image of a life better than people knew in cities—better than they knew in modern Atlanta, for example. He was the practicing political equivalent of the Fugitive Movement. He was as far from the brutal passions of the Klan as were the fieriest members of the Americans for Democratic Action; yet he treasured a way of life in the course of which whites took responsibility for, and manhood from, millions of blacks. There was rural progressivism in him, a commitment to rural electrification, farmers' loans, and vocational education; but there was no sympathy for the expenditure of billions to remake the steaming cities. In foreign affairs he consistently voted against every statutory involvement of the United States in international organizations, and against the more important treaties. The reason was that treaties and international responsibilities limited America's freedom of action, and hence its autonomy. Like most men, he became more conservative as he grew older. Unlike most men he observed him-

self doing so—ruefully speculating that it was not the wisdom of age but simply age itself that had driven him inward and rightward. He was a strong speaker, and he knew the Senate, its traditions and rules, as none other did. After 1958 his opinions were shared by an ever-smaller fraction of the Senate, and on some issues he lost the power to affect the outcome by embracing the Republicans. But he remained a great force; nothing could diminish his chairmanships, his cunning, or his integrity. Often I found myself offering counsel to him, seeking to forward his purposes, because his character and professionalism were magnetic to me.

STROM THURMOND OF SOUTH CAROLINA: shaped like a medium-range missile, in his sixties but physically a man of thirty-five. He was deeply reactionary. As Olin Johnston said, he believed that stuff. He had tremendous energy and purpose, which made it worse. He reminded me of General Jack D. Ripper in *Dr. Strangelove*, cast as a Carolina pol. His effectiveness in the Senate was that of an intransigent nay-sayer who filibustered after other Southerners had determined to compromise. Thus he made them look weak and spineless by comparison; contemptuous and angry, they were nevertheless forced to supplicate him. He had considerable political acumen, courtesy, and no humor. Wound up, he could talk cold war—big bomb—subtle Communist-conspiracy theory for hours, but it was all a canned tape full of mutually reinforcing catchwords; it was without relevance, though it explained everything.

INTERLUDE: QUESTIONS ABOUT POLITICIANS

Mostly extroverted, upwardly mobile personalities. Hungry for acclaim, whether from the newspapers, a football stadium crowd, or a visiting delegation of blue-marcelled DAR's. Maybe the public's expression of approval satisfied a senator's deepest psychological needs; certainly it was evidence that he might survive the next election.

Some senators—I am thinking particularly of Republicans from the Middle West—were so typical of middle-class businessmen or lawyers in their states that there seemed no special reason why they had been chosen to serve in the Senate instead of others. Fate had simply reached down into a bag of identical marbles and selected one at random.

On the other hand, some of the older members—particularly Southerners—were atypical of the ordinary business and professional class to which they belonged, and which they represented. Their style was political-clerical: bar association leaders and Protestant pastors had it, the ones who join Kiwanis. It was a hearty, portentous style, peculiar enough to distinguish a man in a crowd, not so peculiar as to cut him off from the commonality on the Great Issues ("We Americans feel . . .").



**You're looking
straight into the eye
of a volcano.**

Thousands of years ago, a mountain called Mazama blew its top to create what is now known as Crater Lake. A lake filled with crystal clear, incredibly blue water that sinks 1932 feet into the earth.

It's God's country. A perfect place for your vacation. Come see it. Or take your pick of hundreds of other beautiful Oregon vacation places. And hundreds of luxurious accommodations. Everything from cozy little cottages to relaxing resorts. Offering everything from daytime snoozing to nighttime swinging. So come. And relax in a state of excitement.



MAIL COUPON OR WRITE TODAY

Travel Information, Room 202
State Highway Division
Salem, Oregon 97310

Please send me the vacation information checked:

- ☐ Full-color vacation booklet ☐ Highway map
☐ Parks guide ☐ Events folder

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

OREGON has it

B&G invites you to buy a house in France.

Introducing the best of the great B&G labels: The B&G Chateaux Wines.

The B&G Chateaux are nine distinguished wines from the most distinguished houses in France.

And among those officially classified in 1855 as elite wines, we offer our exquisite Leoville-Barton and Chateau Langoa-Barton.

In fact, all our chateaux wines are impeccable. A Beaujolais and Morgon from the Chateau de Pizay. A Bordeaux from the Chateau Grand-Pontet. A Rosé from the Domaine de la Meynarde.

Each is nurtured in the finest French tradition and bottled exclusively at its chateau.

Bring her home a house tonight. A B&G Chateau.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family.

Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, New York and San Francisco, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such men were actors, part of a great public show. They could be funny or even ridiculous—Senator Everett Dirksen often walked the edge of the absurd, and he was not only tolerated but positively welcomed, as a “character.” Perhaps the public enjoyed indulging their excesses, enjoyed saying, “You know these politicians,” as they might cluck about an eccentric relative in the family.

But it was dangerous to be set apart too far. After a spectacular performance of jokes, shouts, and tears, a political man had to be ready to salute the accepted verities along with the audience he had just entertained, to lose his voice in their solemn chorus. He had to be Old Bill, familiar, one of us, puts his pants on one leg at a time same as I do. Most of America’s millions of veterans were noncoms. They had seen enough of general officers to last them a lifetime. They wanted political representatives who *felt* as they did, though senators might be, and indeed ought to be, more astute about what to do.

How much latitude did a senator have in representing his constituency? How closely did he have to follow the prevailing winds in his state? One of the most common complaints about politicians was that they were obsequious before public opinion. Evasive and insincere, they were forever trimming their words to suit their constituencies. Those who so complained usually believed, or said they believed, in a representative form of government. If they were able to reconcile their complaint with their belief, it was on the ground that politicians should represent *them*—the “good responsible people”—and not the mass. Thus, when they called upon political men to “get out in front” of mass opinion, they generally had in mind getting out just far enough to coincide exactly with their own judgments.

Many of the struggles I witnessed in the Senate involved the conflict between “statesmanship” and “representation.” A Southerner who believed passionately in civil rights, and said so, was almost certain to be defeated—not by an opponent who shared his beliefs, but by one who took advantage of his candor to play on racial fears and animosities among the voters. A Midwesterner who campaigned against the enormous cost of agricultural programs could expect nothing but a trouncing at the hands of farmer-voters. An Easterner who even suggested that the Vikings discovered America could count on prompt retaliation by his Italian constituents.

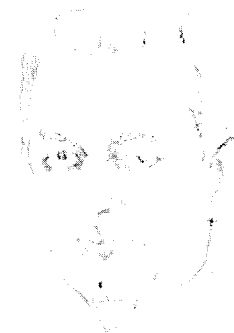
What a senator had to do, who wanted both to do good and to be elected, was first to bow before the prevailing icons in his state, and having made that obeisance, to turn to more promising endeavors. Political scientist John Roche has pointed out that the antebellum South was indulgent toward a considerable amount of heterodoxy—a Jew, after all, was Secretary of State in the Confederacy—so long as the household god of slavery was accepted. Thus, Southern liberals like Lister Hill, John Sparkman, and Olin

Johnston could support expensive social programs in the Senate so long as they took part in filibusters against civil rights. Fulbright could take advanced positions on international questions so long as he resisted attempts by the federal government to modify racial relations in Arkansas. Proxmire paid his fee of support to the dairy farmers of Wisconsin, Douglas his to the corn growers of Illinois.

Lyndon Johnson faced the same requirement, and he met it in much the same way. He had no special love for the oil and gas industry of Texas; oil men had never been among his most ardent supporters in the days before he became Majority Leader and acquired such power over their fortunes. Even in his days of supreme authority in the Senate, his efforts in their behalf satisfied only the bare minimum of what was required. His liberal colleague, Ralph Yarborough, was far more outspoken in the industry’s defense. Yet Johnson did his part. He helped to lead the fight for state control of the offshore oil lands and against federal regulation of gas prices at the wellhead. He was careful about assignments to the Finance Committee, where the depletion allowance lay like a ruby in a wall safe. Speeches defending the allowance against attacks on the Senate floor were probably unnecessary, so long as there was a heavy majority to protect it.

Having secured the benign indifference—if not the active support—of Texas’ most powerful economic interest, Johnson was free to pursue other goals. His refusal in 1956 to sign the Southern Manifesto against the Supreme Court’s ruling on school desegregation was possible not only because a substantial minority of Texans were black or brown, but because he was sound on oil and gas. Conservatism on that issue allowed him to work for the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960, for public housing and urban renewal, and for foreign aid; this at a time when Texas school boards were throwing out textbooks that even discussed the UN, and when the state’s most prominent newspaper was espousing views substantially to the right of the *Chicago Tribune*.

In his quest for independence, Johnson had another string to his bow, besides his orthodoxy on oil and gas questions. He was The Leader—a great and famous public figure. Texans were rather proud that one of their own occupied such a position. They allowed him leeway on many issues of less than critical significance to them, and could even tolerate, without accepting, his progressive views on race. He was not a monumental figure, already cast in bronze, as was Russell in Georgia; he was too often *seen* to be operating and maneuvering (as he could not hide his pleasure in those skills). And as I have said, he was mistrusted by many on both sides in the continuous civil war that is Texas politics. But he was national



property, and people thought twice about trading him off for an ordinary senator.

There were other senators whose unique political status or personalities gave them a degree of independence and allowed them to vote as they, and not the majority of their constituencies, believed. Arizona was growing steadily more conservative as it became a retirement haven for the wealthy, but Carl Hayden had invented Arizona, and could pretty much vote as he pleased, generally with the liberals. Nothing Dirksen might have done—not all his stunning reversals of position, nor his self-amused, specious justifications for those reversals—could shake his majority in Illinois.

Alben Barkley was a permanent part of the Kentucky political scene, and a story about him illustrates a third means of achieving independence while continuing to be elected. It was said that during a campaign in the forties, Barkley was interrupted in the middle of a magnificent town square speech in eastern Kentucky when someone yelled, "How do you stand on FEPC?" Barkley surveyed the crowd. Eastern Kentucky, like eastern Tennessee, had long been divided on the racial issue. There were the grandchildren of Unionists and of Confederates and copperheads in that audience; no one knew how many of each. At last Barkley quietly replied, "I'm all right on FEPC." And went on with his speech.

Put in its worst light, this third road to independence was simply that of the artful dodger—the fancy-footwork, never-laid-a-glove-on-me lightweight, who never answered the question he was asked but always another, who emitted clouds of gas in which he raced about, seeking to placate those whom he had most recently offended. There was something of him in nearly every senator. Unless a man was a living monument, or unless he was at the very end of his career and cared only for his pride or conscience and nothing for his re-election, he did not ignore the political consequences of what he did. He tried not to meet every thrust of public opinion with his chin. Senator Stephen Young of Ohio made a name for himself by answering foolish or vicious letters with broadsides of contempt; he was widely admired for that, but I thought the public's favorable reaction depended on there being only one of him. A little vagueness on a senator's part seemed necessary for civil discourse with his constituency.

Put more generously, many good men remained in the Senate to perform significant public services because they were able to diffuse or refract the image of their opinions on politically dangerous questions. It would have done the country no ultimate good to know their precise views on birth control, intermarriage, or relations with Eastern Europe, if the consequence of that would have been their defeat and replacement by lesser men. Astute leaders like Johnson often sought to frame issues in ways that did not embarrass their more valuable colleagues; and there were many parliamentary devices—motions to recommit dangerous bills

or amendments, points of order, and so on—that could be used to avoid an Armageddon of convictions.

The right timing could give a man independence for a while—so long, to paraphrase Eliot, as the moment lasted. One who had been crying in the wilderness, prophesying economic disaster if present policies were continued, came into his own in a time of recession, and so long as it lasted and the public remembered his position, could do no wrong. A John McClellan would have been free to experiment with unusual policies in other fields, because of his identification as a crime-fighter in an age when the fear of criminal violence was widespread.

Once I urged Johnson to take an unusual position on a pending question, and even suggested how he might rationalize his behavior in the eyes of Texas voters. He showed no interest. I walked over to another senator and made the same argument, this time with success. The senator and I were nodding in enthusiastic agreement when Johnson signaled me back to him. I bowed my head beside him to hear as he whispered something I could not catch at first, until he repeated it with rasping asperity: "You couldn't get elected constable."

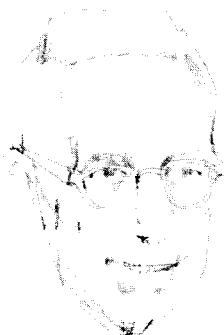
Maybe not, but I was learning more and more about those who could.

THE REPUBLICANS

I did not know them as well as I knew the Democrats. The aisle between the two sides was only a few feet wide, but the Republicans had their own staff, and there were not many occasions when my work required me to cross it.

There was plenty of senatorial traffic across the center aisle, however—mostly Democrats going over to buttonhole Republicans, seeking their support or acquiescence on Democratic bills. Johnson was particularly wide-ranging and seemed to regard the Republican side as quite as much within his domain as the Democratic. A few Republicans did come across from time to time, in search of allies: William Knowland, Styles Bridges, or Everett Dirksen to see the conservative Southerners; Javits to see Humphrey, Douglas, or Morse. But the majority of Republicans seemed content to sit, like melons in a patch, waiting for someone to gather them.

Nevertheless they told much about American politics that could not be learned from the Democrats alone, and for that reason I made notes on some of them.



GEORGE AIKEN OF VERMONT: Robert Frost as a senator; red tie, white hair, blue suit. He would be out early on snowy New England mornings, feeding the animals, stacking wood, checking the

maple sap runoff. A man of sturdy independence, with a ready shoulder for a neighbor's bogged-down car. He was Mike Mansfield's great friend (theirs was, I believed, one of the few enduring simple friendships in the Senate). Aiken was a composite of the early American virtues. He could also be intensely partisan—though he often voted with the Democrats, particularly in behalf of rural progressivism and an internationalist foreign policy.

FRANCIS CASE OF SOUTH DAKOTA: somewhere in every public school room in America, there is a little boy who throws and throws his hand up before the teacher before the child she has called upon has had

a chance to think of the answer. He knows the answer at once; his soul cries out for the chance to give it, perhaps because he needs to be praised, or because he must hear the orderly "click" when the right answer fits onto the question. He is oblivious to the scorn of his fellow students; the information is the thing. Francis Case was that little boy grown

up, pale, square, and deadly dull. His revelation that a gas lobbyist may have tried to bribe him hit the Senate like a truck loaded with wheat from the hard plains of South Dakota. He could have said "tried to rape me" and been believed; no one would have supposed that Case had the imagination to make it up. When he died, this little man, so tidy and severe, left a monument which archaeologists a millennium from now may find to be proof of our productive genius, or madness, or both—the interstate highway system.

EVERETT DIRKSEN OF ILLINOIS: what can be said about him now that anyone who observed him does not already know or sense? When Dirksen succeeded Knowland as Republican leader, a Democratic power mused, "He will be the ideal Republican in that job. The Republicans are the party of the special interests. Most of them represent one or two. Dirksen represents them all." Through sheer *chutzpah*, he almost made that a virtue: the individual businessman was everywhere oppressed by government, so who was to help him, defend him, seek a fair audience for him, unless it was his elected representative? This struck a sympathetic chord in many members; most of them used the same rationale. It was OK so far as it went, but of course it often went too far.

I had a friend who drank a great deal but never

suffered a hangover because, he said, hangovers came from moral guilt about drinking, and he had decided that drinking was not bad. Dirksen seemed to feel the same way about his frequent changes of course in matters of public policy—anti foreign aid, pro foreign aid, anti foreign aid, and so on. Change was to be preferred, he said, because "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," quoting Emerson. (It was a long time before I realized that Emerson had actually said, "*Foolish* consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.") Dirksen changed sometimes because his party altered its course behind him, sometimes because he was persuaded to do so by Democratic leaders, and sometimes because Presidents—Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson—made him feel he must, for the country's sake. Moderate Presidents could touch him, though on the Senate floor he might sing the Taft conservative hymn, the I-don't-understand-why-we-should-refrain; could touch him because he was susceptible to their kindness and appeals to his patriotism. When they said that he alone could sway sufficient votes to redeem the country's honor and ensure racial peace, he responded. I admired him for that. Others were less sympathetic. On Dirksen's birthday one year, while the Senate went through its ritual round of arch or heartfelt congratulations, I asked a Southern power who had made many arrangements with Dirksen over the years why he did not join in the celebration. "He is a delightful companion," he said, "but he changes too often for me. I never know where he is." If he was all politician, as flexible as a reed in the prevailing wind, he was also an individualist who did not yield his personal idiosyncrasies to the common taste, and he was brave in the face of pain.

JOHN MARSHALL BUTLER of Maryland, JOE MCCARTHY of Wisconsin, WILLIAM JENNER of Indiana, and HERMAN WELKER of Idaho—four peas in a bad pod. Butler was a well-dressed lightweight, a "pipsqueak," as journalist Gerald Johnson called him; Jenner was a rough infighter whom Welker, heavy with drinking, followed about the chamber as a malign hound trails a harsh master; McCarthy alone had the energy to convert venom into action. The voters of four states had sent them to the Senate. It was enough to give pause to the most committed believer in the democratic process. One could understand the attractions of conservatism; but why should such small-minded, hostile men, without purpose except to injure, represent the people of those states? There were logical antecedents—their vicious campaigns, and the naive responses of their opponents; factionalism that destroyed their opposition from within; a national tide of reaction that swept them to shore. But why them? Why not men like Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, or even Edward Martin of Pennsylvania, a captive mouse of industry? If the people of Idaho and Indiana rejected liberal politics and economics, it seemed to me that they might have

chosen those of the Union League, instead of an American Falange.

In the main, I thought Republicans dull, humorless, complacent, and shortsighted—in league, on the one hand, with exhausted but portentous institutions like the church and the Legion; on the other, with selfish business interests. I thought Democrats by nature festive, original, articulate, and sympathetic to the poor. There were almost as many exceptions to this as there were supporting examples, but that did not prevent me from holding the opinion.

In Southerners I discovered, or devised, a residual populism beneath the racial bigotry. Contrarily, when a Southerner expressed a benighted opinion, I was likely to think it picturesque. When he voted against a needed social reform, I accepted his resistance as natural. Not so with Republicans. What was colorful among Southerners was simply reactionary in those across the aisle.

These were unfair distinctions, and I knew it; but I devised a kind of “literary” basis for them. The South, I believed, was obsessed with character and language; it was violent in thought and action, and yet it was curiously tolerant of extravagant personalities. There was also its ancient—and generally honorable—involvement in international politics, which gave promise that in times of crisis a few Southerners would, through instinct and heritage, serve the country well. Many Southerners in Congress were as plain as a business letter; but the region itself was so vivid that I thought its politics should be judged substantially as art.

There seemed to be no such traditions or obsessions in the Midwest—in the Republican heartland. Respectable as most of them were, Republicans were uninteresting. Hence I judged their views, not in the context of personality or in the realm of art, but purely as ideology—stark and homely as steel-rimmed spectacles, mighty proud to be made in America.

I was easier on Southerners, of course, because I was one. Given the chance, I would have pitched in to fight half of them in their home-state elections. But in Washington, where many Northerners were wet and intolerant toward all things Southern, I found myself defending what I detested back home. Perhaps everyone is inclined to do this, who spent a happy childhood in an identifiable region. The attacks of outsiders, even when intellectually unanswerable, never seem to account for the pleasures of growing up there, and in witnessing to those pleasures one resists hearing what one knows to be true. When the attack is a universal indictment—for example, all Southerners are racial bigots, all Midwesterners are Babbitts—one urges the exceptions, and if

the debate goes on long enough, and if there is enough to drink, one romanticizes the exceptions into a universal defense: most Southerners are not racial bigots, most Midwesterners are decent sons of the soil.

For a Southern liberal in Washington, there was another, opposing need, that of being accepted by the political establishment of the city. Despite Republican control of the White House and Southern control of the Congress, the lively political spirit in Washington was Northern-Democratic; not the Northern democracy of the city bosses, but of those who believed in “taking chances for peace,” government intervention in the economy, aid to the distant poor, and civil rights laws. I wanted such people—reporters, columnists, editors, lawyers, and administrators of Roosevelt and Truman days, the staffs of liberal senators—to think me one of them, as in philosophic attitude I was. Often I found myself being introduced at dinner parties in a way that suggested—without, it seemed, intentional condescension—that I was “all right,” a Southerner who wanted the right things; and sometimes, to prove my credentials, I responded with sardonic comments about those Southerners with whom I had just been working the Senate chamber. This must have made me uneasy, for I was quick to defend the same men when others joined and intensified the attack.

I envied those who sallied forth with unalloyed spirits, attacking or supporting without hesitation. But I often found my original opinion about a man or an issue to be insufficient, one-sided, or plain wrong, and I became wary about absolute views. And a fascination with personality—with whatever it was that made men strong or weak, driving or passive, hard or vulnerable—made it difficult to concentrate on their philosophies, or even on their actions, as the sole basis for judging them.

In time I found many dull Republicans to be interesting men, worth being “fair” to. And once I started down that road, it became harder to laugh at malicious assaults upon them. Dogma gave way to sympathy; the sharp edge of combat was dulled by fellow feeling. This was perhaps inevitable in any group so tightly circumscribed as was the Senate and its staff, but the threat it posed was ominous: that one would become just another member of the corps of professional political men that invests every capital and city hall, men to whom a slap on the back and a kind exchange are more important than belief. Politics as practiced by such men—the politics of personality without conviction—bears the same relationship to serious governance that a dry grin bears to love. If one abhorred the politics of the doctrinaire, one had also to resist the politics of the club car. □



MEXICO

is warm, friendly
people who
care about you.

Meet José and María. Their sunny smiles and gracious manners are typical of the people who will bid you welcome to Mexico—where tourists are no less than honored guests. In the quiet fishing villages... in the lush beach resorts... in urbane Mexico City. And, wherever your travels may take you, you will find a climate so perfect we can guarantee it.

Come visit us soon. Your dollar buys more in Mexico than any place else in the world. In fact, it will probably be one of the least expensive vacations you've ever had. And the most rewarding.



I'm planning a vacation.
Please send me a brochure on exciting Mexico.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Mail to:
Mexican National Tourist Council, Dept. HA-1
9445 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212

Mexican National Tourist Council
Mexican Government Department of Tourism

LIFE & LETTERS

THE WAY WE LIVED THEN

by V. S. Pritchett

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
by James Pope Hennessy
Little, Brown, \$10.00

One can trust Victorian caricaturists for morbid, even macabre penetration if not for sensibility. Spy's drawing of Trollope, done when the novelist was fifty-eight, gives a game away in a disturbing yet genial fashion. Here is a middle-aged celebrity, pretending to be old in the Victorian fashion, bald in the dome, woolly at the ears as an unshorn ram, white-bearded all over the chest, like God himself. The angry eyes are intensified by strong little spectacles gleaming out of a red face. He is holding a cigar, jerking a coarse thumb, exposing a potbelly—he weighed 230 pounds—over shambling sponge-bags. There he is, sedentary and yet a fox hunter, ferocious at whist in the Garrick Club and at the kill yet sweet about clinging young girls. He is going to shout loudly as if about to take a fence—other members at the Garrick would ask him to pipe down—yet he swings nervously from anger to apology. He is quick to take offense if he is praised—Old Mortality and Old Masochism the Toiler in person.

Nine years later he had a stroke at someone's uproarious dinner party and died weeks later in 1882. A good time to die for anyone born in 1815, for by 1882 English commercial wealth had led to a lot of unscrupulous natives and aliens bursting brashly in and upsetting the old English fiction called the English

country gentleman. Ever since the days of Elizabeth, the old days have died hard. The Trollopes were baronets—a political bribe of the Stuarts when times were hard for that House. To have baronets for cousins meant that you were close to the peaceable and decent country squirearchy, to the model squire described by the old epitaph as "awful to his tenants." Trollope had reserves of awe.

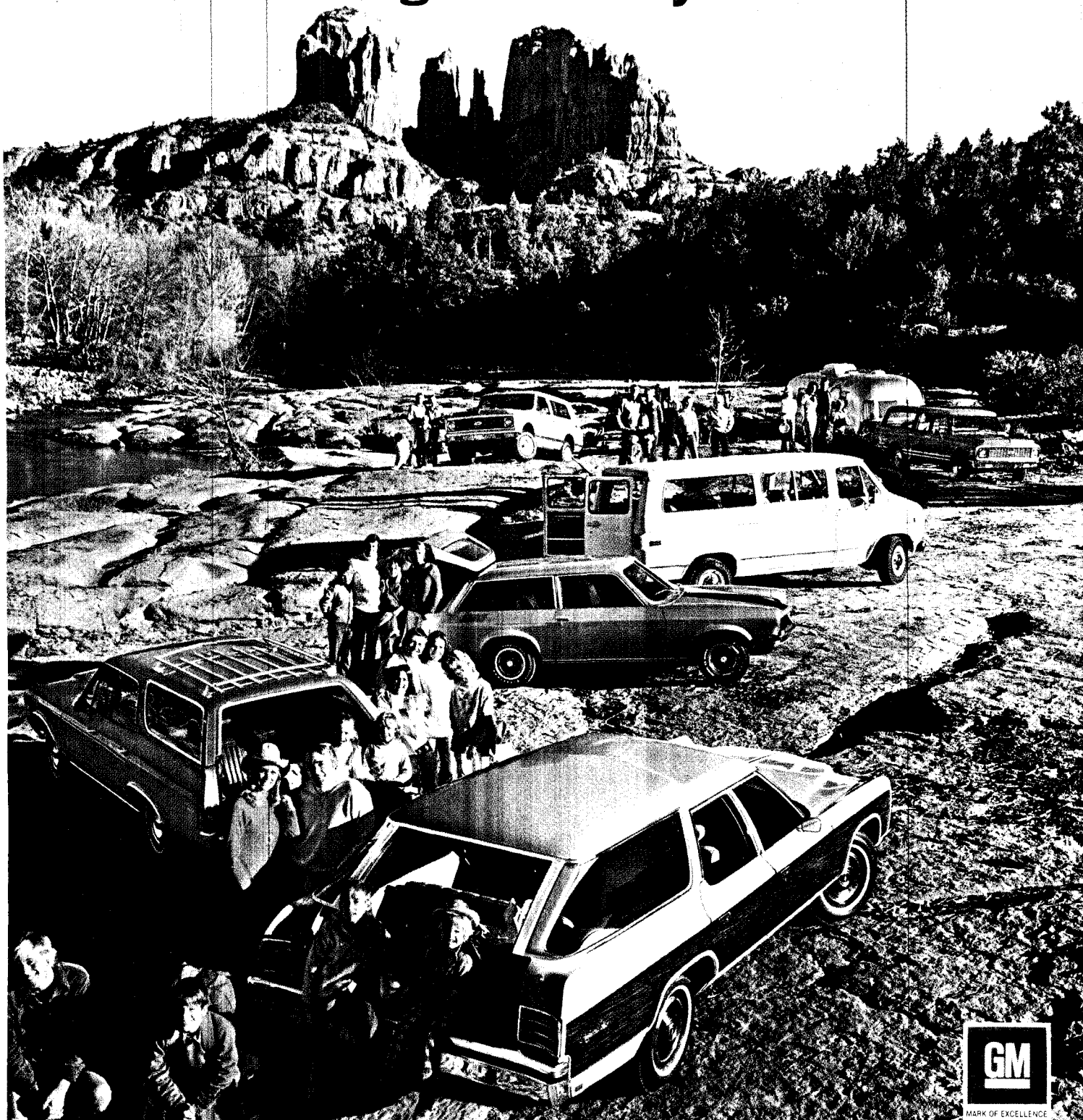
Cousinage meant something to Trollope. When his bankrupt family pushed him into the Post Office as a minor clerk on £90 a year at the age of nineteen and left him to a lonely life in cheap London boardinghouses, the complaint was that he was not only hungry but obliged secretly to turn to a rapacious moneylender in order to keep up, in a dim way, the difficult role of a poor gentleman. His mother, the famous Frances, whose *Domestic Manners of the Americans* had infuriated many American readers, was a vivacious and pushing novelist. Her family had the taint of trade, and she was noted for overcompensating in her gentility; but when Trollope said he suffered miseries as an outsider until he was twenty-nine, he was thinking of something more than social obloquy. Certainly he was shamed when he was sent in patched clothes to grand schools like Harrow and Winchester, without pocket money, and when he was taken away because the fees were not paid; there was the misery of going downhill, but there was more than that. One has only to read his *Autobiography* to understand how far

away he was from the upper-middle-class norm, or indeed from any norm at all; and what a fulfilled dream of the easy norm of society his novels are.

The Trollopes—those who escaped early death from consumption—were a literary family, and Anthony seemed nonliterary, the failure and grubby hobbledohoy who could not even win scholarships, the stupid younger son, cursorily loved by a busy, clever mother. One can read a likely self-portrait in *The Small House at Allington*, one of the best of his novels. Even the deranged father who had raged at the boy and was killing himself by enthusiastic overdoses of calomel—that is, mercury poisoning—would shut himself in his room to write a universal dictionary of ecclesiastical terms; and Tom, the handsome and favorite elder brother, could write. The tragic deaths in the family, the breakup of the home, the flights from house to lodgings were enough to implant a lifelong misanthropy. Also a pathological boredom: the family had devoured the emotional capital before Anthony could get at it, and he was left stupefied and confused. As a clerk in the Post Office he was chronically on bad terms with his superiors, whose chief preoccupation was how to get rid of a touchy young man who had been foisted on them.

There is more than one parallel with the early life of Balzac here: the resource of both writers was daydream and the search for an outlet for an enormous, congested energy.

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.



The Chevrolet wagon family at Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona.



You get more station wagon at your Chevy Dealer's Wagon Station.

When you need gas, you go to a gas station.

When you need a wagon, you go to a Wagon Station. Also known as "your friendly neighborhood Chevrolet Dealer's."

Because that's where you'll find the widest selection, for one thing. From sporty 4-passenger Vega Kammbucks to big 12-passenger Sportvans.

You'll find third seats that face the front and third seats that face the rear. Tailgates that go up, down,

sideways and even disappear.

There's so much, we can't begin to get it into one little ad. So we've put it into a 24-page brochure called "How to Pick and Plan a Wagon. For Town. For Travel. For Trailing."

Send for it. Study it. Then stop by any Wagon Station and talk about it.

Remember: We want your new Chevrolet wagon to be the best wagon you ever owned.

Whichever one you pick.

Chevrolet

Please send free wagon brochure to:

Name _____

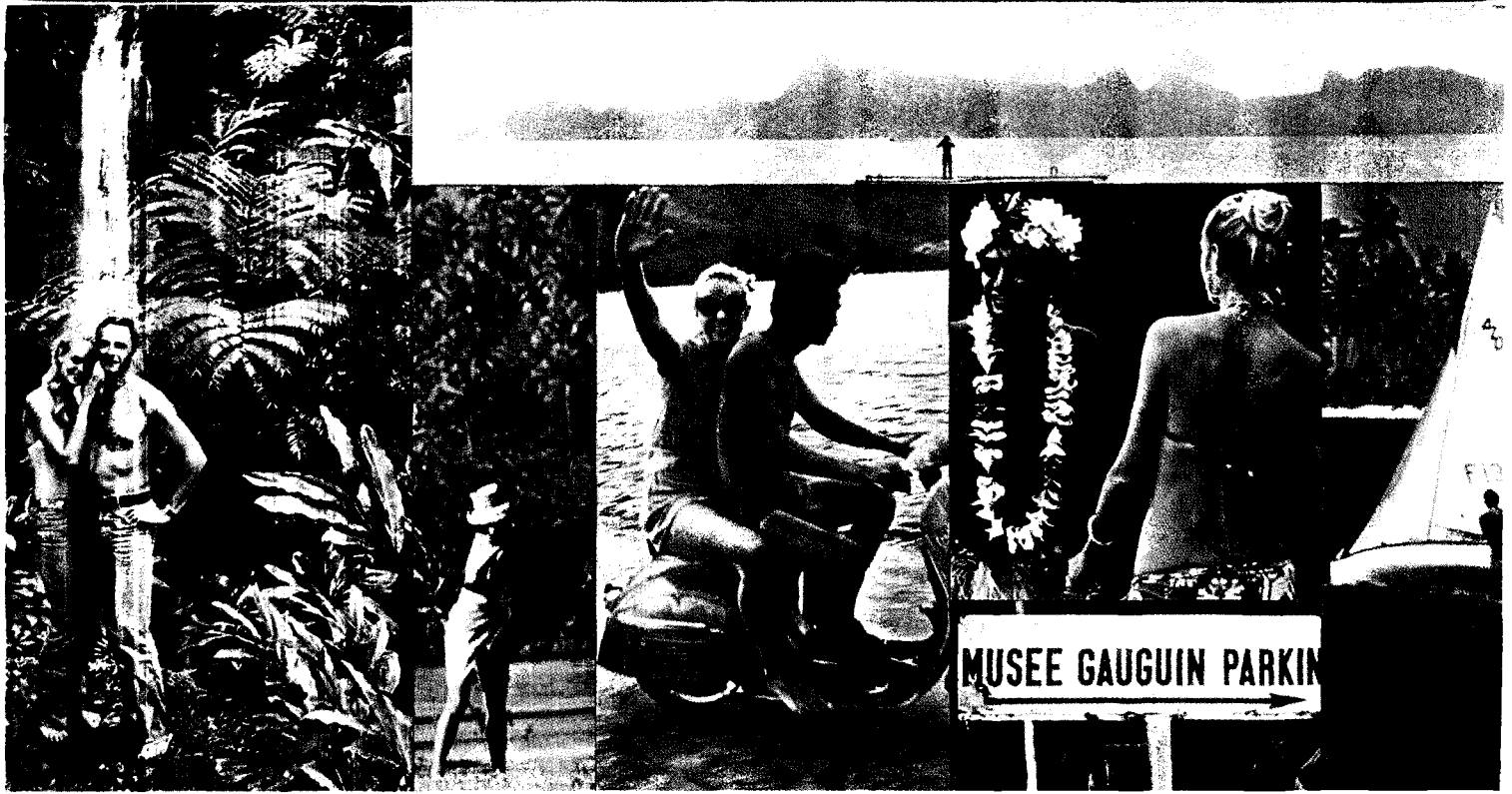
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Chevy Wagon Station, Dept. A,
P.O. Box W, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Highway safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.



This year, you've got to get disorganized.

Look at you.

Fifty weeks a year it's run here, rush there, do this, do that.

Now, look at us.

We believe a vacation should be different from the rest of your life.

Which is why we've kept Tahiti so different
from the rest of your life.

We offer you a living, breathing Polynesian culture
you can mix and mingle with.

Warm lagoons that are walk-in aquariums.

Picnics on uninhabited islands. Museums and night life.
Tahitian feasts and scuba diving. Golf and torch-light fishing.
And on and on.

It all adds up to a love for life we call oa oa.
A feeling you can't get anywhere else in the world.

This year, get disorganized.

In Tahiti. The one and only.

But first, write for vacation facts. Write:
Tahiti Tourist Board, P.O. Box 3720,
Hollywood, California 90028. Dept. B.

Anything's possible in
TAHITI

In Trollope's case—as for most people—the release came instantly with happiness. His infuriated employer packed him off to organize the postal service in Western Ireland, still on miserable pay; he was free and his miseries vanished. He spent eighteen years in Ireland on and off.

Trollope's *Autobiography* is explicit about the value of his daydreaming—and drily hints at its moral dangers—but after that, it shuts the door on his biographers. He destroyed intimate papers also, and the long new *Life* by James Pope Hennessy adds little that is new to our knowledge of the novelist; but the book is the work of a fastidious and very agreeable writer who knows the Victorian scene well, and if he is rather ill organized and becomes repetitious, he is outstanding on one or two points of emphasis: Trollope in Ireland, and its later influence on him as a traveler in America, Australia, and the Caribbean. He is a Tory to the marrow.

Trollope has often been called a photographer of the commonplace, but in fact both the Barsetshire novels and later the Palliser series are examples of daydream minutely imposed. He had no more knowledge of the cathedral closes and the habits of the clergy than could be got from an afternoon's walk in Salisbury. He simply created this world out of nothing beyond ingenuity and a desire to be part of the ordinary comedy of human contentment. His daydreaming had become, as he has told us, thorough and exhaustive. He was never, he says, the hero of his fantasy; with the masochist's reserve he kept himself out of it. Trollope's monomaniacal passion for perpetual work, which could absorb every moment, is not mechanical; it is a total flight into living elsewhere. And in real life, one sees (as Mr. Pope Hennessy says) how this made him cantankerous. The Irish, the Negroes, the aristocracy were useless simply because they would not work. The harder he worked, the more energetic he became; the less they worked, the more liable to misery, corruption, and dishonesty.

Trollope did nothing much for Ireland beyond seeing that people in country districts got their letters quickly. His methodical nose was close to his duties; he walked with postmen to see how long it took to go on foot from place to place and en-

joyed their company. He was shocked by the famine, and he agreed—for he was a proud man too—that the Irish had no cause to be grateful for charitable relief, but he was no more interested in the Irish peasant than he was in the English poor. There was hunger in industrial England, for colonialism was practiced at home too.

We do not go to Trollope for vision or enlightenment. But the English owe private debts to Ireland, and Trollope's debt is a complicated matter. Chiefly, he was released by the ease of life there, an ease not available to him in moneyed industrial England until he began to make large sums as a novelist. In Ireland one could be poor and enjoy country life. The first thing Trollope did when he got his post was to buy a hunter—to the snobbish annoyance of his English boss—and a fox-hunting man was born. He could not have found a better means of penetrating Irish life to the joy of rich and poor alike, yet he found it merely engaging. The Irish were annoyed by his gruff English condescension and his abrupt orders, but they knew how to dissemble and probably liked a man with a temper. He did cause mortal offense, he says, by finding an English wife there instead of marrying an Irish girl—the least an Englishman could do to correct the wrongs of history. But would an Irish girl have spent the rest of her life copying his illegible manuscripts in a fair hand, as fast as the stream poured from him before he sat down to breakfast, every day? So Ireland got nothing for making a country gentleman of him inexpensively; for giving him his passion for the field which assuaged his extrovert impulses; or for allowing him, on those leisurely cross-country journeys, to continue his incredibly efficient dream of being elsewhere. If his hunting scenes are among his best writing, Ireland must have the credit for it. And if he did not respond to Irish melancholy, he was crushing a melancholy by sheer industry.

Marriage made Trollope a novelist. It was, he said, a happy marriage; the only hostile hint about Mrs. Trollope is that she was bossy, but he would like that. It may console Americans who still feel sore about Frances Trollope's snobbery to hear that she thought Anthony's wife distinctly "not one of us"—she was the daughter of a provincial bank manager, and

PAPER EDITIONS BY QUEST BOOKS



J. KRISHNA- MURTI

The First & Last Freedom

Krishnamurti points the way for the individual to find himself. Foreword by Aldous Huxley. \$1.95

Commentaries on Living

On the forces, ideas, and traditions that shape individual lives. 1st, 2nd, and 3d Series (three books), each \$1.75

LIFE AHEAD

For every young person not sure of what comes next. \$1.45.

At bookstores—or postpaid direct from Quest Books Dept. AM, Box 270, Wheaton, Illinois 60187.

"A reader must be grateful for these memoirs... because very few men as eminent as Mr. Spaak—Foreign Minister or Prime Minister of more Belgian governments than he bothers to count, Chairman of the first United Nations General Assembly, President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe, Secretary-General of NATO—are willing to be as frank about all the political hot potatoes that have come their way."

—The New Yorker

\$12.50

Little, Brown

Paul-Henri
Spaak
The
Continuing
Battle:
Memoirs
Of A
European

Drug laws abroad:

If you're touring a foreign country, get set for some hard news.

No matter which way you go, you'll run smack into drug laws that are a whole lot tougher than ours.

You may have heard differently. You may have heard possession and sale of drugs overseas or south of our own border is okay. Or at least tolerated. That's a lie. Drugs are illegal. The same as here. And that's the truth.

Only one thing is different. The penalties are stiffer. In Lebanon, for instance, possession and use gets you 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. That's the law. And there's no way around their law.

Drug arrests of Americans overseas have jumped 70% since last year. And nobody can help. Not friends. Or family. Or the smartest lawyer in town. Not the United States government.

That's why there are over 700 American citizens doing time on drug charges in foreign jails.

Those are the facts. **Their
drug laws
are a whole
lot tougher
than ours.
Check it out.**

the mother always referred to her as an "excellent little wife." In his novels, Trollope's own comments on love belong to the engagement stage, and show a mixture of delight and mis-giving. One has joined the human lot. The girls are triumphant and show it. The man is "brought at length into a cage and tamed." Love is one thing, marriage another, "the evil is accomplished," says the happy sufferer. Young Mrs. Trollope insisted that at least he get out of Connaught into Donnybrook, where, after a spell of work in the West of England, he set about creating Barsetshire: home thoughts from abroad. It was a late beginning. And she got him back to England in the end.

There is an immense amount of detail in Mr. Pope Hennessy's *Life*, and there are many unexpected views of the novelist. When fame came and he had at last met Society, the shy Englishman turned out to be boisterous and self-assertive, contradicting everyone; then, repenting, he tried by friendly words to repair the damage done. After outbursts he would nod off to sleep, even when standing on the hearthrug. Neither in estimates of his own work nor in his relationships with people had he much self-confidence. He was as eccentric as his father had been.

His remarks as a traveler were intended to be considerate or impartial, but soon became offensive, almost against his will. When he went to the United States intending to atone for his mother's unhappy generalizations about American life—she saw America as one vast spittoon—he behaved well enough in Boston, which he liked; but once on the road, he burst out against the aggressiveness of American women and the American child. He had no sooner done it than he repented; he did not see that the frank crustiness that is admired in England is not always a good export. As a traveler he has a good photographic eye but his opinions tend to the narrow and reactionary; he rather thought that slavery was a form of God's Providence, and indeed, it evoked one of his few references to the deity. After all, he was a slave himself. These things show how thick a hide he had learned to grow in childhood. The man who is hard on himself will be hard on others. Even to Kate Field, the young Boston blue-stocking with whom he must have

been innocently in love, he was sharp and bullying. That is how affection took him. Perhaps bullying, in this case, sprang from a love more poignant for having been repressed by common sense.

Mr. Pope Hennessy seems to have read all the novels—a feat in itself, for Trollope came to be proud of his padding, which was bound up with his pride in filling his life, rapidly, with words, with his stopwatch on his desk. The novels that he did not steam through are the least prolix and better shaped. Taking time over *The Small House at Allington*, he allows variety in scene and motive to come in; and Lily Dale has more spirit than most of his heroines. The feeling Kate Field had aroused is surely behind the portrait. But where Mr. Pope Hennessy is at his best is in the discussion of the late and pessimistic Trollope of *The Way We Live Now* and *The Eustace Diamonds*. Here Trollope surveyed a new world which was no longer the Barsetshire day-dream; the characters, as the biographer says, begin to get out of the novelist's complacent control. Villains demand to be seen in the round; villainesses become more attractive as their willful personalities are developed. I doubt if the female liar has ever been more searchingly done in the English novel than in Trollope's *Lady Eustace*. We see her lure, and Trollope has seen, too, that no lover of this *intrigante* will ever be bogus enough for her. The analysis is brilliant, and the storytelling—which is, after all, where Trollope's spell lies—is masterly and ingenious.

Yet when we compare Trollope's great gift of "practical hallucination" in this novel with what Henry James did with *The Spoils of Poynton*, we see what is missing. Trollope is the lawyer or politician of private life. James saw that the magnificent *Spoils* could corrupt by their beauty, but Trollope saw nothing so morally ambiguous in the *Eustace diamonds*. The *Spoils* are treasure; the *Diamonds* are property. The former are made for the moral law, the latter for the Courts. It is marvelous that the stones turn out to be worthless, but to Trollope's imagination they have no meaning, they are merely a focus for Lady Eustace's childish will. He dislikes that as much as he dislikes her lying; she is simply a false coquette, and inevitably she bores the men who

are allured by her. But—and it must have been against his will—she is the outstanding figure in the novel, and as A.O. Cockshut suggested in an admirable book on Trollope, unique as a study of the female masochist.

Because Trollope stands out in the English novel for his persistent study of money and the law; because also of his use of recurring characters as representatives of social groups in the Palliser novels, he is often compared with Balzac. There is, as Mr. Pope Hennessy says, no real resemblance. Balzac has a passionate sense of money as a force, even as a mystical force. The pursuit of it is an appetite, like lust, whereas in Trollope, the pursuit or possession of money may be no more than one of society's habits. It provokes gossip, and novels depend on that. Money is evil only if one has not worked for it honestly. Honesty: dishonesty. Decency: shadiness. Such are the limits of Trollope's

interest. Nor, unlike Balzac's, is Trollope's society organic. Society is what we see and hear in everyday talk in drawing room and club. The Lady Eustace scandal simply keeps people going for the season. Trollope's novels are social history without the movement of history: the best of them entertain by distracting us from our fundamental apathy. Life is as we see it without having to think about it. It has no significance beyond itself.

Perhaps the pleasure we get from Trollope is the pleasure he felt, after a wretched childhood, at joining the world from which he had been cut off: a pleasure in the variety of ordinary interests. What frightens one is the deep boredom of a genius so contentedly yet neurotically identified with the satisfactions of his time; and the thumping certainty of a man so insecure, growing a hide over his wounds. Mr. Pope Hennessy brings the strange success story to life.

THE CASE FOR DR. KINSEY

by Paul A. Robinson

DR. KINSEY AND THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH
by Wardell B. Pomeroy
Harper & Row, \$10.00

KINSEY: A Biography
by Cornelia V. Christenson
Indiana University Press, \$6.95

Alfred Kinsey has had to wait well over a decade for a biographer, but suddenly he has two. These books complement each other nicely, however. Nearly half of Cornelia Christenson's volume is devoted to the years before Kinsey launched his extensive sexual study in 1938, while Wardell Pomeroy's book is concerned almost entirely with post-1938 developments. Christenson offers an especially convincing portrait of Kinsey's childhood, contrasting the austerity of his family life with the sense of release and mastery he derived from the exploration of nature. Her analysis of his early intellectual interests is equally insightful, as is her account of his romance with Clara McMillen, his first date (he was twenty-six at the time) and his wife within a year. Inevitably, however, Pomeroy's volume

commands the greater attention. It is substantially longer, and as with Ernest Jones's life of Freud, it has the character of an official biography, since it is written by one of Kinsey's earliest and closest associates.

Like Freud, Kinsey discovered his historical mission rather late in life. He was an accomplished zoologist and the world's foremost authority on the gall wasp when, at the age of forty-four, he turned to the study of human sexuality. Too much can be made of this transformation, and Christenson's book draws attention to important similarities between the work on gall wasps and that on sexuality. In both undertakings Kinsey became transfixed by numbers. He gathered an enormous collection of wasps—over four million insects—and in his analysis of this immense sample he sought to undermine accepted categories of entomological classification, just as he would later seek to dissolve received categories of sexual classification. In both of the grand projects that absorbed his life, one might say, he functioned as a taxonomic critic.

Still, the decision to abandon

(Advertisement)

May Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



In January, we devoted this column to a Devious Free Offer in an attempt to find out what you thought of our full-page ads. What we did not tell you was what we were trying to accomplish with our campaign. As many of you noticed, we were trying to get away from the old tried-and-true rules of book advertising. In each of the full-page ads, we used a bold layout with a photograph of a person; we did not quote reviews or the opinions of writers; we did not show a picture of the book; and we tried to keep the amount of description of each book to the bare minimum, hoping that the combination of bold headlines and visual impact would get our message across. According to the more than three hundred and fifty responses we received, our success was mixed. Though the opinions expressed were much too various to go into in this limited space, they were all valuable in teaching us what it is *you* want to know about a book and how you like it said. It goes without saying that we are grateful for your aid in our continuing effort to bring good books to people in the best possible way.

* * *

And speaking of good books, late in May we will publish **GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD's THE THREE SENTINELS**. Set in the oil fields of South America, it is a suspenseful tale of the moral and physical struggle between a native and an outsider, both of whom appear in the right, yet one of whom must fail. Not since Household's *Rogue Male* have we been so enthralled by a book.

THE THREE SENTINELS

by Geoffrey Household

\$6.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

wasps for sexuality was a remarkable one, and neither Christenson nor Pomeroy is particularly helpful in accounting for it. It was occasioned by Kinsey's participation in an experimental marriage course at Indiana University. Students in the course came to him for advice about their sexual problems, and out of these quasi-therapeutic situations grew the famous interviewing technique through which he eventually collected 18,000 sexual histories. The interviews lost their original therapeutic character only gradually, and one can speculate what might have happened had Kinsey taken his therapeutic role more seriously. Pomeroy states flatly that "he would have been one of the greatest therapists in history." Certainly he possessed a dazzling ability to establish rapport with persons from all walks of life. Moreover, even after the interviews had been transformed into purely information-gathering sessions, they continued to exercise a kind of cathartic effect.

I suspect that Kinsey's great project originated in the discovery of his own sexual ambiguities. I also suspect that Pomeroy holds the same opinion, but that for ethical reasons he is unable to say so. Soon after he joined the project Pomeroy deciphered the code Kinsey used to disguise the identity of the histories. He was thus able to read Kinsey's own history, as well as those of his wife and children. Furthermore, during the period of their association Pomeroy and Kinsey took each other's history every two years in order to test the consistency of their recall. In composing his biography, therefore, Pomeroy had access to all the details of Kinsey's sexual development, but he was bound to silence by the ground rules of the project, which guaranteed confidentiality even in death.

Pomeroy has respected his obligation scrupulously. However, his treatment of one incident suggests that Kinsey may have discovered in himself the homosexual tendencies he would later ascribe to a large portion of the population. After remarking on the unexceptional character of Kinsey's professional and domestic life before 1938, Pomeroy continues, with an air of mystery and significance: "Yet there was one event that made these years far from ordinary for him. It was his friendship for a student, Ralph Voris . . . Voris became the

closest friend Kinsey ever had; their relationship probably meant more to him than any other." Voris died of pneumonia in 1940, and Kinsey was heartbroken, especially as he had hoped to share the challenge of his new project with this younger friend.

Pomeroy doesn't explain in what sense the relationship was unusual. Inevitably it calls to mind Freud's friendship with Wilhelm Fliess, "the only really extraordinary experience in Freud's life," as Ernest Jones described it. Like Kinsey, Freud entered the relationship after making an apparently satisfactory marriage, and he later confessed that "some piece of unruly homosexual feeling" was at the root of it. Moreover, the relationship with Fliess, along with the death of his own father, precipitated the crisis in Freud's life that led to the birth of psychoanalysis. Admittedly I am reading between the lines of Pomeroy's account in suggesting that a similar experience may have led Kinsey to discover his identity as a sexologist. If there is a paradox here, it is in the highly emotional and apparently sublimated character of the relationship with Voris, since Kinsey's subsequent research, much to the dismay of his critics, tended to emphasize the behavioral manifestations of sexual life.

Pomeroy's account of the project's development in the forties and fifties makes compelling reading. We are treated to a highly dramatic rendering of the many trips, lectures, interviews, visits to prisons, gay bars, and whorehouses that enabled Kinsey to collect his data. The book also contains vivid portraits of Kinsey's co-workers (Pomeroy himself comes across as an immensely likable man) as well as a skillful analysis of the institutional and financial arrangements that made the research possible. Two substantial chapters are devoted to Kinsey's relations with the press, and there is a fascinating account of the role of Dean Rusk, who, on becoming president of the Rockefeller Foundation, brought its support of the project to an abrupt end.

Although an official biography, and a sympathetic one at that, this is also an admirably candid book. No attempt has been made to disguise Kinsey's failings. Pomeroy characterizes him as warm, persuasive, enthusiastic, yet at the same time driven, authoritarian, and totally intolerant

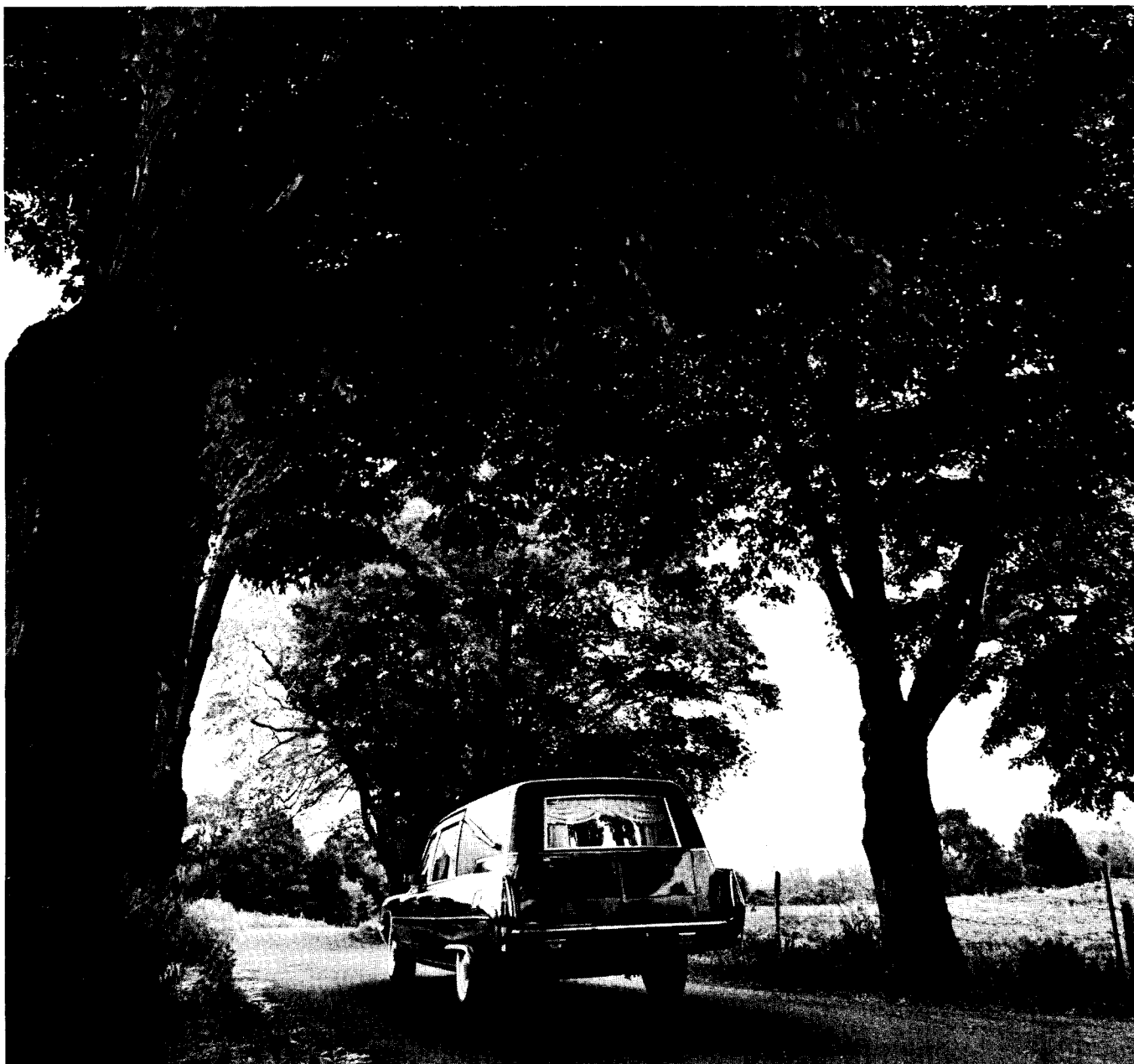
of criticism. Above all he emerges as a man of great passion, who at one point in his life seriously hoped to become a concert pianist, and whose tastes in literature and music were deeply Romantic.

The controversy that greeted the publication of Kinsey's two Reports was perhaps the most heated since that unleashed by Darwin's *Origin of Species*. And as with Darwin, there were two levels of criticism, the scientific and the moral. The scientific criticisms were directed largely at statistical weaknesses in Kinsey's research, especially the overweighting of certain groups in the sample, such as prisoners. These objections considerably troubled Kinsey, who, for all his preoccupation with gathering ever more histories, was rather unsure of himself as a statistician. From our present vantage point the statistical criticisms seem quite inconsequential. It may be statistically significant, for example, that Kinsey's figure of 37 percent for the proportion of men who had had at least one homosexual experience to orgasm was slightly exaggerated, and that the correct figure is closer to 33 percent. But this sort of revision hardly undermines the essential impact of Kinsey's revelation.

Kinsey dismissed all moral criticisms of his work as "moralistic," that is, as inspired by prudery. As a debating technique this was exactly comparable to Freud's labeling all criticisms of psychoanalysis "resistances." Both tactics are infuriating, since they deny the possibility of legitimate intellectual dissent. Yet Kinsey was probably justified in most instances. Much of the criticism was moralistic, even when it appeared in secular and liberal guise.

The moral critique was advanced most subtly by Lionel Trilling in an article originally published in *Partisan Review*. Trilling charged that the *Male* volume was not the neutral scientific document it pretended to be, but a highly tendentious work with a distinct permissivist bias. He granted that the Report's intentions were generous, but he regretted its naïveté and its fundamentally materialist notion of human sexuality.

There was some justice in these strictures. Kinsey never recognized that by asking certain questions rather than others he committed himself to a particular conception of sexual life, which, while "objective" in



Don't walk when you can ride.

Presenting Another Lesson in How To Kill Yourself.

In an earlier lesson, we told you to eat, drink, be merry, and most important, to overdo it.

Now we are going to suggest that, once you've taken in all those calories, do nothing—absolutely nothing—to burn any of them off.

No matter how short the trip, don't walk when you can ride.

And if walking is out, jogging is unthinkable. Even though your doctor told you you're one of those people who could well invest in some exercise—to get your heart muscle pumping and your blood circulating.

True, you have heard it said that most children in America learn to walk by 16 months and stop walking by 16 years. But then, *you're* no child.

And, anyway, exercise is a big, fat bore.

Why Are America's Doctors Telling You This?

Well, for a long time we've been telling you how to stay alive and healthy. (In fact, about 70% of the annual budget of the American Medical Association goes to health education.) But many of you go do the opposite.

Now we figure we'll tell you how to kill yourselves. In the fervent hope that once again you'll do the exact opposite. If you do, there's every chance we'll be seeing less of you. Just for check-ups. And that's it.

Doing your bit to take care of yourself (such as exercising, but only if your doctor says it's OK) means your doctor can give everyone the best care possible. When *only* his care will do.

For a free booklet on the right kind and right amount of exercise for you, write: Box X, American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

America's Doctors of Medicine

(Our Best Patients Take Care of Themselves)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sense that it did not contradict the facts, was nonetheless partial. He tended to ask about physical acts, not about the internal states accompanying them, and he naturally found it easier to measure the quantity rather than the quality of acts. Kinsey's methodological unselfconsciousness probably cannot be defended—except to say that it is a common failing—but his decision to measure acts and to stress quantity is, on the contrary, quite defensible. Against Trilling's emphasis on quality and psychological context, Kinsey made the legitimate assumption that nothing is so important in sexual life as numbers. The Reports revealed the extraordinary extent to which we differ precisely in the amount and the specific physical forms of sexual activity we desire. A good deal of sexual unhappiness, Kinsey suggested, results from the pairing of individuals who are incompatible in sheer physical and quantitative terms. There are, of course, other considerations in a sexual relationship, not to mention a romantic or marital relationship, and Kinsey perhaps underestimated their importance. But it was his virtue to have drawn attention to the material realities of sexual life that high-minded critics dismiss too easily as merely "mechanical."

The critics were right in asserting that the Reports had been inspired by moral as well as scientific principles. At least implicitly, both the *Male* and *Female* volumes argued against existing sexual restrictions by showing that actual sexual behavior bore little relation to those restrictions. The degree to which Kinsey's intentions were consciously moral remains unsettled. Pomeroy reiterates the claim that the project was guided solely by the desire "to find out . . . what people did sexually." Whatever their motivation, the Reports were all the more effective polemically for their seeming disinterestedness. Instead, for example, of stating outright that premarital sex was desirable, Kinsey simply documented a high correlation between premarital sexual experience and sexual "adjustment" in marriage, leaving the reader free to opt against adjustment if his moral code so demanded.

No doubt Kinsey ranks with Freud, Havelock Ellis, and now Masters and Johnson among the great sexual researchers of our century. Yet I am in-

clined to question Pomeroy's judgment that he belongs with the scientific immortals. Whether because of inherent intellectual limitations, or because he was forced to devote so much of his energy to the monumental task of gathering the facts, he left almost nothing in the way of concepts with which to interpret those facts. His few ventures into the realm of explanation were both tentative and simplistic. He inclined to a crude associationist theory of sexual behavior, arguing that sexual preferences, like preferences in food, were based on

what one happened to encounter first. There is thus nothing in his work to compare with Freud's grand theoretical design, which, whatever its inadequacies, at least addresses itself imaginatively to the great sexual mysteries. I don't wish to belittle Kinsey's empirical accomplishment or to deny the depth and generosity of his moral commitment, but what one misses in his work is some effort to construct a reasoned explanation of the human sexual experience. As a theorist, although not as a researcher, he falls short of the immortals.

NONTRAVELING

by William Zinsser

I am throwing out the oddments of a family vacation in Italy: the fake leather folder that held the traveler's checks, the little coins worth 5/34ths of a cent, the card on which somebody scribbled the name of a church we must be sure to see but didn't. My favorite is a list written in pencil:

Vitello (veal), *vitellone* (grand veal), *mauzo* (beef), *fettiria* (for scallopine), *carne tenere* (tender meat), *macinato* (minced meat), *pollo* (chicken), *triglio* (red mullet), *sogliole* (sole), *scampi* (big shrimps), *gamberi* (small shrimps). They are the keys to survival in a kind of travel that consists of not traveling. Most tourists keep moving and see the famous sights. We go to a small village and stay put.

I should admit that I've already seen the famous sights. I've seen the Parthenon by full moon and the Taj Mahal at dawn. I've climbed up Angkor Wat and down the pharaohs' tombs at Luxor. I've seen the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and the road to Mandalay, the Sadie Thompson bar in Pago Pago and the Kris dance in Bali. I've shopped in bazaars from Baghdad to Portobello Road. I've seen the required temples and mosques, the rose windows and rood screens, hurrying from town to town so as not to miss a single place designated by a * in my guidebook. And I expected to go on hurrying until I had seen every last ditch purported to be a highly sophisticated Etruscan irrigation system.

But then, in the summer of 1969, without warning, the guidebook fever

passed. Someone asked if we would like to rent a house in Spain for a month. We said yes instantly. Then we wondered why we had. Our children, Amy and John, were then ten and eight. What would we do? We didn't know any Spanish. How would we manage?

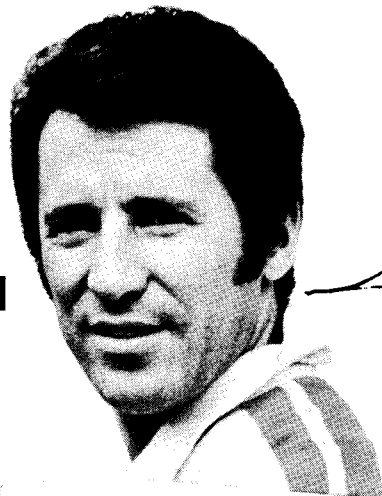
We managed. In fact, we have seldom been so contented. Our house was not only beautiful, its plumbing worked. It was in a village so small that it had only two dirt roads, and there, for a month, we stayed, understanding only what we could puzzle out with a pocket dictionary.

Yet in another way we understood everything. All four of us were on the same age level of exposure to the ancient rhythms around us: farmers working in the fields, a shepherd going out with his flock in the morning and coming back at night, hens clucking when they laid an egg, bells ringing in the church when someone died.

Only once did we turn into tourists. Being quite near the French border, we decided to "show the children a little bit of France," as this process is usually called, and we drove to Carcassonne, where we dutifully spent a night in the old walled city and took a guided walk on the ramparts. The next day we saw a little more of France, stopping to buy the traditional bread and cheese for a picnic in the traditional field, and by afternoon we reached Albi, which, we had heard, had a great cathedral. It did. But it also had a convention that had booked every hotel room except one,

"FREE.

Get this Highway
Safety Kit when you
Test Drive a new
Winnebago."*



Flares. Fire extinguisher. HELP sign. Tire inflator/puncture sealer. Even handy cleanup towels. This Bernz-o-matic Highway Safety Kit is an \$11.95 value. And it's yours, free, when you visit your Winnebago Dealer and take a "Mario Andretti" Test Drive.**

Think you can be as tough as Andretti?

Put a Winnebago through its paces yourself. Check it inside and out. Find out why Winnebago is the largest recreational vehicle manufacturer in the world. Look at the wide selection—three lines, 14 models. Check the authorized dealer list—over 300 service facilities from coast to coast. See why dollar for dollar and nut for bolt, Winnebago gives you more motor home for the money.

**Offer good at participating dealers, May 1-31, 1972, while supply lasts.

*To qualify you must call ahead for your test drive appointment.



Mario Andretti's personal Winnebago.



Test Drive a Winnebago.
Mario Andretti did. Now
he owns one.

WINNEBAGO®
Go the Winnebago route

and on the third morning we looked at one another through eyes glazed by two days of touring and said, "Let's go home." By nightfall we were back on our terrace in Spain.

Last summer we wanted to recover that experience but in a different country—in Morocco, possibly, or Ghana, or Israel. But the house that finally turned up was in Italy, so that's where we gladly went.

"How do you find these houses?" people ask, and if I knew an easy answer, I would do it the easy way myself. I began in January by cutting out ads for businesses in New York with names like Villas in Europe, Inc., and visiting them to see what villas they had in Europe. The businesses were usually one woman at one desk in an office big enough to hold one desk, and the villas were stucco bungalows perched on rocks over seaside resorts near Rimini or Toulon. I didn't see my dream house among them, but I did see snapshots of a lot of stucco bungalows.

Meanwhile, I also wrote letters to friends who were living abroad or who had lived abroad. The point is to make the quest as widely known as possible—luck will take care of the rest. In our case, somebody knew a lady in Italy. I wrote to her: was it true that she had a house? No, she wrote back, but she would try to find a friend who did. After a month she wrote again to say that she was still trying. Then in May she sent a cable telling us to get in touch with a Signora Alberti in Rome, adding that she thought we would like Mrs. Alberti's house.

With so much generosity working for us, how could we lose? I bought an Italian-English pocket dictionary, and on July 1, Mrs. Alberti was showing us around her summer house in a small farming valley two hours north of Rome, just one mile back from an outrageously picturesque fishing village. Was there anything else we needed to know?

"Yes," my wife said. "Would you please write down the name of all those different cuts of meat at the butcher shop?" She had learned in Spain that one country's meat (ours) is another country's funny-looking piece of something that doesn't look like anything else. And what are all those crazy fish at the fish market? Mrs. Alberti wrote down what it all was and how it could be cooked by

the farm woman who was going to come in at night and cook for us. Then she drove off for Rome, and once again we were on our own.

The gift that a foreign setting bestows is to sweep the mind clean of the year's mindless clutter. There is no telephone, no radio or TV, no letters or bills. Even the absence of junk mail for a month is therapy. The tensions of the new world yield to the slower persuasions of the old.

My wife, a public school teacher, stopped having fevered dreams about her class in one week; at home the subconscious takes much longer to release its dreadful grip. I, a journalist obsessed by a compulsion to read every paper and magazine, didn't even want to read the international *Herald Tribune*. I was happy with the paperbacks that I had bought at the airport—not even worthy books that I had been meaning to read all year, but readable books like *My Turn at Bat* by Ted Williams.

"What was the best part of the trip?" people later asked, hoping we would name some certified sight. "Being there was the best part," we would say—an answer they hated.

"What did you do?" they asked. "Nothing," we said.

We just fell, as we had in Spain, into a Mediterranean tempo. In the morning we usually drove to a nearby beach, or maybe rented a little boat and found a beach of our own. After that we bought a cold lunch—fresh bread, cheese, salami, fruit, wine—and took it back to the house. By then the day was hot, and the whole valley took a nap.

Around four, life slowly regathered itself, and we went into town. Stores were opening, mothers were pushing babies in strollers out for an afternoon stroll. We ambled among the outdoor stalls and gradually—as a pleasant thing to do, not as a chore—bought dinner: vegetables at a vegetable stand, fruit from a lady who had had good peaches two days before, meat from the butcher with his unfathomable cuts. We soon had a big vocabulary in the one area that mattered—food—and I needed the dictionary only for telling the lady at the laundry, for instance, that I didn't want *amido* in my shirts. These struggles, far from creating a verbal barrier, made many friends; the Italians took with their customary

warmth the atrocities I inflicted on their language.

In late afternoon we bought *gelati*—selecting three or even four flavors of ice cream to be dexterously poised on one cone—and sat at a sidewalk table watching everybody else. Around seven the fishing boats came back with their day's catch, bringing so many fish of so many kinds that they would seem to have depleted the Mediterranean. The miracle was that they came in again the next night with just as many. Old men who had gone out for years on these boats would come down to the pier to see what their sons had caught, and young boys would come to greet their fathers. For how many generations had this daily meeting of three generations been enacted?

These were our sightseer sights. If we needed variety, we went to other villages along the coast, or took a day's drive across the tranquil landscape of Tuscany to Siena or some of the smaller hill towns. But we didn't often feel the need.

All of this might suggest that what we really did for a month was go soft in the head. Actually, on such a vacation the senses are far more alive than they are at home to the beauty of daily life and to the perpetual contest between man and nature. In America, land of packages, the product has lost whatever relationship it may once have had to the soil or to the sea or to human labor. In Europe the unities of existence are seen again, and if travel is supposed to be educational, this was our education, in both Spain and Italy, along with the lesson that foreigners aren't all that foreign and that people everywhere are kind.

Obviously the nontraveling vacation is not for everybody. The family is thrown back onto itself and must be resourceful. For parents this means an ability to manage the often mysterious mechanics of living: food, housekeeping, language, money, transportation. For children it means a capacity to be self-entertaining and to find joy in the ordinary rather than the extraordinary.

One day, in the surf, an Italian boy eager to make friends with John, asked "Do you speak English?" John said yes.

"Do you live in London or Liverpool?" the boy asked.

"Liverpool," John said. He thought the boy wanted Liverpool.

MOVIES

IT HURTS TO LOOK BACK

by David Denby

THE SORROW AND THE PITY
(*Le Chagrin et la Pitié*)
directed by Marcel Ophuls
Cinema 5

The Sorrow and the Pity, Marcel Ophuls' four-and-one-half-hour film on the German occupation of France from 1940 to 1944, is a superb use of the film medium for the purpose of historical reconstruction and one of the greatest documentaries ever made. Ophuls' subject is not totalitarianism per se, but the disturbing effects of totalitarianism on a relatively humane and democratic civilization. The film chronicles the most dismaying features of French life during the Vichy years: collaboration, anti-Semitism and Anglophobia, military worship, and political torture. Ophuls convincingly demonstrates that in their worst moments many Frenchmen compensated for the humiliating military defeat of June, 1940, by identifying with their conquerors and acting like amateur Nazis. Yet the harshness of *The Sorrow and the Pity* is tempered by the director's patient efforts to understand the motives of even the most ignominious collaborators. He's not a witch-hunter, and although he emphasizes the sour truth of widespread French acquiescence in German domination, he gives the Resistance its due: the true heroes, now aging and tired, hold forth on their glory days with reticent pride and forbearance, and one is moved to tears.

Ophuls, son of the great director Max Ophuls (who himself was chased from France by anti-Semitism during the war years), worked for the state-controlled French television (ORTF) during the sixties, and has admitted he made this film in reaction to the smug self-satisfaction of the ORTF films on the Occupation, which overemphasized the importance of the Resistance and played down the extent of collaboration. Yet in order to perform the task of truth-telling, he had to go outside France for money—to Swiss, German, and Belgian television networks. *The Sorrow and the*

Pity, completed early in 1971, has never been shown on French television ("It wasn't banned, but simply boycotted," says Ophuls), but it has done well in theaters and has received wide attention in the French press. The version now circulating in America was originally prepared for viewing on the BBC, and British actors offer the Downing Street or Midlands or Cockney equivalents to the original French accents—a solution which translates the complete text with dramatic effectiveness and allows us to focus our attention on faces rather than on subtitles.

In his directing, Ophuls has used a wonderfully fluid essay technique, cutting back and forth between a rich selection of historical source materials—newsreels, anti-Semitic feature films, Pétainist and Nazi propaganda—and a series of long, probing interviews with present-day survivors (an eloquent and immensely varied group, ranging from British and French national leaders to shopkeepers and peasants). As a result, we grasp not only the major political and ideological events of the time but the way these events were caused by an accumulation of personal choices. And despite the film's extreme length and its comprehensive scope, the different elements fit together in a coherent pattern. Ophuls has recorded many of his interviews in the city of Clermont-Ferrand (including an interview with an unrepentant old Wehrmacht captain who was stationed there), and we keep hearing echoes and seeing resemblances.

During the interviews, a quality of even-handedness and generosity emerges in Ophuls' personality; he seems eager not only to get his story but to understand fully the person before him. Each person selected—whether he resisted, collaborated, or simply got by—is allowed to explain his conduct and attitudes at considerable length, and often we are brought to that state of primary human sympathy in which we feel that everyone has his reasons, everyone his justification. We may be suddenly

MAUPINTOUR
THE UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS

USSR EASTERN EUROPE

CHOICE of 17 adventure tours, fully all-inclusive and escorted, feature Russia and/or one or several Eastern Europe countries, Siberia, Central Asia, Samarkand or Balkans, Dalmatia or add Scandinavia. Also the Berlins, Middle Europe. From 15 days to a Grand 68 days.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for Maupintour's detailed 52-page EASTERN EUROPE brochure or write Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone 913/843-1211.

 **Maupintour**
our 21st year
of quality
tour operation



Add ASIA
to your
European trip

visit
TURKEY

Find bargains in the covered bazaars. Watch whirling dervishes at Konya. See the rock-carved cities of Cappadocia. Enjoy deliciously different cuisine and exotic night life.

Turkey's gateway is Istanbul, and beyond this magic city lie Troy, Ephesus, Pergamum, Gordion, Tarsus. You can explore the treasures of 9,000 years of history. And you can discover the modern comforts of unspoiled Mediterranean and Aegean resorts.

In Turkey you can
live like a sultan
— at Europe's
lowest prices.

See your travel
agent or write:

  
TURKISH TOURISM & INFORMATION OFFICE
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036
Telephone: (212) 564-5990

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulled back from sympathy by an obvious lie or a flash of rottenness, but Ophuls and co-interviewer André Harris never become bellicose or accusatory (one has only to imagine a happy hanging-judge like David Susskind in the same role to realize how effective their modesty is). One of the most interesting interviews is given by a right-wing, anti-Semitic French aristocrat (now a public relations man) who in his youth hungered for glory and discipline and consequently wound up fighting for the Germans in a Waffen-SS unit. He's a plausible, reasoning villain, with obviously a lot to lose, and only his trust in Ophuls could account for his willingness to speak of fascism with such candor and love.

Ophuls has achieved genuine objectivity without that flaccid "balance" which takes the punch out of so many American television documentaries. Much of the personal testimony is self-evidently true or self-evidently false, but the director takes very little for granted. He tries to demonstrate the facts whenever he can. In a long, heartrending narration, Pierre Mendès-France, an air force lieutenant at the beginning of the war, relates how anti-Semitism and Pétainist pro-German sentiment led to his arrest for "desertion" when he tried to join the Free French in North Africa; Ophuls interrupts the narration with examples of French anti-Semitic propaganda, newsreels from the time, interviews with Mendès-France's defense lawyer (who describes his client's magnificent defiance in court), and each time he cuts back to Mendès-France, the man takes on a greater stature and his story a greater resonance.

Ophuls catches the liars, too. Pierre Laval, the French reactionary, pro-German Premier, is defended by his son-in-law, René de Chambrun; Ophuls, conducting the interview, politely but firmly corrects Chambrun's statistics on Jewish deportations and also cuts to interviews and a signed document to prove that Laval handed 4000 Jewish children over to Eichmann's henchmen for deportation to Buchenwald.

Personal recollections are subject to the infinite distortions of pride, self-interest, and guilt, but the old propaganda remains unalterable. No doubt the French will find this shabby stuff even more hypnotic and nauseating

than we do. (Those platoon and bomber-crew movies, with their caricatures of "the Japs" and "the Krauts," will constitute our native American shame as long as there are televisions in bedrooms and insomniacs to turn them on.) For sheer vileness, nothing can top the German newsreel commentator who gleefully mocks the trudging, homeless French refugees of June, 1940, but the material put out by the Pétain regime shortly afterwards is only slightly less offensive. Ophuls spreads these films throughout in order to illustrate the individual stories, but taken together, they make up a picture of shame.

Pétain, the senile lion of the previous war, having just handed half of France over to the Nazis, was set up in the post-Armistice propaganda as a proud symbol of French military glory, a pseudo-Hitler constantly being mobbed by crowds and saluted by legions of stalwart Frenchmen. His regime set out to emulate the German conquerors, and Ophuls shows us the call for new French elites, the Spartan-homosexual youth camps, the disgusting public exhibitions of caricature-drawings which allowed Frenchmen to distinguish themselves from Jews, the grotesque reversal of enemies which suddenly produced England as France's greatest foe. In the most pathetic delusion of all, the Pétain government devised a nonsensical world-view in which a revived France was to serve as a military spearhead against the corrupt democracies of England and America. Ophuls cuts from this material to interviews with Albert Speer and General Walter Warlimont which make it perfectly clear that Hitler, far from intending to make France an equal partner, had nothing but contempt for a country so easily defeated and was fully prepared to reduce it to a state of vassalage. Because of Ophuls' ironic structuring of the material, the Vichy propaganda takes on an air of surrealistic absurdity. This sweet-voiced official with the neatly combed and parted beard who so patiently explains that France will move across the Atlantic and conquer America—can he be real, or is it Fernandel in some sort of *outré* makeup?

Newsreels rather than propaganda cover the period after the 1944 Liberation, but the evidence of a slightly manic national hypocrisy is just as damaging. The immense cheering

crowds, formerly for Pétain, now turn out for De Gaulle. Persons accused of collaboration are given harsh sentences after being tortured or are summarily executed, and women who have slept with German soldiers are placed on open-air platforms and shaved bald. Perhaps nothing else in *The Sorrow and the Pity* is as shocking as a procession of these women who have been transformed into the likeness of concentration-camp victims by their own countrymen. "You cannot judge unless your own country has been occupied," Anthony Eden says in an interview. Modifying Eden's tolerance somewhat, Ophuls' point of view seems to be that you *can* judge, but you cannot say your own country would do any better.

The official propaganda of the time helps us to understand why some of the people interviewed acted stupidly or retreated into passivity, although if Ophuls has any lesson to teach, it is that each person remains responsible for his acts—neither "history" nor "the temper of the times" releases anyone from the possibility of choosing courage. He patiently questions a man named Marius Klein, a Catholic shopkeeper in Clermont-Ferrand who was afraid his customers would take him for a Jew because of his name. Klein placed an ad in the local paper announcing that he was a Frenchman, and twenty-five years later he still cannot see that this tiny act—this cautious, politic, understandable little act—lies at the very heart of persecution. He is not the only example. The hotelier who charged double if a visitor had no papers; the farmers who got rich on the black market; the German Wehrmacht captain who "never heard" about Jews being deported from his area of duty—these people, in their evasions and minor betrayals, form the disastrous everyday texture of history in times of stress, and Ophuls is perhaps the first documentary filmmaker to insist that their experiences are just as important as those of the great national leaders.

Other persons interviewed seem never to have formulated any role for themselves at all. They are decent people, but they have chosen not to exist, morally. Ophuls' interest forces an existence on them, and they are amused, puzzled, slightly embarrassed, like children made to perform

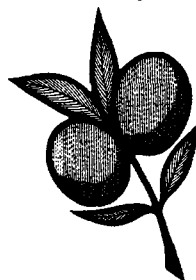
for a party of adults. A pleasant bourgeois who owns a pharmacy in Clermont-Ferrand has survived with his wealth and family intact, but his caution has condemned him to triviality. All his recollections are comic: he goes out bicycle-riding and runs into the advancing Nazi columns; he cannot get his favorite brand of cigarettes; he welcomes the opening of the hunting season as the most important event of 1942; hearing of a Nazi atrocity, he retires to his cellar and weeps. Ophuls never comments on any of this; we only hear that steady, patient, alert questioning. He is not a hanging-judge, but he certainly allows a number of people to hang themselves.

During these interviews one feels a definite discomfort—obviously, this is the way most of us would have performed in the same situation. The heroes, on the other hand, exist in a different existential state from us, and so we can relish them aesthetically and emotionally without suffering the trials of identification. They remind us of the pleasures of conventional movies, and it becomes hard to suppress movie associations. Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, a high-spirited and amusingly self-deprecatory aristocrat who seems to have joined the Resistance mainly to scandalize his family, looks and sounds like Jean Cocteau—he's a Jean Cocteau whose genius went into politics rather than art. One of the heroic, growling old peasants resembles Michel Simon, and then there's Dennis Rake, a British underground agent who offers us a homosexual version of Rex Harrison's singing spy in Carol Reed's *Night Train to Munich*. Rake, who seems as cautious as a retired librarian, spent the war years performing in "dubious" French nightclubs while transmitting secret information back to London. During this time, he had a love affair with a German officer but regretfully had to give him up because the man would have been in deep trouble if he (Rake) were ever caught.

Heroism, like great talent, is dazzlingly beautiful; these men refuse to claim special merit for acts which they regarded as part of the duty of citizenship, and they remain eloquently free of rancor against those of lesser civil courage.

The Sorrow and the Pity is a contribution to history, to social psychol-

"We
flavour-age
our juniper
berries."



**It's how
Gordon's keeps
its gin up!**

We do something to our juniper berries between the bush and the bottle that makes Gordon's Gin special. We age them. Until they're mellow, smooth, ripe with flavour. (It's part of our 203-year-old English formula.) So if you want a gin with an impressive name, but you also want smooth, crisp, super-dry taste, drink Gordon's.

**Biggest seller in England...America...the world.
Super-dry is why!**

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

A handbook on American political strategy...

POLITICAL BROKERS

PEOPLE
ORGANIZATIONS
MONEY
POWER

by the editors and reporters of *National Journal*
edited by Judith G. Smith

POLITICAL BROKERS is a factual, detailed guide to Washington's special interest groups, among them the ADA, the big business and labor lobbies, the Ripon Society, Common Cause, and the American Medical Association's organization.

- The political brokers will influence who will get to Washington in '72 and what will happen after they do.
- The political brokers are influencing governmental decisions today that will affect every American for years to come.
- You should know who they are and how they do it.

\$7.95 for cloth and \$3.45 for paperbound at all bookstores.
A LIVERIGHT/NATIONAL JOURNAL BOOK



LIVERIGHT

386 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

"the feeling of a poet with the observation of a scientist"*



RACHEL CARSON AT WORK

The House of Life

By PAUL BROOKS

Author of ROADLESS AREA and THE PURSUIT OF WILDERNESS

Based on Rachel Carson's papers, THE HOUSE OF LIFE is at once a literary biography and a reader containing both published and unpublished writing.

"The long research, the persistence against grief and illness, and the courage which went into the making of *Silent Spring* Mr. Brooks has told magnificently. . . . a timely book and an earnest one."—*EDWARD WEEKS, *Atlantic Monthly*

Illustrated with photos • \$8.95
At your bookstore

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Happy Ending is that kind of love story you wish would go on forever...

... a novel deeply rooted in the strongest and richest vein of the American experience.

It is many kinds of love story—a book you'll want to read more than once.

Happy Ending
a novel by
Elizabeth Savage

\$6.95

Little, Brown



ogy, to anthropology, and to art. If there's any justice in the world, Marcel Ophuls' monumental labor will be studied and debated for years. For Americans the film has a particular

interest: Vietnam has subjected us all to similar though less intense pressures, and every viewer will find himself somewhere in this comprehensive exposition of moral choice.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

NUNAGA: Ten Years of Eskimo Life by Duncan Pryde
Walker and Company, \$7.95

Duncan Pryde was a skinny Scottish ex-sailor of eighteen when in 1955 he turned his back on Glasgow and headed for the barren lands of Canada. An orphan without home ties, he accepted the Hudson's Bay Company offer of isolation and \$135 a month and *Nunaga* is the story of his search for happiness as a fur trader in the Arctic. I should rate it the most realistic, rugged experience of living with the Eskimos to appear since *Kabloona*.

The Company broke him in with a three-year stint among the Cree and Ojibwa Indians in northern Manitoba; then at his own insistence in 1958 he was transferred to a solitary post in the Arctic, first to Baker Lake where he got his bearings, and then to the Copper Eskimos at Perry Island, where he was strenuously initiated into native life. The Eskimos at Perry were an unruly lot, known for their blood feuds and for their heavy drinking of a potent brew made from raisins, yeast, or of methyl hydrate added to a cup of tea. Now that they were on welfare, they did a minimum of trapping; they had already broken the spirit of two ineffectual traders, and with his Scottish persistence Pryde was determined to jack them up. He learned the language, and his description of the Eskimo vocabulary, with its twenty-five modifications of "snow," its dozen terms for the various kinds of mud, and its one word for the hundreds of summer flowers, is a fine chapter. He found his allies; he trained, over three years, one of the best dog teams; and when in a showdown he beat the local bully, Uakuak, in a bloody night-long fight, he won the respect of the men and the affection of the women.

In the days before welfare there

was a deliberate shortage of women: a male child would work for his parents and was welcome; a female, after the first daughter, was an encumbrance and was put out to freeze. This shortage, Pryde tells, was often the cause of the blood feuds, as it was of the "exchange-wife." If a man liked you and you were a bachelor, he would offer you his wife even though all might be sleeping only inches apart on the bed platform in the snowhouse. Eskimo women, the Scot tells us, are not for shy men, and they made him happy and a father.

He is very good on the Eskimo dogs, which to his regret are now being replaced by snowmobiles. In the old days the dogs were indispensable to a hunter; they were also a drag—"having thirteen dogs is like having thirteen people to feed." He scouts the idea that there is wolf blood in the pack. "Wolves," he says, "don't have the pulling power of an Eskimo dog." Rabies are a dreaded contagion, and when the foxes infected the community at Perry Island, rabies wiped out a third of the two hundred and fifty dogs. As for the snowmobiles, Pryde quotes an Eskimo friend, "When the worst comes to the worst, have you ever tried eating a carburettor?" This book penetrates into the secret places of a primitive people, tells of their shamans, who are really faith healers, of their hardihood and generosity, and of their fundamental Northern traits—patience and acceptance.

THE TERMINAL MAN
by Michael Crichton
Knopf, \$6.95

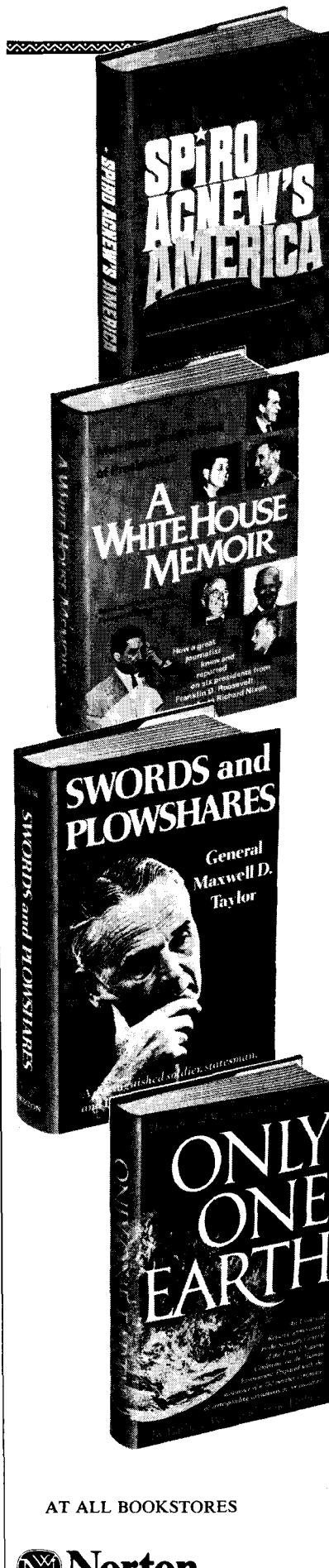
Michael Crichton, author of *The Andromeda Strain* and a doctor conversant with the spectacular development in brain surgery, has now written a novel quite terrifying in its suspense and implication. His subject

is "mind control," his situation what can happen in the neurological-surgical unit of a university hospital when a paranoid who has been wired with an implant to abort his seizures instead goes berserk.

Harold Franklin Benson, a computer scientist, was healthy until his thirty-third year, when he was involved in an automobile accident on the Santa Monica Freeway. Thereafter he suffered from blackouts preceded by peculiar, unpleasant odors; they often occurred after drinking and as they increased in frequency and duration, Benson would on regaining consciousness find himself with cuts, bruises, and torn clothing but with no recollection of what violence he had been party to. He had been divorced from his wife, and now his seizures cut him off from his remaining friends. A meek, pudgy-looking man with a bewildered air, it did not seem possible that he could have beaten a garage mechanic to a pulp, as the police accused him of doing. The charges were dropped, but they unnerved Benson, and his outbreaks continued until, under police guard, he was brought to the neurosurgeons. They discovered that he was suffering from psychomotor epilepsy, vulnerable to thought seizures leading to violent spells; and that he had a mania about machines, which he believed would ultimately take over the world. He was reassured that the disease could be controlled and was started on a series of drug trials leading up to the operation.

Dr. Ellis is to perform this refinement of brain surgery, and the only one on his operating team with misgivings is Dr. Janet Ross. She argues that someone else could benefit more from the delicate implant and that Benson is too unstable to be saved. Ellis goes ahead with the operation in the full blaze of the theater, inserting the tiny electrode with its forty points pressing into the brain, one of which will trace the sources of the disturbance, and placing under the skin of Benson's shoulder a power-packed computer, wired to the electrode, which will deliver an electric shock to abort the seizure. All done in an hour and forty minutes and the patient appears to be doing well.

No one seems to have anticipated that the stimulations might overload Benson, pushing him into seizures which were for a time agreeably sex-



SPIRO AGNEW'S AMERICA
The Vice President and
the Politics of Suburbia
by Theo Lippman, Jr.

This lively, searching and objective portrait reveals Spiro Agnew's significance both as an individual and as a symbol. \$7.95

**MERRIMAN SMITH'S
BOOK OF PRESIDENTS:
A WHITE HOUSE MEMOIR**
compiled and edited by
Timothy G. Smith

Introduction by ROBERT J. DONOVAN. A dazzling collection of writings, most never published before, by a great correspondent. "A fascinating series of White House anecdotes and insights."
— SENATOR EDMUND S. MUSKIE. \$7.95

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES
by General Maxwell D. Taylor

A soldier-statesman recalls his dramatic career. "An admirable book . . . eminently readable . . . a truly remarkable and heroic life." — GENERAL EARLE G. WHEELER.
With 16 pages of photographs. \$10.00

ONLY ONE EARTH
The Care and Maintenance
of a Small Planet
by Barbara Ward and René Dubos

One of the world's most influential writers and a renowned scientist present a vitally important report on the state of the human environment. Commissioned by the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment. \$6.00

**UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE
TO THE PRESIDENT**
The ACLU Case Against the Legality
of the War in Vietnam
by Leon Friedman and Burt Neuborne

Introduction by SENATOR GEORGE S. McGOVERN. Two ACLU attorneys trace the two historic cases which challenged the constitutionality of our involvement in Vietnam. \$8.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES



Norton

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003

How a man with an obsession killed a man with a dream.

A new masterpiece of true crime reporting by the author of *The Boston Strangler* . . . the suspenseful, detailed, thoroughly documented account of the greatest and — until now — most secret manhunt in history.



AN AMERICAN DEATH

The True Story of the Assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

GEROLD FRANK

A new bestseller, at all booksellers now.
DOUBLEDAY

“For one of the few truly powerful and majestic (can we call it a novel, or is it thinly disguised reporting of actual events?), likely to be produced in the next twelve months, read *Vendetta of Silence*.”—*Christian Science Monitor*

VENDETTA OF SILENCE



Selected by the Notable Books Committee of American Library Association as one of the 45 books of outstanding merit published during the past year.

by **Ann Cornelisen**,
author of *Torregreca*

\$6.95 at all bookstores

ATLANTIC/LITTLE, BROWN

ual, but accelerated into monstrous violence, and that Benson in this condition, with his cleverness and his mania about machines, will not lie low for long. When he escapes into the maze of Los Angeles, the doctors, already tense, realize that neither talk nor police can turn off the implanted computer: Benson in his alternations between guile and frenzy is a demonic Frankenstein monster, and it is the search for him and his vengeance which make this story such a chiller.

The people are skillfully typed. The nurses supply the essential touch of humor, and the operation is as dramatic as the hunt. In contrast to the vanity and the overconfidence of the surgeons is Janet Ross, the only rounded character, a comely woman whose fatigue and whose fear of the electrically charged guinea pig the reader shares.

AS EVER, SCOTT FITZ—

Letters between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Harold Ober 1919–1940

edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Lippincott, \$15.00

A literary agent has to be banker, editor, and broker for his clients, a relationship often leading to friendship, as was certainly the case with that tall, reserved New Englander Harold Ober, whose forthright devotion to his authors made him pre-eminent. Of the many writers he served, the one who tried him most was Scott Fitzgerald, and these letters are a monument to Ober's patience and integrity.

They begin with Fitzgerald's early stories, and they follow Scott through the flush years and the hard drinking; through the trips abroad and the life on Long Island when *The Great Gatsby* was being written. The prices of his short stories rose from \$250 to \$4000. Then with Zelda's breakdown and the Depression, there comes the drying up of fertility, and the long struggle with *Tender Is the Night*. During this drear period Fitzgerald called on Ober for loans totaling \$13,000, ultimately paid off, with his other debts, out of the \$90,000 he hard-earned in Hollywood. But by then he had lost his magazine markets, and what was worse, his swift capacity for good sustained writing. When in 1939 Ober wrote that with two boys in college he could not af-

ford to bank Scott in a new spiral, Fitzgerald severed their friendship in a letter that hurt them both. The sadness shows in a note from Fitzgerald to Max Perkins: "When Harold withdrew from the questionable honor of being my banker, I felt completely numb financially and I suddenly wondered what money was and where it came from. There had always seemed a little more somewhere and now there wasn't."

The correspondence is for business and without literary flavor, enlivened by an affectionate sketch of Ober by Fitzgerald's daughter and by a touching note of gratitude from Zelda at the end.

THE CROWN OF MEXICO

by Joan Haslip

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.00

At first glance it would seem like beating a long-dead horse to have to push one's way through Joan Haslip's five-hundred-page biographical study of Maximilian and Carlota. One wonders what there is new to say about the pathetic Archduke with his grandiose ambitions, his extravagances, and his weak chin. But Miss Haslip has made an appealing case for the young man who may have been the illegitimate grandson of Napoleon, who was certainly the favorite son of his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, and who suffered all his life from living in the shadow of his older brother, that indomitable Emperor, Franz Josef of Austria.

As a boy growing up in the Schönbrunn, Max longed for warmth; his childhood dream was for "a castle with a garden by the sea"; he had an inquiring mind and a passionate love of nature, and had he not been a pawn of the monarchy, could happily have spent his life traveling and collecting. The author, whose last book was *The Lonely Empress*, a biography of Max's sister-in-law, paints an accurate picture of the Austrian court in the days after Metternich, when the Empire was coming apart, and behind the glitter one sees the Spartan severity of Franz Josef and the intrigue of his ministers, for which Max was no match.

On the second of December, 1848, Franz Josef was crowned Emperor; both he and Max distinguished themselves in the fighting that put down the rebellion in Italy, but Max, with

his consummate charm and his impulsive liberal tendencies, was not a handy man to have in Vienna. His conciliatory attitude toward the Hungarians was not appreciated, and it seemed discreet to send him down to Trieste for his baptism in the navy. He loved the sea, was liked by the officers, took an active part in modernizing the fleet, and then on a cruise to Madeira and Lisbon fell passionately in love with Maria Amalia, daughter of the former Emperor of Brazil. Had she lived, his life would certainly have been different; her death from consumption was the first of the many blights that shortened his career.

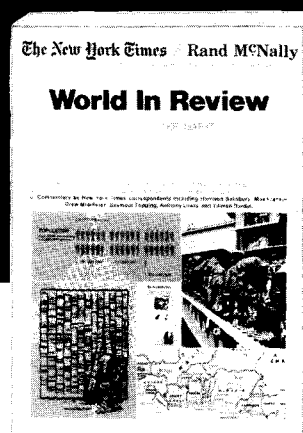
Upon his eventual marriage to the Belgian princess Charlotte, the attractive pair were sent to pacify Italy, and with their liberalism and free spending, they made a change. Max built, at great expense, Miramar, the castle he had been dreaming of, and here Charlotte was happy, if he was not. But his measures for moderation were always rejected in Vienna, the Emperor distrusted him, and when he was recalled, a Hapsburg without a throne, Max was dreaming of America as "the perfect asylum for those who, in Europe, want to break with the stormy past. . . ."

The luckless adventure in Mexico, inspired by Napoleon III, began auspiciously, with Maximilian, at last Emperor, fussing about his palaces, charmed by Cuernavaca, and underestimating his rugged, republican opponent Benito Juarez, who had the backing of the United States. "Carlota," with whom Max was no longer in love, had the stronger will and was the better administrator, and in her loneliness it appears that she accepted a Belgian colonel as her lover. When the French troops were recalled, she, too, broke under the strain and returned to Europe. Max remained, struggling in his dream world; his last order received at Miramar was for two thousand nightingales, which were on their way to Mexico when he was captured. His Empire had lasted three years, and he was thirty-five when he faced the firing squad.

He had been reading the life of Charles I of England, and Max wrote in his diary before his execution, "He failed through weakness, but he had the opportunity if not to live well, at least to die well."

32
New York Times
News Analysts
give you
their personal
briefings
on world events!

Where else can you buy
that for \$4.95?



World In Review

By Rand McNally
& The New York Times

□ 32 *New York Times* editors, columnists, and correspondents give you detailed analyses of the areas of the world they know best.

□ In one fully-illustrated, clearly written book, you get the background for understanding what is happening today . . . and what will happen tomorrow.

□ Harrison Salisbury, Max Frankel, Drew Middleton, Seymour Topping, Anthony Lewis, Tillman Durdin, and others, cover every major news front from Peking to Cairo, New Delhi to Moscow, Berlin to Washington, D. C.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED

□ 149 photographs, charts, and full-color Rand McNally maps.

□ 160 pages. 8½x11". Fully indexed.

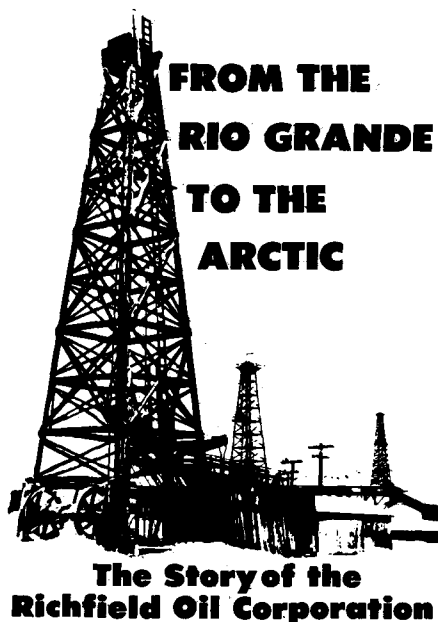
Available in two editions.

\$8.95 cloth \$4.95 paperback
wherever books are sold



Rand McNally

chicago • new york • san francisco



by **CHARLES S. JONES**
Foreword by **Robert O. Anderson**

In this book a member of that band of intrepid adventurers who launched the American oil industry presents the colorful story of one of the pioneer companies. Jones' account is filled with the drama of oil, from the wildcat strikes in Texas to the unbelievably rich discoveries in California and Alaska. He takes us through the era when Richfield sponsored car, boat, and air races; he gives us rare glimpses of the inner councils of the industry; and he tells us about Richfield at war—providing fuel to the Allies in the South Pacific.

In his fifty years in the industry, Jones saw it evolve from wildcat venture to corporate enterprise. His book, lavishly illustrated with historic photographs, is a vivid account of the dramatic days of oil. \$8.95.

Other Books of Interest

DUBROVNIK IN THE FOURTEENTH & FIFTEENTH CENTURIES: *A City Between East and West*. By **BARISA KREKIĆ**. Volume 30 in **THE CENTERS OF CIVILIZATION SERIES**. \$3.50.

ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE: *History, Development, and Methods of Teaching*. By **STEVEN G. DARIAN**. Illustrated. \$7.95.

GENERAL CROOK AND THE SIERRA MADRE ADVENTURE. By **DAN L. THRAPP**. Illustrated. \$7.95.

SYLVANUS G. MORLEY AND THE WORLD OF THE ANCIENT MAYAS. By **ROBERT L. BRUNHOUSE**. Illustrated. \$8.95.

Available At Your Local Bookstore

 **University
of Oklahoma
Press**

1005 Asp Avenue
Norman, Oklahoma 73069

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE CLOSED ENTERPRISE SYSTEM by Mark J. Green with Beverly C. Moore, Jr., and Bruce Wasserstein. Grossman, \$8.95. A Nader group report on the erratic enforcement of antitrust law, working from the persuasively argued assumption that "absolute corporate size . . . is dangerous because it denotes an uncompetitive market structure and because it connotes a homogenized political structure." Or, as Nicholas Johnson of the FCC put it, "government of the people . . . by the corporations and for the rich."

THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V by James Park Sloan. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95. Mr. Sloan's novel is set in a nameless totalitarian state only because a rigid frame sets off the game of shifting identities which is the purpose of the tale. In fact, the game is the tale, for nothing really happens except the presentation of the circular proposition that artist equals masquerader equals lunatic equals artist. It is possible to admire the author's ingenuity without caring a hoot about what it achieves.

THE LIONHEADS by Josiah Bunting. Braziller, \$5.95. Major Bunting's terse, understated novel concerns a minor action in Vietnam. Its target, which the author plasters with efficiency, is not war as such but the kind of professionalism that leads a commander to order a dubiously useful action undertaken with inadequate means in the hope that it will lead to his own personal advancement.

ANTARCTICA edited by Charles Neider. Random House, \$10.00. An anthology of reports by fourteen explorers of the Southern continent, beginning with Captain Cook poking along the edges in 1774 and ending with Edmund Hillary driving a tractor straight across it in 1958. All of these men were necessarily observant and inquisitive, and most of them were good writers.

AMERICA, MY WILDERNESS by Fred-eric Prokosch. Farrar, Straus & Gi-

roux, \$6.95. Remember those old tales in which the hero, compelled to find a magic ring or get to the castle east of the sun and west of the moon, rambles from point to point with the arbitrary help or hindrance of various monsters and good fairies? Except that the hero is goalless, this novel follows the same pattern. The writing is attractive, as Mr. Prokosch's writing always is, but the book ends, like its hero, by going nowhere in particular.

THE DEAD OF THE HOUSE by Hannah Green. Doubleday, \$5.95. Miss Green's nostalgic, beautifully controlled novel of an old colonial family stubbornly surviving into the twentieth century is, at bottom, about what love and memory can rescue from the great enemy, time.

A WOMAN OF FEELING by Violet Weingarten. Knopf, \$5.95. Although it is hardly a comedy, Violet Weingarten's latest novel provides a certain grim amusement of the ironic-justice kind. The heroine, an over-earnest middle-aged liberal, sees her son and daughter putting into practice that which she once considered timidly or not at all. The offspring have followed the classic advice, do as I say, not as I do. What parent would not be dazed?

THE EDGE OF IMPOSSIBILITY by Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard, \$8.95. The central subject of these essays is the new shapes which the impulse to create tragic art—defined as growing out of "a break between self and community, a sense of isolation. At its base is fear"—has evolved in modern times. The examples range from *Troilus and Cressida*, always a very strange play, to the works of Beckett and Ionesco, and the argument is intricate and provocative.

VICTOR VASARELY by Werner Spies. Abrams, \$35.00. A definitive representation of Vasarely's work, with a great deal of dazzling color in the plates, and in the text a great many quotations from the artist on his aesthetic theories and intentions. The two aspects of the book complement each other neatly, and incidentally explain how a painfully realistic commercial artist developed into a master of the op school. Translated by Robert Erich Wolf.



Ali MacGraw's beauty and health routine.

Soap and water every day.
Plenty of sleep every night. Lots of
exercise in between.

And most important of all—
a thorough health checkup once a
year. Ali knows many cancers
are curable if diagnosed and treated
early enough.

Ali takes care of her looks by
taking care of her life.

**We want to wipe out cancer
in your lifetime. Give to the
American Cancer Society.**

This space contributed by the publisher

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include an Atlantic label to insure
prompt service when you write us about your
subscription.

Mail to: The Atlantic, Subscription Depart-
ment, 125 Garden Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

ATTACH
MAGAZINE ADDRESS
LABEL HERE

Change of Address:

If you are moving please let us know five
weeks **before** changing your address. Attach
label above and include new address below.
If you have a question about your subscription
attach this form to your letter.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip Code

To Subscribe: Mail this form with your
payment and check:

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

Subscription Rates:

1 year, \$10.50; 2 years, \$18.50; 3 years, \$25.50.
(U.S. and Canada only; all other countries \$11.50.)

DIABOLIAD AND OTHER STORIES by
Mikhail Bulgakov. Edited by El-
lendea and Carl R. Proffer, translated
by Carl R. Proffer. Indiana, \$5.95.
THE EARLY PLAYS OF MIKHAIL BUL-
GAKOV. Indiana, \$10.00. Edited by El-
lendea Proffer, translated by Carl R.
and Ellendea Proffer. Both novelist
and playwright, sporadically success-
ful in Russia but always con-
troversial, Bulgakov has been ne-
glected here, in part because he does
not fit into any handy category. This
same cantankerous unpredictability
makes him a writer of continual inter-
est and surprise. The plays range
from the realism of *Days of the Tur-
bins* to the brazen reordering of history
in *A Cabal of Hypocrites*. The stories
tend to wildly inventive, anti-
bureaucratic satire. Bulgakov's mix-
ture of sardonic fantasy and fast, bur-
lesque action might, if these stories
had been translated in the twenties
when they were written, have seemed
merely barbarous. Arriving fifty years
late, it seems fresh and pointed.
Notes and background information
are lavishly provided in both books,
and the translation reads easily de-
spite the puns and local references
that must have driven the Proffers to
distraction before they surrendered to
footnotes.

THE MYSTERY OF THINGS by Patrik
Le Nestour, with 17 calligraph-paint-
ings by Akeji Sumiyoshi. Weatherhill,
\$8.95. Proper Japanese ghost stories
are of the highest order; there is no
nonsense about hidden crime or mis-
laid treasure, merely an unnerving
concentration on events which have no
right to happen. Mr. Le Nestour has
rounded up some beauties, mostly as
an excuse to display the highly styl-
ized, staggeringly skillful brushwork
of Akeji Sumiyoshi. An appendix gives
information about the artist and the
whole tradition of calligraphic paint-
ing. An unusual and charming book.
Translated by Audie Bock.

THE PARTY'S OVER by David S. Bro-
der. Harper & Row, \$7.95. An ex-
cerpt from Mr. Broder's discussion of
"The Failure of Politics in America"
has appeared in *The Atlantic*.

THE STONE AND THE VIOLETS by
Milovan Djilas. Harcourt Brace Jo-
vanovich, \$6.95. *The Atlantic* pub-
lished a story from this collection in
March.

Are you moved by this reading?

DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE,
& REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE
MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS
POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE
on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly
& clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant;
they too have their story. ♦ Avoid loud and aggressive
persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare
yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for
always there will be greater & lesser persons than
yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.
♦ Keep interested in your own career, however humble;
it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is
full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue
there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and every-
where life is full of heroism. ♦ Be yourself. Especially,
do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for
in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial
as the grass. ♦ Take kindly the counsel of the years,
gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture
strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune.
But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears
are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome
discipline, be gentle with yourself. ♦ You are a child of
the universe, no less than the trees & stars; you have a
right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you,
no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ♦ There-
fore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him
to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the
noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.
♦ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still
a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ♦ ♦
MAX EHRMANN

A Prized Possession — A Perfect Gift

Scroll lithographed in Brown and Gold on large
12" x 18½" sheet of the finest durable parch-
ment. Large Old English Type Style. Packed in
rigid gift tube. \$2.00 Plus 25¢ handling. Five for
\$8.75 Postpaid. Mounted scroll framed in walnut
and glass—\$9.00 Postpaid.

GRAPHICS Lawrence Welk Bldg.—H
Santa Monica, Ca. 09401

**GIVE...
HEART
FUND**



HERE'S MY CLASSIFIED AD:

Heading _____

Copy _____

I enclose \$_____ for _____ words

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RATES

Per word (single insertion) 10 word
minimum 90¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .. 80¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .. 70¢

Copy should be received by the 15th of second
month prior to issue. Payment for initial in-
sertion must accompany copy. Adjustments on
word count will be made if necessary.

For two or more insertions, payment must be
received by the 1st of month prior to date of
each issue.

Post Office Box Number count as two words.
No charge for Zip Code. We do not accept
Atlantic box numbers at this time.

Please write for additional information and
rates for Classified Display advertising.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
Classified Department
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass. 02116

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

OLD STUFF is a new bimonthly magazine about old things everybody loves...

*Old stamps, remedies, songs and cars
Old paintings, clothes, candy and jars—
Old friends, manners, jokes and rhymes,
Old sayings, tales, etchings and times,
Old books, canes and things galore,
Old silver, pottery and much more—*

A year's subscription is only \$3. If you're not delighted with your first issue, keep it and drop us a line. Your \$3 will be refunded by return mail. Mail remittance to **OLD STUFF, Dept. 135, 1233 Janesville Avenue, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin 53538.**

ON A TROPICAL ISLAND, there's a summer vacation of a lifetime awaiting you at "Beach-comber" rates. 1/4-mile beach, golf, tennis, sailing and much more just beyond your door. Interested? Let us send you a copy of a colorful booklet, "Discover More Than an Island". Write Dept. B, The Key Biscayne Hotel & Villas, Key Biscayne, Miami, Florida 33149.

SITUATIONS WANTED

RESIDENT Far-East markets specialist, US manager in top multi-national corporation seeks overseas general management position in growth industry anywhere. Europe preferred. Cogan, Alexander & Green, 120 Broadway, New York 10005.

POST CARD ALBUM

WORLD'S BEST—holds 200 cards—\$6.75. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free catalog. Writwell, 153 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02115.

VACATIONS

THE BERKSHIRE CLEARING—An extraordinary country guest house for just a few. Folder. Box 39, West Chesterfield, Massachusetts 01084. (413) 634-8803.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

COEDUCATIONAL BOARDING SCHOOL. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents, balance of responsibility & freedom. College Preparatory. Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

FASHION CAREERS—for 12 years Bauder College has been the national leader offering specialized courses in fashion merchandising, professional modeling, public relations, interior decorating. Over 5,000 graduates placed in high paying jobs throughout dept. stores, fashion mfrs., airlines, etc. Elegant dorms. Bauder Fashion College, 3355 Lenox Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30326

CLERGY: GRADUATE DEGREE PROGRAMS. External. Campus tutorials. Geneva Theological College, Indiana, New England Center, Byfield, Massachusetts 01922.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. August 16 to August 30. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature. Bread Loaf, Box 20, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

SCHOOLS AT SEA

THE SCHOONER "NATHANIEL BOWDITCH" offers new horizons for your school, camp, or youth organization. Available for field trips, project weeks, seminars, or courses from Maine to Miami, including the Bahamas. Accommodations for 24 students and staff. \$150/student/week, all inclusive. Write American Practical Navigators, Inc., Box 205, South Brooksville, Maine 04617.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC28, Orange, California 92666.

PERSONALS

RICHARD'S BOOKS—Samplers \$1—Want one? Richard Liebow, Box 99444, San Francisco 94109.

SUPERIOR IMPRINTED social-professional stationery. Idea-packed sampler catalog—25¢. Jacques Stationery, Box 395-A, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

ELECTROENCEPHALOPHONE. Alpha/Theta brainwave feedback instrument. J & J Enterprises, 24120J, 3plw., Bothell, Wash. 98011.

ARTIST - ASTROLOGER offers personal full-colour Horoscope, suitable for framing. \$14.50. Ideal gift. Airmail birthdate, time, place. Schmidt, 101 BCM Society, London WC1, England.

THE SEA—NOW A SOVEREIGN NATION. Passports, immigration. Box 5052B Victoria, Canada.

HOBBIES: COLLECT MILITARY MEDALS. List 25¢. Vernon, Box 387A, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

MCGOVERN buttons, bumperstickers: 3/\$1. Special photo button: \$1. Mobile: \$2. Proceeds to campaign. McGovern Committee, P.O. Box 472, Vermillion, SD 57069.

BLOW YOURSELF UPI 1 1/2'x2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot \$3. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

SLEEP-LEARNING KITS—endless tapes, timers, complete outfits. Free catalog. SLRA, Box 24-AM, Olympia, Washington.

INTERPERMEATION!? Despicable Man Essays. Life? Purpose? Death? \$3.50 each: Box 7302, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS. Self administered. I.Q., personality, etc. 32 different tests \$5.25. Psychology Tests, Box 1021C, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will Forms and attorney's informative book. Only \$1.50. Legal Forms Company, Department 123, 1830 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 18226.

SLIDES, ART-EDUCATIONAL-TRAVEL. 50,000 Individually sold. Samples-Catalog \$1.00 refundable. Visuals D-6, 440 N.W. 130 Street, Miami, Florida 33168.

KEEP ON TRUCKIN' or MR. NATURAL items: posters \$1.25, T-shirts \$3.50, Iron-on decals \$1.25, patches \$1.00, buttons 5/\$1. NOTPOT, pure herbal high \$1.00 ounce; CANNABIS papers 2/\$1; ZAP comics 2/\$1. (state you're 21); Serendipity catalog 25¢ (free with order). ARIES. Box 666 A, Capitola, CA. 95010.

I LOST WEIGHT munching health foods. My story \$1. Box 12401, Nashville, Tennessee 37212.

PENFRIENDS. For free information write: Papyrus, Box 458AM, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27102.

ORIENTAL INTRODUCTIONS FOR REFINED GENTLEMEN! Photographs, descriptions, guarantee, \$1.00. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-AM, Birmingham, Michigan 48012.

PERSONALS

NOTE CARDS BY NEDOBEEK—Nationally known artist—owls, cats, lions—\$1.60. Box 5737, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53220.

1000 BUSINESS CARDS \$6.95. Graphics East, 106 High, Westerly, R.I. 02891.

ELLSBERG/PRESIDENT STICKERS. 2/\$1. Haden, P.O. Box 5696, Austin, Texas 78763.

HANDMADE ARTICLES produced by cooperatives and intentional communities. \$1.00. Community Market Catalog, 437 Abbott Road, East Lansing, Michigan 48823.

DUNNED FOR PAYMENT? \$2/9 humorous reply cards. DEBTOR'S ADVOCATE, POB 6220c, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93111. Perfect gift for man with everything—including unpaid bills.

CHRISTIAN BIBLE LISTING \$1. Marjorie A. Smith, 1839 Shirley Lane, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48105.

COATS-OF-ARMS RESEARCHED for Your Family Name. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mail \$4.95, surname, and address to Heraldic House, 4152 Longmeadow, Trenton, Michigan 48183.

"MEMBER, ENDANGERED SPECIES" Bumper-strip, 2/\$1.00; 6/\$2.50. Idea House, Box 178-A, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE, brand-new, complete with supplies. Only \$34.95. Guaranteed. Art Nilsen Company, 1225 South Biscayne, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

BENEFACTORS NEEDED. North America Trail Complex research. NOAMTRAC, 314 1/2 Shenderson, Bloomington, Indiana.

HOW TO HAVE CONFIDENCE and Power With Other People. Make them say "yes." Get what you want. Good first impressions. 164 page book reveals ways. Send \$2.00. P.E. Argos, 2886 Heath Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10463.

BOOST YOUR LIFE, \$1—K.S.R., P.O. Box 303, Norsham, Pa. 19044.

UNCONVENTIONAL BUTTONS: Phase Out Nixon, Anything But Nixon, Anti-Nixon Button, Dump Dick. 4/\$2; Bulk Rates. Dragonbreath Industries, P.O. Box 4680, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

RELAX! in a YUCATAN HAMMOCK. Indoors, outdoors. Handwoven, multicolored cotton mesh provides unique feeling of support. Free brochure. Hammockmaster, 351 Bleecker St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014.

EAT AND GROW SLIM! Lose weight sensibly! Medically approved weight control booklet. Send \$1.00—Guaranteed!! Slim Weights, 2905 Saint Paul, Baltimore 21218.

BRIGHTLY STRIPED canvas hanging travel bags. Were \$22.00, now \$9.95. 115 Sycamore, Lexington, Ky. 40502.

LOSING HAIR? Swiss electro-vibratory scalp massager promotes hair growth. \$5.95 postpaid. R.S. Associates, Import-Export, Box 113, Twinsburg, Ohio 44087.

YOUR INTERPERSONAL SPEECH-COMMUNICATION skills evaluated. Full information: Feedback, 6432 North Ridge, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

PUZZLE FANS. Prizes Unlimited presents challenging monthly contests of skill with cash prizes. Free samples. Prizes Unlimited, Box 2457A, Culver City, California 90230.

FREE Vinyl Litter Bag. People's Drug Co., Dallas, Georgia 30132.

LEARN CARTOONING AT HOME. V.A. approved. Free booklet. Cartooning, Box 7069AM, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907.

FIND OUT YOUR I.Q.! Self-scoring test reveals I.Q. and other amazing mental traits. Test your children too! reusable, 99.9% accuracy! Only \$2.00. Littlejohn Products, 409 Halsey, Orlando, Fla. 32809.

PERSONALS

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send sample and \$10.00 to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th St., New York 10016

PRESIDING OFFICERS' HANDBOOK \$2.00 postpaid. HAMMOND'S, 115 E. Wells, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 25¢. Whittemore, Box 2065A, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue, 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 55-52, Los Angeles, California, 90025

JERUSALEM—fascinating 7-color poster map shows every single building. Drawn from over 187,000 photographs. \$3.95 postpaid from Jerusalem (6 weeks). Satisfaction guaranteed. Jacobson, Dept AM-2, Box 29311, Atlanta, Ga. 30329.

COMPLETE CONFIDENTIAL CHARACTER ANALYSIS through handwriting. Send two pages \$50.00, to IEE, Post Office Box 332, Normal, Illinois 61761

FLOWER POWER

MAGNIFICENT LONG-LASTING Hawaiian flowers airmailed special delivery from Hawaii. 1 dozen scarlet Anthuriums, \$9.00 prepaid. Larger Anthuriums, \$12.00. Tropical Fantasy (Anthuriums, Flame Ginger, Bird of Paradise), \$14.00. Tropical Extravaganza (more of everything!), \$18.00. Fresh arrival guaranteed. ISLAND FLOWERS, Box 4841, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

BONSAI

BONSAI (DWARF) TREES. America's oldest growers of aged Bonsai. Free catalogue. HEIROB BONSAI NURSERY, Kabudachi, Livingston Manor, New York 12758.

GOURMET FOOD

WINEMAKING KIT—\$4.98. Free catalog and recipes. JIM DANDY, Box 30230-A, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

ORGANIC WALNUTS. Perfect halves. Extraordinary quality. Half pound \$2.00. Milkey, 1132 LaCasa, Yuba City, Calif. 95991.

WINEMAKERS Yeast, Recipes & Catalog 25¢. SPECIAL LAGER BEER recipe included. Kraus, Box 451-AC, Nevada, Missouri 64772.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

MOON LOT DEEDS, only \$2.00, colorful, unique, individual acre lots. Wilbarcorp, Box 902-A, Cape Canaveral, Florida 32920.

SITUATIONS WANTED

INDEPENDENT STUDIES COORDINATOR, M.A.T., seeks position, Box 165, Chester, Vt. 05143.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COLLEGE TEACHERS WANTED Nationwide. PhD/MA. City/Suburban Agency, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new booklet covers all possibilities, sixty countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of 200 American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, teaching, librarians, secretarial, newspaper, medical, and social work overseas. \$2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-T, East Islip, New York 11730.

TEACHING POSITIONS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. New 1972-73 guide contains current information about private and governmental organizations seeking teachers. General and personal requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. 100-page book including survey of foreign embassies!! Over 20,000 copies in print since 1969. Guaranteed satisfaction. \$2.50 plus \$.50 postage and handling. Foreign Countries, Box 514-C8, Ames, Iowa 50010.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send \$1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-YR, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

NEW ZEALAND EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES—Government assisted passage, giant American employers list. Includes information on business, farming, housing, education, maps, etc. Complete details \$1.00. Newzco, Box 444-F, National City, California 92050.

AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK . . . latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers List" and Forms. Send \$1.00. International Services, Box 1910-YR, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory \$1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-P, Belmont, California 94002.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT . . . Australia, Europe, South America, Asia! All Occupations! \$700-\$4,000 monthly! Write: Employment International, Box 2917-YR, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government Assisted Passage. 1972 Government Information and Forms—Most Complete Information Available—\$1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-YY, Long Beach, California 90803.

YOUR RESUME—write it yourself! Instructions, samples, forms: \$2.75. Resume Company, 359 Jersey Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey 07022

EUROPEAN—FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. \$3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-T, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

OVERSEAS JOBS DIRECTORY—Now Hiring—High Pay, Adventure. \$1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-YY, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

FANTASTIC OVERSEAS Job Opportunities with over 300 Worldwide Hotel Chains. Write: Alexander, Box 357 AT, South Pasadena, California 91030.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Latest information describing government assisted passage, citizenship requirements, passport-visa, employment, business, teaching, etc. plus forms \$1.00. Employment Directories: U.S. business there \$1.50. Australian businesses \$1.50. All three \$2.00. Australian Services, Box 1032VF, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

TRAVEL GUIDES

'CASTLE-HOTELS', 'FLEA MARKETS' guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces, offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries. "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. \$2.95 each. Both \$5.50. Robert Long, Dept. AT, 634 Bellmore Ave., East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—\$1.75. Rates, Schedules. 700 passenger carrying freighters, TravLtips, 40-21A Bell, Bayside N.Y. 11361.

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

CROSS COUNTRY SKIS, snowshoes; lightweight equipment for backpacking, mountaineering, camping, canoeing. Free catalog. Moor & Mount. Dept. AM, Main Street, Concord, Mass. 01742.

TRAVEL

AFRICA—PYGMY, Zulu, Swazi Safari. August 15—\$2550. Capers 400 Club, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles 90069.

COLORADO ALPINE ADVENTURES. 2 to 12 day hiking and horseback adventures in the unspoiled wilderness. From \$25. P.O. Box 18427, Denver, 80218.

GHOST TOWNS? Backpacking or horseback adventures into the virgin Colorado wilderness. From \$70. P.O. Box 18427, Denver, Colorado 80218.

TRAVEL

CANOE TRIPS—Quetico Superior wilderness. Bill Rom's Outfitters, Ely, Minnesota 55731.

ARCTIC CANOE TRIP: to James Bay, travelling, fishing, untravelled rivers, photography, ecology, ornithology. Single & group rates. Special arrangement for guiding services. Write Max ILAND, Box 874, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.

CAMPS

CAMP BALDY for boys—down east in Maine. Spend the summer with a Maine Guide, Archery, Sailing, Swimming, Canoe trips, Fly tying—Fly fishing. Write: Camp Baldy, East Eddington, Maine.

KINIYA—A camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting, Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water-skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland. 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

VACATIONS

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, comfortable, year-round. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

LIVING ABROAD

AUSTRALIA, What's It Really Like? Four Americans living there now tell you all about life down under, information not included in government pamphlets. Australian critics hail as "a most useful book". 64 pages illustrated \$2.95. Southern Cross Publications, Box 99, Orlando, Florida.

VIVACIOUS FRENCH FAMILY WELCOMES GUESTS. 18th-century mansion woodland estate by quaint village near Limoges; thirteenth season. All-inclusive \$25-day room, private bath, home-style meals, wines, chateau-tours, theaters. Reduced seasonal rates; language instruction available. Thevenin, "Pradeport," 87 Solignac, Haute-Vienne.

HEALTH RESORTS

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome meals. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Exercise classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs. Florida 33923—OF

VACATION HOMES

MAUI IS MAGNIFICENT beachfront kitchenette apt. with car \$25 a day double P.O. Box 813 Wailuku Maui Hi. 96793.

HAWAII Oceanfront Windward Oahu, \$425 Monthly, \$125 Weekly, Pultz, 305 Poopoo Place, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

REAL ESTATE

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as \$1.00 Acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! All Provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send \$1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-YR, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as \$3.50 Acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send \$1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107—YR, Washington, D.C. 20036.

LIBERAL DEVELOPMENT near large Arkansas lake. Predevelopment prices, generous terms. Tumbling Shoals Estates, P.O. Box 268, Naperville, Illinois 60540.

ST. MARTIN REAL ESTATE. Studio Apartments to Luxury Villas. Building Sites. HANSON-NICHOLS, Marigot, St. Martin, F.W.I.

REAL ESTATE

NOVA SCOTIA SOUTH SHORE: Modernized small country home, 1 acre, frontage on Lahave River. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, stone fireplace. Sailing, fishing, golf. Additional acreage if desired. Glen, Pleasantville, Nova Scotia.

CARIBBEAN! Only \$25,000 buys 1 sq. ft. land plus equivalent interest luxury hotel building scheduled construction thereon. Posh new international resort, dazzling tropical British Honduras, C.A. Easy terms: only \$1.00 per sq. ft. month. Unprecedented option, quadruple acquisition without increase monthly payment. Good income in leaseback to hotel. Tax and maintenance free with fabulous vacation benefits. McEvoy, Box 2483, Dallas, Texas 75221.

LITERARY INTERESTS

BOOK PRINTING—High quality work—low cost. Paperbacks or hard covers. 250 copies up. Write for free catalog and prices. Adams Press, Dept. AA, 30 W. Washington, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

BOOK PRINTING ON A BUDGET. Paperback, cloth. Free details. GRAPHICOPY, Box 285E, Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" BOOK MANUSCRIPT? Try **AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES**, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

POETRY WANTED—Possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include return envelope. **PALOMAR PUBLISHING CO.**, BOX 4444, Whittier, Ca. 90607.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. YKQ, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional Team. RC Research, 11 Ontario, Oakpark, Illinois 60302

PROFESSIONAL MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Carole Van Arsdol, 2420 Rossiter Lane, Vancouver, Washington 98661.

PUBLISHERS, SCIENTISTS, HUMANISTS: Dependable translations from Greek, Latin, German, French by Ph. D. 55¢/line, \$17.50/page. **METAPHRASIS**, Star Route Box 83, Woodside, California 94062.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Scores of beautiful designs. Imprinting and special designing. Address **ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE**, P.O. Box 28H, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

PERIODICALS

FRIENDS JOURNAL'S CREED: God, people, faith. Halfyear trial \$3. 152-A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia 19102.

FREE COPY OF ADVERTISING QUARTERLY! "Heads-Up Headlines", Box 346A, Irvington N.Y. 10533.

BACK ISSUES

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS—Back number price list. **SAUBER BOOKS**, Box 1045, Falls Station, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14303.

BOOKS

THE LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, 448 pages, \$5.00 pp. to **SPARTON BOOKS**, Box 284, Oak Ridge, N.J. 07438.

LATEST BOOKS ON ANTIQUES. Discounted price list free. **OLD DROVER INN**, P.O. Box 6, Westfield, New York 14787.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. **Transbooks**, Box 44-A, Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 18, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly: you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk AM, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

PUBLICATIONS FROM VIETNAM. For latest information from Hanoi, **subscribe now to Vietnam Courier** \$9.50 a year (52 issues), **South Vietnam in Struggle** \$5 (26 issues). Books: **Vietnamese Revolution** \$1.25, **Ho Chi Minh's Biography** \$1.50, **Chemical Warfare in Vietnam** \$1.50, **25 years of the DRV**, Album \$5. Write for our free 1972 **CATALOG, CHINA BOOKS & PERIODICALS**, 2929 24th St., San Francisco 94110 & 95 Fifth Ave., New York 10003.

BUDDHIST BOOKS—Free list of more than 100 best sellers. **BUDDHIST BOOKS INTERNATIONAL**, Box 4270, Burbank, Calif. 91503.

GIFT BOOKS. Unique illustrated catalogue. **FREE.** Bookseller, Box 83C, Irvington, NY 10533.

THE LAST CAPTIVE by A.C. Greene. Unparalleled classic of American West. Nonfiction. Deluxe. \$8.95. Encino Press, 2003 S. Lamar, Austin Texas 78704.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

THE WRITER'S HANDBOOK, Latest Edition, Ed. By A.S. Burack. 100 chapters of writing instruction by well-known authors and editors. Lists 2,000 markets for manuscripts, with editors' requirements, addresses, payment rates, etc. Also, section on the business side of writing—copyright, literary agents, prize offers, manuscript preparation and submission. \$10.00 at your bookstore or direct postpaid from **THE WRITER, Inc.**, Publishers, 8 Arlington St., 4th Floor, Boston, Mass. 02116.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

ANY OUT OF PRINT BOOK LOCATED. No obligation. Spinelli, 32 Elmwood, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205.

SEARCH WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Catalogue \$1. Refundable. **A-TO-Z BOOK SERVICE**, P.O. Box 813A, North Miami, Fla. 33161.

NAUTICAL TITLES searched for. Nautical collections purchased. Jack Clinton, High Street, Hope Valley, R.I. 02832.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER, Box 663A, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send Wants.

BOOK COLLECTORS

BOOK COLLECTORS! Our worldwide contacts help build your collection. All fields, A to Izzard, Book Landsy, 1615 Montana, Santa Monica, Ca. 90403.

CATALOGS

CATALOGS! RECEIVE MANY! Catalog Directory \$1.00. Box 305 Plymouth Meeting, Pa. 19462.

STAMPS

FREE! \$10.00 GIANT STAMP COLLECTION of 300 ALL DIFFERENT colorful, valuable, postage stamps from Africa, Europe, Asia, British Empire **WORTH \$10.00-\$12.00** at catalogue prices. Also money-saving Booklet. All yours as a **GET-ACQUAINTED** gift. **ADULTS ONLY.** Other fine stamps enclosed for your inspection. **Frasek Co., Inc.**, Dept. AM, White Plains, N.Y. 10601.

NEW Issues—Free Weekly Illustrated list. **Brooks**, 2601-Z Avenue "U", Brooklyn, New York 11229.

MUSIC

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS—Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. **Robert S. Taylor**, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Authentic 17th, 18th Century Reproductions, others. Catalog. Dealerships. **Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors**, Charlemont, Mass. 01339.

MUSIC

KITS! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From \$2.95. Finished dulcimers from \$19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

HANDMADE GUITARS, BANJO LUTES, AUTO-HARPS. Custom or stock. Excellent tone and workmanship. **Jerold Elliott**, luthier. 3201 26th Street, Lubbock, Texas 79410.

PLAYER PIANO repair books and service manuals. Free catalog. **Vestal Press**, Vestal 66, N.Y. 13850.

SONGWRITERS

LYRIC WRITERS! Co-write with me on a 50-50 basis. Publishing, Recording. Send lyrics with stamp for details: **Paul Jackson, JARECO RECORDS**, B-650, Ardmore, Tenn. 38449.

RECORDS

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOG offers over 1,000 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label. Available only by mail from **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY**, Box 932 AM, New York, N.Y. 10023.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list 20¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Connecticut 06829.

THE GREAT LUNAR OIL STRIKE, 1976. \$4. **Fulcrum, Inc.**, Route 1, Riner, Virginia 24149.

TAPES

SCOTCH TAPES. Cassettes-cartridges-reels. Catalog 10¢ **Tower Lafayette Hill, Pa.** 19444

DIRECTORY OF SPOKEN-VOICE AUDIO-CASSETTES: Management, Sales, Medicine, Law, Religion, Literature, Languages, How-to, Miscellaneous. \$5. Cassette Information Services, Box 17727-A, Los Angeles 90057.

OLD RADIO SHOWS

OLD RADIO PROGRAMS ON TAPE. Reels, cassettes, cartridges. 172 page catalog \$1. **STOP**, 200 Madonna Blvd., Tierra Verde, Florida 33715.

GOLDEN AGE RADIO. Complete taped shows. Box 8404-A, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SECONDHAND CALYPSO UW CAMERA like brand-new with accessories. With 28mm 13.5 lens and/or 80mm f4 lens only \$70 postpaid. Shipment by air parcel post. Send international postal money order. **Shinko-sha**, P.O. Box 259, Osaka 53091 Japan.

FILMS

DO YOU REMEMBER? Valentino, Gish, Barrymore, Chaplin, Keaton and Chaney—the Silent Years? You can re-live them in your own home with our selection of over 100 full length 8mm feature films. Big illustrated sales catalog free. **Cine Service**, 85 Exeter Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06606, Dept. A.

ART

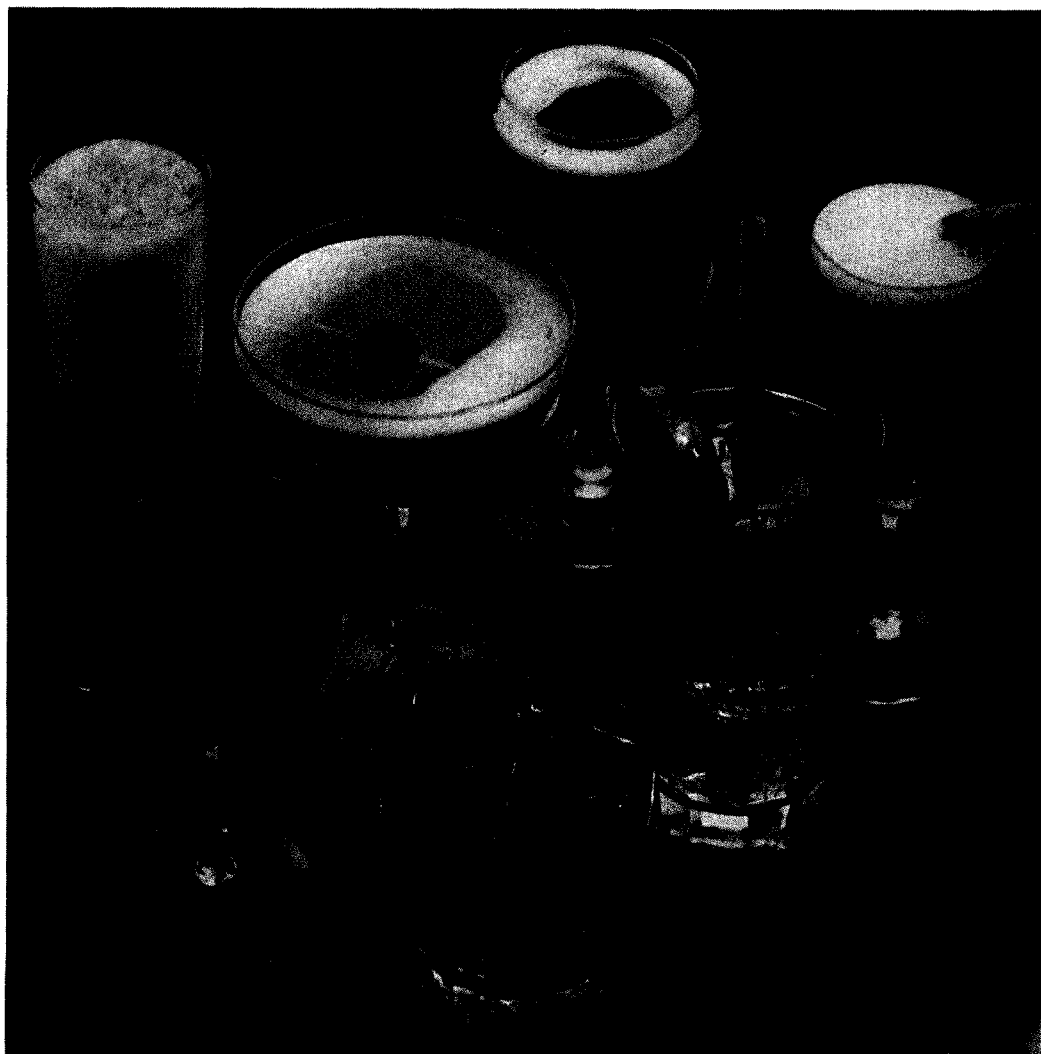
MIRO, CHAGALL: Lithographs, etchings Illustrated Brochure, 50¢. **George A. Kirschner**, 90-59 56th Ave., Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373.

FOR CREATIVE PICTURE FRAMING. The **Boyd Gallery** in Toronto. Telephone 368-7277.

COLOR SLIDES. Art, travel, all subjects (specify interests). 4 samples, catalogue—\$1.00. **Slide Bank**, 210 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

FANTASTIC INVENTION—Take Our Manual—follow unbelievable instructions—60 seconds later, life-size oil portraits of anyone guaranteed! Only \$3.98: **Jiffy Portrait (A.M.)**, 1315 Ronan, Wilmington, Calif. 90744.

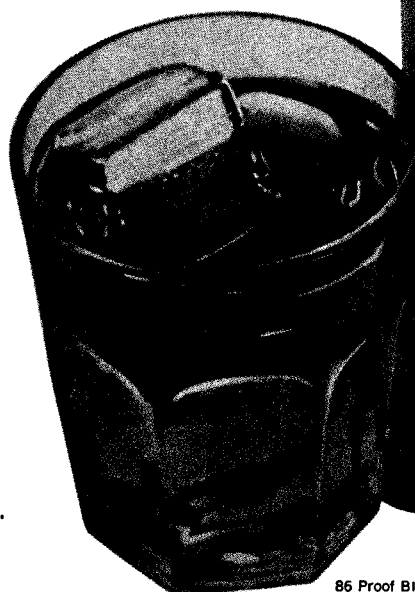
JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 &
BROOKS



EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The spectacular way to end a dinner and begin an evening



After coffee enjoy

Benedictine

la Grande Liqueur Française

